NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY

Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 03 December, 2015

Literary hours: or sketches critical, narrative & poetical. 4th revised.

by Nathan Drake.

London. Longman, 1827

MM. f 9

94251.
ac

Vol. III

G.D
3.4.7
Pr 1/11
94251

00094251

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

No.		Page
XLIV.	On the Life, Writings and Genius of Robert Herrick — *concluded*	1
XLV.	Sir Egbert, a Gothic Tale	15
XLVI.	The same continued	37
XLVII.	The same concluded	57
XLVIII.	Poetry — Ode to Fancy — On Content — Lines to Zephyr	74
XLIX.	Observations on the Merits and Defects of Sylvester's Du Bartas, with Selections from his Version	81
L.	The same continued	102
LI.	The same concluded	120
LII.	Arthur, a Legendary Tale	135
LIII.	On the Scandinavian Mythology — Character of Odin — Outline of the Scandinavian Mythology	146
LIV.	On the Passion of the Scandinavians for War	174
LV.	On their Love of Poetry	203
LVI.	On their Gallantry and Deference towards Women	230

No. Page
LVII. On their Religious Rites and Ceremonies, and on the Demonism, Fairy System and Magic of the Edda - - - - - 252
LVIII. On the residue of the Scandinavian Mythology — Twilight of the Gods — Renovation of the World — Conclusion - - - - 284
LIX. The Spectre, a Legendary Tale - 312
LX. On the Life, Writings and Genius of Michael Bruce - - - 325

LITERARY HOURS.

No. XLIV.

Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro:
Hinc anni labor, hinc patriam, parvosque nepotes
Sustinet; hinc armenta boumque meritosque juvencos.—
Ipse dies agitat festos; fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio, et socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenæe, vocat. VIRGILIUS.

The peasant yearly plows his native soil;
The lands that blest his fathers bound his toil,
Sustain his herd, his country's wealth increase,
And see his children's children sport in peace.—
He too, at times, where flames the rustic shrine,
And, rang'd around, his gay compeers recline,
In grateful leisure on some festive day
Stretch'd on the turf delights his limbs to lay,
To loose from care his disencumber'd soul,
And hail thee, Bacchus! o'er the circling bowl.
SOTHEBY.

HAD Herrick adopted any arrangement or classification for his poetry, it would probably have experienced a kinder fate. The reader would then have had the opportunity of choos-

ing the department most congenial to his taste, and without incurring the risk of being seduced into the perusal of matter offensive to his feelings. At present, so injudiciously are the contents of his volume disposed, and so totally divested of order and propriety, that it would almost seem the poet wished to pollute and bury his best effusions in a mass of nonsense and obscenity. Nine persons out of ten who should casually dip into the collection, would, in all probability, after glancing over a few trifling epigrams, throw it down with indignation, little apprehending it contained many pieces of a truly moral and pathetic, and of an exquisitely rural and descriptive, strain. Such, however, is the case, and I have, therefore, assigned sections in these papers to specimens of a MORAL and DESCRIPTIVE cast.

It has already been observed, that Herrick closes his book with seventy-nine pages of religious poetry, to which is prefixed a separate title-page, under the quaint and alliterative appellation of "His Noble Numbers or His Pious Pieces." From these, it might naturally be supposed, the examples I have to bring forward would be drawn. Our bard, however, like many others who have attempted divine themes, has completely failed to infuse into their structure the smallest portion of poetic fire. It is, therefore, to his "Hesperides," I am solely indebted for the instances I have selected, and these form only a portion of what might be produced, under this head, with equal honour to his memory.

At the commencement of his work are a series of addresses to his Muse, his Book and Verses, one of which, for its imagery, its smoothness of versification, and its pleasing delineation of the bard's content and unambitious mind, is peculiarly worthy of transcription.

HERRICK TO HIS MUSE.

Whither, Mad Maiden! wilt thou roam?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home:
Where thou may'st sit, and piping please
The poor and private *Cottages*.
Since *Cotes* and *Hamlets* best agree
With this thy meaner Minstrelsy.
There with the Reed, thou may'st express
The Shepherd's fleecy happiness:—
There on a hillock thou may'st sing
Unto a handsome shephardling:
Or to a Girl that keeps the Neat,
With breath more sweet than Violet.
There, there, perhaps, such lines as these
May take the simple *Villages*.
Stay then at home, and do not goe
Or fly abroad to seek for woe.
Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell;
No *Critic* haunts the Poor man's Cell:
Where thou may'st hear thine own lines read
By no one tongue, there censur'd.
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still. Page 1.

Though the greater part of the productions of Herrick be of a light and amatory kind, no one who has perused his works will hesitate in

giving a decided preference to those pieces, which are devoted to pathetic or descriptive subjects. They are such, indeed, as speak highly in favour of his sensibility and genius, and ought, most assuredly, to rescue his name from oblivion. Neither Carew nor Waller, in fact, have any thing which equals the tender melancholy pervading some of these effusions, and more especially the two following, whose metre also I consider as happily adapted to convey the pensive ideas of the poet.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight;
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely Leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile: They glide
Into the Grave.

The concluding lines of the first and third stanzas of this beautiful little piece, are peculiarly impressive and pleasing.

The second poem, though on a similar topic, and expressing a similar complaint, is varied in its imagery, and possesses a more elaborate versification. It leaves, likewise, the same feelings of humility and sorrow on the mind, which, by inducing us to repose on the promises of superior power, are friendly to the best interests of man.

TO DAFFADILLS.

Fair Daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his Noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even-Song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of Morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

The cultivation of DESCRIPTIVE Poetry had, during the prior half of the seventeenth century, been much circumscribed, by a growing fondness for metaphysical imagery and conceits. What Donne had introduced, Cowley and Cleiveland established as a fashion, and the eighteenth century had dawned, before this unnatural mode of composition ceased to acquire admirers. Some illustrious examples, however, were not wanting before the year 1650, which evince a very accurate and tasteful conception of rural and picturesque scenery. *Burton*, about 1600, prefixed to his "Anatomy of Melancholy" some admirably descriptive verses, under the title of the *Abstract of Melancholy*, and which are supposed to have given rise to the still more exquisite poems, in a similar measure, by the author of Paradise Lost. In 1613 and 1627 were published the Polyolbion and the Nymphidia of Drayton; in 1616 the Pastorals of Browne; and, above all, in 1645, the Il Penseroso and L'Allegro of Milton.

Compared with these masterly productions, the descriptive pieces scattered through the *Hesperides* of Herrick, may appear to deserve little notice. They are, however, not only immediately subsequent in the order of time, but are possessed of no small portion of merit. They may be divided into those which describe the pleasures and employments of rural life, or delineate the imaginary sports and occupations of the fairy tribe, or the more formidable orgies of witchcraft.

The felicity of rural life hath ever been a favourite topic with poets of every age, and it is consequently a task of much difficulty to avoid what may be termed hereditary imagery. In the following poem Herrick may certainly be traced in the snow both of Virgil and Horace, yet a considerable portion remains, which may justly be ascribed to the genius and observation of the English poet.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Sweet Country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own!
But serving Courts, and Cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plow'st the Ocean's foam
To seek, and bring rough Pepper home:
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched Clove.
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.
No, thy Ambition's Master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece:
Or how to pay thy Hinds, and clear
All scores; and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds:
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of Land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the Cock, the Ploughman's Horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed Morn;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well soil'd, yet thou dost know,
That the best compost for the Lands
Is the wise Master's Feet and Hands.

There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a Hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The Kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to the enamel'd meads
Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower:
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat
Unto the Dew-laps up in meat:
And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steer,
The Heifer, Cow and Ox draw near
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the Wolf and Fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool.
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For Sports, for Pageantry, and Plays,
Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydays:
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet:
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffadills and daisies crown'd.
Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too with garlands grac'd:
Thy Morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;
Thy Shearing-feast, which never fail.
Thy Harvest-home; thy Wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.
Thy Mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide Kings
And Queens; thy Christmas revellings:
Thy Nut-brown mirth; thy Russet wit;
And no man pays too dear for it.

To these, thou hast thy times to go
And trace the Hare i' th' treacherous snow:
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net:
Thou hast thy Cockrood, and thy Glade
To take the precious pheasant made:
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life! if that their good
The Husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these.
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.
Page 269.

To this specimen might be added many more of similar merit, under the title of *Harvest Home*, *The Wake*, *The Wassail*, &c. &c. and which display a very curious list of the sports and pastimes of our ancestors.

That species of poetry which is employed in painting the imaginary existence and manners of fairies, elves, and goblins, and which Shakspeare and Jonson delighted to indulge in, is frequently to be found in the volume of Herrick. He appears, indeed, to have been alive to all the superstitions of his age, and his Collection abounds with amulets and charms against the fiends and spectres of Gothic mythology.

In ancient times the Watchman who cried the hours used to recite benedictions, in order to drive away from the house the fairies and demons of the night. Shakspeare, in his Cymbeline,

alludes to a superstition of this kind, where he represents Imogen, on going to rest, exclaiming,

> From fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
> Guard me, beseech ye!

And Milton, in his Penseroso, introduces

> —— the Belman's drowsy charm,
> To bless the doors from nightly harm,

a ceremony which Herrick has repeatedly described, and for which, in his thirty-ninth page, he appears to have given a form, very probably for the purpose of being chaunted before his own door.

THE BELMAN.

> From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,
> From Murders *Benedicitie*.
> From all mischances that may fright
> Your pleasing slumbers in the night:
> Mercy secure ye all, and keep
> The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.

Even in his amatory strains he has taken every opportunity of inserting imagery, drawn from similar resources. He thus commences a *Night-Piece* to Julia.

> Her eyes the Glow-worm lend thee,
> The shooting stars attend thee;
> And the *Elves* also,
> Whose little eyes glow,
> Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

There are, likewise, several poems in the Hesperides, which are employed in describing the more sombrous and terrific agency of witchcraft. As a specimen of these, I present the reader with the following singular production.

THE HAG.

The Hag is astride,
This night for to ride;
The Devil and she together:
Through thick, and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr,
She takes for a spur:
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briers,
O'er ditches, and mires,
She follows the Spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood:
But husht in his lair he lies lurking.
While mischiefs, by these,
On Land and on Seas,
At noon of Night are a working.

The storm will arise,
And trouble the skies;
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

Our poet, however, seems more particularly to have delighted in drawing the manners and costume of the fairy world, peopled by beings of a gentle kind, and avowedly the friends of man. He has devoted several of his most elaborate poems to these sportive creations of fancy. Under the titles of *The Fairy Temple*, *Oberon's Palace*, *The Fairy Queen*, and *Oberon's Feast*, a variety of curious and minute imagery is appositely introduced. I shall transcribe the last-mentioned piece, in order to convey a just idea of the mode in which these capricious yet elegant delineations are executed.

OBERON'S FEAST.

A little mushroom table spread,
After short prayers, they set on bread;
A moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
With some small glit'ring grit, to eat
His choice bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear was starv'd;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring Grasshopper:
The merry Cricket, puling Fly,
The piping Gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The Elves present to quench his thirst;
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweeten'd in a blue
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run

Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery Butterflies,
Of which he eats, and tastes a little,
Of that we call the Cuckoes spittle.
A little Fuz-ball-pudding stands
By, yet not bless'd by his hands,
That was too coarse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugred rush, and eats the sagg
And well bestrutted Bee's sweet bag:
Gladding his palate with some store
Of Emits' eggs; what would he more?
But beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated Earwig, and a Fly;
With the Red-capt-worm, that's shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth. A little Moth,
Late fatned in a piece of cloth;
With withered cherries; Mandrake's ears;
Mole's eyes; to these, the slain Stag's tears:
The unctuous dewlaps of a Snail;
The broke-heart of a Nightingale
O'ercome in music; with a wine,
Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering Vine,
But gently prest from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,
Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up to dewitch
His blood to height; this done, commended
Grace by his Priest; *The feast is ended.*

Page 136.

I have thus endeavoured, by various extracts and remarks, to place the neglected merit of this unfortunate bard in its proper light. He has attempted, it is true, no production of any considerable length, nor has he ventured into

the lofty regions of the epic or dramatic Muse. The joys of Love and Wine, pictures of country life and manners, or playful incursions into the world of ideal forms, where

Trip the light fairies and the dapper elves,

form the chief subjects of his poetry. Of these, some are written in a style and metre, which display no inferior command of language and versification, whilst their elegance, their tenderness or imagery is such, as to excite a well-founded admiration.

Unfortunately, like most authors of the age in which he lived, he has been totally inattentive to selection, and has thrown into his book such a number of worthless pieces, that those which possess decided merit, and which are few, if compared with the multitude which have none, are overlooked and forgotten in the crowd. Out of better than *fourteen hundred* poems, included in his *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*, not more than one hundred could be chosen by the hand of Taste. These, however, would form an elegant little volume, and would perpetuate the memory and the genius of HERRICK.*

* Since these papers were given to the world, a selection from the Hesperides of Herrick has been published by Dr. J. Nott; and though I cannot but think the editor less scrupulous than he ought to have been in the choice of his materials, he has nevertheless produced a volume of much interest and attraction.

No. XLV.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE noble mansion on the banks of the Medway, the gift of Henry III. to the Knights Templars of the Teutonic Order*, had been in

* About half a mile south of Strood church, on the banks of the Medway, is situated an ancient building called the Temple, so named from having formerly been the mansion of the Knights Templars of the Teutonic order. King Henry III. A. D. 1227, gave this house, with the manor and lands thereunto belonging, to the master and brethren of this order, in whose possession it continued not quite a century; for Edward II. A. D. 1312, seized the lands and goods of this wealthy fraternity, and dissolved their order; this estate, of course, returned to the crown, and there continued till King Edward III. A. D. 1341, granted it, with all the liberties the Templars had enjoyed, to Mary Countess of Pembroke. This lady, about six years after, gave it to the nuns of St. Clare, in the abbey of Denny, in Cambridgeshire; but on the dissolution of religious houses in the reign of King Henry VIII. this manor became the property of that prince, by whom it was granted to *Edward Elington*, Esq. who the same year sold it to Lord Cobham; in whose family it continued till his unfortunate grandson forfeited it to King James I. who gave it to Cecil Earl of Salisbury; since which time it has been transferred to different Gentlemen, and is now the property of Mr. *Thomas Whittaker*, of this county. Of the fabrick which the Knights Templars inhabited, but little now remains, except a spacious cellar, vaulted with chalk and stone groins; the walls are of a considerable thickness. Thorpe's History of Rochester, page 252. 12mo. 1772.

possession of the Fraternity nearly half a century, when one stormy night, toward the close of the autumn of 1274, as the Brethren were sitting down to their usual repast, a sound, like the rapid approach of horsemen, was heard distinctly in the pauses of the wind, and appeared to take the direction of the avenue of oaks, whose majestic forms were agitated with inconceivable fury by the tempest. A moment of deep silence ensued, when, suddenly, the great doors of the hall were thrown open, and there entered a Knight in sable armour: a white plume waved upon his helmet, and on his shoulder flamed the crimson badge of the order of the Oak of Navarre. He courteously approached the high table, and, addressing the Grand Master, requested, as the storm still beat with unremitting violence, shelter for the night for himself and his attendants.

With that hospitality and attention which ever so remarkably distinguished the Teutonic Knights, they rose to welcome their unexpected guest, and the venerable Master, whose features, though shaded by the tresses of time, were still lighted up with the finest traits of humanity and feeling, told him, with a cordiality too impressive not to be understood, that they felt themselves truly happy in administering to his wishes and his wants.

Thus assured, the stranger sate down to partake of some refreshment, and removing his visor, exhibited a countenance noble and commanding, but mingled with an expression of considerable anxiety and agitation. After a

temperate gratification, however, of the demands of appetite, he entered into an interesting conversation with his hosts, and, describing the terrors of the late storm which had driven him under their friendly roof, proceeded to relate, that as he passed along the banks of the Medway, he had been greatly surprised by the singular appearance of a deep blue light, flashing from the west turret of the great Tower of Rochester Castle, commonly called Gundulph's Tower, and notwithstanding the heavy gloom which universally prevailed, the torrents of rain which were borne with violence against the building, and the whirlwind which swept almost every other object before it, the flame still issued with a dazzling and steady brightness, or sometimes sporting round the dark and massy sides of the structure, would spring thence in every direction, and play, as it were, upon the bosom of the storm. Attracted by this phenomenon, and regardless of the elemental war which surrounded him, he had watched it, he continued, for some time, when his attention was eagerly diverted by sounds, wild and plaintive, beyond what he had ever heard; now, in tones sweet as those of an Æolian harp, they seemed to float beside him; now, wandering along the perturbed surface of the Medway, they swelled into notes of agony and horror, or, borne on the distant wind, died in shrieks of lamentation and distress; it was no earthly music, he said: the ears tingle with dread, the hair involuntarily arises, and the dews of death bathe him who long listens to such strains. I passed on, he

concluded, my attendants almost panic-struck with fear, to reach your hospitable gates, and shall only say, that you will add a considerable obligation to those you have already so liberally conferred, by information as to the cause of the extraordinary circumstances I have witnessed this night.

During this description, which was rendered more affective by the forcible and impressive manner of the stranger, his auditors seemed absorbed in the most painful and melancholy reflections, and some time elapsed before the Superior had power to gratify the curiosity of his guest. At length, suppressing his emotions, he thus addressed him.

"You will not wonder, O Knight! at the sorrow your relation has occasioned, when I inform you, that the strange events you have described, were intimately connected with the loss of two of the worthiest men of our order, who perished in the vigour of life, fruitlessly attempting the rescue of innocence and beauty. More than six years have now passed, since the light which you saw with so much astonishment first made its appearance on Gundulph's Tower, and from that time nightly has it been seen, an object of horror and of mystery to the country round. Its origin, and the preternatural circumstances which attend it, have been publicly attributed to the Constable of the Castle, Robert De Weldon, a man whose ferocious manners and boundless ambition, whose magical arts and supposed connection with the world of spirits, have rendered the aversion of all within

his sphere. It is said, that in a secret apartment of that turret from whence the illumination proceeds, he confines, in a state of apparent insensibility, and through the influence of superhuman agency, two amiable young people, a Lady and her Lover, who were affianced to each other, and who, it is conjectured, were obstacles to the Constable's attainment of property or power. The prevalent idea is, that *they are placed on a magnificent couch, in a profound and death-like sleep, and that between them lies a gigantic sword, which, whoever succeeds in drawing from its sheath, restores the lovers to consciousness and liberty.** The Constable, however, disavows himself as the author of this infernal deed, and some years ago issued a proclamation, offering free admission to the Castle for any knight, who would attempt the rescue of the injured pair, the impediments to which, it is reported, are portentous and preternatural, beyond the powers of imagination to body forth. It is the general belief, however, notwithstanding the assertion of De Weldon, that he is under an obligation to the Beings whom he employs, and under the penalty of the most dreadful torments, not to refuse any knight who shall offer to undertake the adventure, whilst, at the same time, he himself is to abide the unknown result of the disenchantment.

* A tradition to this effect still exists at Rochester, and which, being mentioned to the author in conversation, gave birth to the present narrative.

"Whatever truth there may be in these surmises, it is but too certain, that the melancholy result of the attempts which have been made, has highly gratified those malignant passions, and that thirst for human blood, which are so well known to rage in the bosom of De Weldon. Already have five gallant knights fallen a sacrifice to their intrepidity and love of enterprise, and it is not without the most poignant grief I repeat, that of these the two earliest were, as I have mentioned, members of our society; the ornaments, indeed, of our order, and beloved by all who knew them. Never will the night on which our first unfortunate companion undertook this adventure be erased from my memory; we had anxiously waited his return, listening with an eager curiosity for the approach of his footsteps; the moon shone with unclouded lustre, not a breath of air dimpled the surface of the Medway, and the glow-worms spread their yellow gems like diamonds on the grass. It was now on the verge of midnight; we were walking in yonder grove, and remarking the peculiar brilliancy of the evening star, when suddenly the sky became overcast, the moon shed a faint and sickly light, and the wind sighed hollow and foreboding, as it swept along the darkened waters. At this moment, and whilst yon chapel-bell was beating heavily the hour, our ears were assailed by the most piercing shrieks and lamentations, which seemed to issue from a distance, and toward the quarter of the Castle. We immediately rushed to the Medway, and beheld the light on the western turret of Gundulph's

Tower burning with tenfold brightness. Awe-struck at the sight, we wandered on the banks of the stream, musing on the fate of our companion, but were presently roused from the melancholy consideration by the noise as of a door rushing to with a force that shook the country round like thunder; the ground absolutely vibrated beneath our feet, and, as the tremors subsided, we distinctly heard, though at a considerable distance, a deep plunge into the Medway, as if something heavy had been precipitated from a vast height into its bosom. Shuddering with horror, we hastened to quit a scene, which had filled our minds with the most alarming apprehensions for the safety of our friend, apprehensions which were, alas, but too soon realised, for scarce had the morning dawned, when the corse of the lamented youth was found floating on the Medway. Such was the issue of this first attempt, and alike, in every circumstance and result, has been the fate of those who have since engaged in this arduous enterprize. Our unavailing tears have fallen over the bodies of the gallant and the good, and to-morrow we will shew you the consecrated spot that covers their remains: united as they were in their fortunes, they rest undivided in the grave."

Surprise, indignation, and compassion, were, by turns, strongly visible on the countenance of the stranger, and, as the Superior proceeded in his narrative, he appeared to take a more than common interest in the events; so much so, that when the venerable old man had concluded, he turned quickly towards him, in an earnest

and emphatic manner, and said, —"Your account equally grieves and astonishes me; much as I have travelled, and various as my adventures have been, I have met with or heard of nothing more singular and atrocious, than the conduct and the powers of De Weldon. Surely were our young and gracious monarch, the noble and chivalric Edward, acquainted with the character of his Constable, a severe and justly merited punishment would speedily overtake him. In the mean time, from coincidences in your relation as to point of time, with some very distressing circumstances in which I have myself been implicated, and which are still involved in mystery and darkness, I feel such an irresistible propensity to undertake this perilous enterprise, that, notwithstanding the preternatural dangers you have described, and the hitherto fatal issue of every attempt, I am determined that to-morrow shall not pass without affording either fresh triumph to this inhuman monster, or perfect liberty to the objects of his persecution."

The termination of this address, and the resolution which it implied, overwhelmed the knights with sorrow and amazement; they endeavoured, but in vain, to dissuade him from an experiment, so fraught with all that was difficult and dreadful. They represented to him that mere mortal prowess was here unavailing, and that the powers of Hell were leagued with De Weldon in riveting the fetters of enchantment. Accustomed as they were to perform and to admire each act of daring chivalry, it would have

been their last wish, they affirmed, to have repressed the glow of intrepidity, especially in the cause of acknowledged innocence, had not direful experience, in this instance, convinced them of the total inefficacy of human means, when directed against the machinations of demoniacal influence. Again, therefore, they pressed him to relinquish an attempt, in their opinion, impracticable, and consequently useless. To this the stranger, rising gracefully, replied:—

"You see before you, my gallant friends, a member, though perhaps an undeserving one, of a society of great antiquity and of high estimation in the world of arms, the order of the Oak of Navarre.* Though no native of the country from whence my title is derived, but born and educated in England, I have yet passed much time upon the Continent, and it is probable the name of Egbert may not have reached your ears. Though still in the meridian of life, I have undergone many misfortunes and vicissitudes, and was last night, when your gates opened to receive me from the storm, on my journey toward France, on a pursuit, I am afraid, equally melancholy and extraordinary, in search of a beloved friend, who, some years

* This order was instituted in the year 722, by *Garcia Ximenes*, of the blood of the *Goths*, general of the *Navarrois* army; in thankfulness to God, and for defence of the Christian faith, on the appearance of the sign of the cross from the top of an oak, adored by an infinite number of angels, as he was marching to encounter the *Moors*, over whom he gained a complete victory, and was thereupon elected king.

ago, suddenly disappeared, under circumstances of a very peculiar kind. He was engaged to *Bertha*, the daughter of a neighbouring Chieftain, a lady lovely and accomplished. A day was fixed for the nuptials, and no one, save Robert De Neville, his uncle, seemed to view the happiness of the young couple with regret. He was a man of stern and repulsive manners, and of an avaricious temper, and to him the princely fortune my friend *Conrad* possessed, must, in defect of issue, fall. As he resided in a distant part of the kingdom, and his character ill accorded with the wishes or the taste of Conrad, we had seldom seen him; yet, notwithstanding the various means he had secretly used to prevent, or to delay the union, merited a different conduct, family considerations, induced my friend to invite him to witness its completion. He promised, and he came. It was on the evening previous to the ceremony, that, alighting from his horse, he eagerly inquired after Bertha and Conrad; he was informed the fineness of the weather had tempted them to walk, and that they had been absent some time. He immediately entered the hall, and, to my surprise, in a manner the most cordial and cheerful, congratulated me on the approaching felicity of my friend. We conversed on various topics, more or less connected with the arrangements of the morning, until twilight had nearly wrapped every thing from our view. I then first became uneasy at the unusual absence of our young friends, an anxiety which every hour increased; in short the night, which had unexpectedly be-

come rough and stormy, passed, and neither Bertha nor Conrad made their appearance. The ensuing day, as no information had been obtained in the interim, brought with it the conviction, that some dreadful misfortune had befallen them. Their domestics, their friends and myself, traced the neighbourhood in every direction, yet without receiving the smallest account, or the slightest hint that might enable us to ascertain their fate. De Neville, who appeared on this occasion greatly afflicted, left us in a few days, declaring that he would not cease to make every possible research: it is extraordinary, however, that from that moment to the present hour, though he has taken care, through the medium of agents, to claim the estate and enjoy its revenues, we have neither seen nor heard from him, nor has he once revisited the county, I understand, where he formerly resided. A period of more than six years has now elapsed since this fatal event took place, and in fulfilment of a vow which I then made, never to relinquish the hope or the means of discovery, I have travelled, though hitherto in vain, over the greatest part of this kingdom, and it was my intention, on my arrival here last night, to enter upon a similar pursuit in France. The very singular account, however, you have just given me, and which, you will now perceive, has a strong claim to excite my ardour and to interest my feelings, will, for a time at least, postpone my resolution, for I feel it as a duty incumbent upon me, not to let circumstances, many of which are so strikingly coincident, pass

without a thorough investigation. I therefore trust you now see my inducement to the attempt in its proper light; nothing, I assure you, can deter me from the undertaking; no dangers, however formidable or preternatural, can, in such a cause, arrest my arm or blanch my cheek."

Against motives so strong, and which seemed to absorb every other consideration, all opposition became nugatory, and the knights, though they could not but warmly praise the courage and the friendship of Sir Egbert, beheld him with sorrow, as a victim devoted to destruction. With this melancholy idea they parted for the night, the Grand Master observing to his guest as he retired, that, as it would be necessary to announce his intention to De Weldon in the morning, he would send a deputation of the fraternity with that view, adding, that as the evening was the only time permitted by the Constable for making the attempt, and the period of admission into the Castle, for that purpose, the setting of the sun, the greater part of the ensuing day would be at his disposal. Sir Egbert, after again expressing his obligations, withdrew.

The morning rose one of the most lovely which our autumn affords; the air breathed cool and bland, though illuminated by the rays of an unclouded sun, and the country, which had put on the rich and variegated robe of its decline, was yet bathed in dew, when Sir Egbert, after passing a night rendered sleepless by intensity of thought, wandered forth to enjoy

the freshness of the season. The breeze played grateful around him, and just ruffled the surface of the broad and beautiful Medway, whose waters, from many points of view, resembling an extensive lake, terminated by picturesque elevations, presented a scene, whose repose and amenity contributed to soothe his mind, and to banish, for a while, the corroding anxiety which had so long preyed upon his heart. The contrast, too, with the preceding night was singularly delightful; on the spot where the tempest had apparently poured its utmost rage, all was serenity and sweetness; its verdure green as an emerald, the foliage of its trees uninjured and trembling to the gale, whilst the lofty Tower of Gundulph, so late an object of horror, was now seen rising over the subject vale, venerable and majestic, his summit tipt with gold, his sides grey as the mist of the mountain.

Fascinated by the beauties of the scenery, and desirous of protracting his enjoyment, Sir Egbert long traced the windings of the Medway, until the heat, now become oppressive as the morning advanced, induced him to desert his track for the shelter, which a plantation, of great extent in the horizon, seemed likely to afford. On entering this, the delicious coolness which pervaded its recesses, the soothing gloom diffused around, and the melody which poured from every quarter, so completely dissipated the sense of languor or fatigue, that, after a pause for admiration and for rest, he willingly pursued a path which appeared to strike into the interior. The shades, however, deepened as he advanced,

and, at length, a perfect twilight, unbroken but by the casual penetration of a sun-beam, had shed an awëful solemnity through the wood, when Sir Egbert, who had for some time been absorbed in contemplation, was agreeably interrupted by the distant sound of falling water. With a view of partaking of its bounty, as well as from a wish to explore its source, he immediately took the direction from whence it seemed to issue; he had not proceeded far, however, ere he observed the light less gloomy, and assuming more of that soft and tender tinting, which so frequently succeeds the departure of the sun on the evening of a fine day. The scene thus gradually put on a less wild and solitary aspect, and in a few minutes he found himself on the verge of a smooth and declining lawn, somewhat circular in its sweeps and of very considerable extent. The centre, which rose swelling from the lawn, was shaded by a dark grove of cypress, and skirting the wood, over a bed, rapid in its fall and rugged with projecting rock, ran a stream of the purest water.

The pensive features which characterised this scene, their extreme beauty and unexpected appearance, had fixed Sir Egbert for some minutes in astonishment; at length crossing the rivulet, over which the branch of a tree had been thrown for the purpose of a bridge, with sensations of mingled curiosity and awe, he drew near the central plantation. In front it commanded, he perceived, an opening or vista in the wood, the lawn sloping gently before it to the margin of the water, which murmured at its

feet, whilst behind, it rose boldly to some distance, until circumscribed by a line of aged oaks.

If the peculiarities of the view, its deep serenity and singular arrangement, had already so strongly impressed the mind of our adventurer, this received considerable accession on entering the Grove of Cypress; the dark shading of these trees, intermingled with the weeping willow and the larch, their depth and judicious disposition, were calculated to excite a train of thoughts more than usually serious, and he had penetrated far within their precincts, pondering on the mysterious purport of their existence, when an object presented itself, which instantly and clearly explained the whole design. On exploring one of the various paths which wound beneath the foliage, there appeared, in front, a large sarcophagus of Parian marble, placed on the artificial level of a small piece of rising ground. The turf was every where round sprinkled with flowers, which breathed the most delicious perfume, and which were nourished by the waters of a neighbouring little fountain, whilst on the trunks of five lofty and beautiful larches, which immediately encircled this mansion of mortality, were suspended, emblazoned on marble, the arms and trophies of the dead.

It is scarce necessary to say, that Sir Egbert had accidentally wandered to the spot alluded to by the Templars, and to which they had themselves promised to conduct him. Here, in awful solitude, reposed the reliques of the five intrepid but unfortunate knights, who had fallen

a sacrifice to their efforts in the cause of innocence. On the tablet of the sarcophagus were inscribed their titles, and the circumstances productive of their fate, whilst around, at the feet of the larches, and beneath their respective arms, were discernible the mossy tumuli which covered their remains.

A discovery, such as this, and under such circumstances, would necessarily excite, in the bosom of our hero, emotions of the most affecting nature. The difficulty of the attempt he had undertaken, its extreme danger and hitherto fatal issue, the memory of his beloved friend, and the probable connection of the wonderful account he had listened to with that friend's dearest interests, immediately rushed upon his recollection with a force unfelt before, and impressed upon the sombre scenery he was contemplating hues yet more gloomy and portentous. Such were the feelings of Sir Egbert as leaning on the tablet, and still musing on the mournful fate of those who were sleeping at its base, he was unexpectedly diverted from the indulgence of his sorrow by the tones of distant music. They were faint, but sweet upon the ear, and delightful as the recollected strains of our earliest youth. Their appeal to the heart would at any time have been powerful, but, on the present occasion, they united with every object in producing the most plaintive, the most exquisite sensations. In vain did Sir Egbert, surrounded by the densest foliage, endeavour to ascertain their cause, or the quarter from whence they issued; returning therefore to the

limit of the grove, he surveyed, with curious eye, the vast extent of lawn; nothing moved upon its surface, but the entire atmosphere was filled with the delicious sound, which, now assuming a deeper melody, alternate swelled and died away, and seemed to breathe to heaven the grateful incense of superior Powers.

Anxious, however, to develope the origin of this mysterious harmony, he was about to quit his station, when he perceived something gliding along the vista in the wood: it appeared approaching, though slowly, toward the rivulet which skirted the declivity, and some minutes elapsed, before the outlines of a human figure could be ascertained. As these became more distinct, the drapery of female attire was distinguishable, and Sir Egbert, fearful to alarm, and consequently check the progress of the stranger, retreated within the shelter of the grove. The music he had listened to with so much rapture, and which, without hesitation, he ascribed to the being before him, now ceased, and the form, apparently light as the blade it pressed, having reached the stream, crossed it on a rustic bridge, and began the ascent of the lawn. If the expectations of the knight had been excited by the airy elegance of his fair visitor when distant, the artless beauty she displayed, as she drew near, more than equalled their extent. Her cheek, flushed by exercise, glowed with Nature's finest crimson, and her brown hair, agitated by the morning breeze, waved lightly over a bosom, white as the mountain snow. An expression, ever varying, yet

ever fascinating, played upon her features, and her eye, full and bathed in dewy light, spoke the keen sensibility of her soul. Simplicity itself, which had regulated each movement of a frame moulded with exquisite symmetry, reigned also in her dress and decorations; a white robe with a black zone, and a fillet of white, which obliquely crossed her flowing tresses, were all that art had furnished. On her left hand she bore a small basket, filled with autumnal flowers and shrubs, and on these was placed her lute, whilst with her right she confined the folds of her robe, which the gale, with wanton levity, endeavoured to disperse.

Highly interested by her personal appearance, and desirous of ascertaining the purport of her visit to a place so solitary and extraordinary, Sir Egbert cautiously withdrew as she advanced, and presently regained the centre of the grove, where, stationed behind the foliage, which everywhere surrounded the sarcophagus, he waited, with solicitude, the result. In the mean time the lovely stranger slowly approached, and having reached the mossy tumuli, placed her little basket on the ground, and knelt down by the side of one which seemed more ornamented than the rest; its verdure was more vivid, and its flowers cast a sweeter perfume. She surveyed, for a moment, the swelling turf, and then, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, breathed a silent prayer to Heaven. On her countenance dwelt an expression of mild and nearly subdued sorrow, the effect of which was greatly heightened

by local circumstances, for, whilst all around was immersed in the brown twilight of the foliage, a sun-beam, trembling through some withered branches, poured on her pensive features, and on the turf beneath, that mellow, rich, but broken light, which, contrasting with the gloom it rushed into, and illuminating the finest object in creation, the countenance of a lovely and interesting woman, produced a scene, which, for its magic force of colouring, and for its impulse on the heart, the first of painters might have envied. Sir Egbert, who beheld it with peculiar emotion, stood fixed in rapture, nor would he for worlds have dared to intrude, even by a whisper, upon piety, apparently so hallowed and so pure. After a few minutes, however, spent in this attitude of devotion, the beauteous mourner rose, and having scattered the flowers, which she had brought with her, over the grave, and planted the shrubs around its rising border, she took her lute, and preluding on its chords, at length burst into a song of gratitude and praise; it was a morning hymn, and the same delicious tones, which so lately filled the adjoining valley, again melted on the ear.

Having thus offered up the incense of a guileless heart, in accents sweet as harmony itself, she was about to retire, when Sir Egbert, over whose heart the music of her voice breathed the effect of enchantment, and who had hitherto remained motionless, came forward from the covert of the foliage. A shriek of surprise and apprehension immediately escaped the fair

stranger, whose fears, however, were soon alleviated, by the graceful manner and respectful language of her intruder, who, after soliciting forgiveness for the alarm he had occasioned, related the circumstances which had drawn him thither, and the motives which led to his concealment. In doing this, he was under the necessity of alluding to the mysteries of Gundulph's Tower, and to the adventure he had pledged himself to achieve: no sooner, however, were these mentioned, than their effect upon the beauteous object before him became peculiarly striking; the colour left her cheeks, an expression of horror sate upon her features, and a cold shivering agitated her whole frame. Some moments elapsed before she had power to speak; at length, with a look of mingled compassion and tenderness, and pointing to the turf from whence she had lately risen, "There," she exclaimed, "beneath that little mound, fallen in the very attempt you are going to undertake, sleeps my dear, my only brother!" The tears started as she spoke, and her eyes glancing fearfully around, again with a peculiar wildness, yet solemnity in her manner, again she faintly uttered, "I fear, I greatly fear, that, ere long, another will be doomed to rest within these awful shades."

Sir Egbert felt the full import of this ejaculation, and he even dared to think that pity for himself, a pity allied to tenderness, was mingled in the sentiment; for the sensibility and feeling he now found combined with the personal charms which first attracted him, had indelibly

fixed the impression, and he drank deep of the intoxicating draught of Love. If friendship had hitherto been the sole motive to the attempt he was about to assume, there was now superadded an inducement of a still more powerful kind, and he looked forward with impatience to the moment when he could present himself to the object of his affections, as the Avenger of her Brother's fate. It was now, therefore, with trembling but eager solicitude, he endeavoured to allay the apprehensions and painful retrospection his narrative had occasioned; in this he in some degree succeeded; again the glow of health suffused her cheeks, again the smile of satisfaction shot pleasure to his heart, and he ventured, leading her from the grove, and looking round the vast extent of lawn, to wonder where she dwelt, intimating at the same time a wish, that he might be allowed to view that favoured spot.

"Our cottage is beyond that vista," she replied: "there my mother and myself have dwelt ever since the melancholy period which tore from her arms the most affectionate of sons. It has been my duty, you perceive, to decorate and preserve the turf that covers his remains, and if, as it is said, the departed soul may revisit the regions of mortality, I delight to think the spirit of my Edward glides through these solemn and romantic groves, and is conscious that Matilda still weeps his loss, still cherishes for his memory an unchanged affection."

The sweet resignation and tender enthusiasm which were painted on her countenance as these

words died upon her lips, very powerfully affected her companion; an impression which was heightened into painful emotion by her concluding address. "Go, my friend," she continued, "may He, the Disposer of events, protect you through the horrors of the approaching night. I will, at present, wave your further attendance, but be assured that Matilda is deeply anxious for your safety, and will rejoice if to-morrow's sun shall guide you to her humble cottage."

As she said this she turned to retire, and Sir Egbert, overwhelmed by opposing sensations, delightful yet oppressive, could with difficulty articulate "Farewell!" He stood motionless, and gazing wildly on her departing figure; and as this became lost amid the foliage of the distant forest, he started abruptly from the scene, and with hurried and unequal steps, with a heart divided between hope and fear, endeavoured to retrace his pathway to the mansion of the Templars.

No. XLVI.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
——————— this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, fatal end. —
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE bell was sounding the ninth matin hour as Sir Egbert re-entered the avenue of oaks. His hospitable friends approached to meet him, and were surprised to learn, that the event of the morning had anticipated their intentions. Of Matilda, whom they described as an object of equal pity, admiration, and esteem, they spoke in terms of the warmest enthusiasm; they praised her filial piety, her fraternal affection, her beauty, modesty and grace, and remarked, that though many a gallant youth had been solicitous to obtain her affections, not one had hitherto made the smallest impression on her heart.

The emotions which, during this eulogium, agitated the features of Sir Egbert, and the sighs

he struggled to repress, did not escape the notice of the Templars; they instantly changed the subject, and proceeded to inform him that the knights deputed by the fraternity had been graciously received by De Weldon, and, as soon as the shades of evening should advance, he would be admitted into the Castle.

A gleam of mingled resentment and joy flashed from the eyes of our Hero as he listened to this intelligence. He courteously thanked the Grand Master for his attention, declaring that his detestation of the character and conduct of De Weldon had received no small accession of strength from his interview with Matilda. He had now a double motive, he observed, for revenge, and he should count the hours with impatience until the moment arrived that might conduct him to the punishment of such atrocious guilt. In the mean time, he continued, I will, with your permission, attend at the chapel this evening, and will there offer up my prayers to Heaven for the success of an undertaking, which, though just in itself, experience has proved most doubtful and dangerous in the issue. A determination such as this, could not fail of being applauded by his friends, who agreed to accompany him in his devotions, and to escort him from the altar to the grand entrance of the Tower.

After a sultry day the evening approached enveloped in clouds, through which the sun occasionally poured a stream of rich and mellow light. The hour appointed for attendance at the chapel was now at hand, and Sir Egbert,

conducted by the Grand Master, and accompanied by the Knights Templars, after quitting the avenue and crossing some adjacent grounds, entered the hallowed precincts. The appearance of this Gothic structure in the centre, surrounded by lofty trees, and partially illumined by the setting orb, was alike solemn and picturesque. The architecture was of the most finished style of the age, and the interior of the building such as to impress upon the mind ideas of a very solemn and religious kind.

Sir Egbert and his companions passed beneath the western arch, whilst the Quire chaunted a hymn, whose tones, sweeping through the long-drawn aisles and fretted shrines, seemed to breathe the holy accents of piety and fortitude. The enthusiasm which these strains were calculated to inspire was felt by every individual, and their effect was still further heightened by the sombre and obscure tinting of the building, every now and then broken in upon by flashes of the deepest coloured rays, which, darting through the stained glass and tracery of the windows, threw upon the pavement and every object in their passage, the most splendid and gorgeous hues.

The procession had now reached the chancel, whose roof, fretted with the most delicate art, appeared like a web of embroidery, whilst the banners of the mighty dead, distinguished chieftains of the order, were seen suspended on its clustered columns. Here, kneeling at the altar, Sir Egbert implored the protection of Heaven, vowing, should success attend his arduous enter-

prise, to erect a choral shrine with daily dirges, over the sepulchre of those who had fallen in the same attempt.

To this sacred engagement were added the petitionary prayers of the Templars, on the close of which the choristers burst forth into songs of gratitude and praise. The melody rose clear, rich and full upon the ear, and diffused itself through the whole compass of the pile. The last notes had died away, and the company had risen to depart, when suddenly a burst of the most brilliant lightning flashed along the gloom, and, to their utter astonishment, the strains they had so lately listened to, seemed again to issue from a distant part of the chapel. They were tones of celestial sweetness, and excited, in every breast, the emotions of rapture and hope. Sir Egbert and the Knights prostrated themselves with awe and reverence, and with feelings which led them to predict the approaching ruin of De Weldon.

The voices were now heard remotely, like the faint vibrations of an Æolian harp, and a transient gleam of purple light seemed to announce the departure of these viewless Beings. A silence the most profound ensued, and many moments elapsed before any person presumed to interrupt it by a single accent. At length the venerable Master, on whose countenance still sate the mingled expression of wonder and delight, addressed his noble guest, declaring, that after what he had just witnessed, he must pronounce him favoured by Heaven, and

destined in all probability to achieve what had hitherto foiled the most intrepid warriors.

Sir Egbert, who felt a confidence the most soothing, bowed with modesty and respect, observing, that as the sun was now sinking beneath the horizon, he presumed the hour appointed for the trial had nearly arrived. The Templars acquiesced, and mounting their horses, which, together with their retinue and Sir Egbert's, had been previously ordered to the chapel, proceeded on their route to the Tower. The clarions sounded their approach, and the manly figure of Sir Egbert, clothed in sable armour, his white plume waving to the wind, and tinged with the farewell crimson of the setting sun, formed an object alike beautiful and terrific.

A lowering atmosphere, however, immediately succeeded the departure of this glorious luminary, and some time before the procession had reached the Castle, distant coruscations of lightning, and the low muttering of thunder, foretold a coming storm. This had risen to much violence, ere the knights, crossing the Medway, drew near the grand entrance which adjoins the north-east angle of Gundulph's Tower.* Having passed the drawbridge, which

* This tower is quadrangular, and its angles nearly correspond with the four cardinal points of the compass. It is about seventy feet square at the base; the outside of the walls are built inclining inward, somewhat from a perpendicular, and are, in general, twelve feet thick.

Adjoining to the east angle of this tower is a small one about two-thirds the height of the large tower, and about twenty-eight feet square. The grand entrance was into this small tower by a noble flight of steps eight feet wide, through

secures this gate, they ascended a noble flight of steps, through a lofty arch ornamented with

---

an arched gateway, about six feet by ten; the arch is adorned with curious fret-work. For the greater security of this entrance, there was a drawbridge, under which was the common entrance into the lower apartments of the great tower. These lower apartments were two, and must have been dark and gloomy. They are divided by a partition wall five feet thick, which partition is continued to the top, so that the rooms were twenty-one by forty-six feet on each floor. In the lower part of the walls are several narrow openings, intended for the benefit of the light and air: there are also arches in the partition wall, by which one room communicated with the other. These apartments seem to have been designed for store-rooms.

In the partition wall, in the centre of the building, is a well two feet nine inches in diameter, neatly wrought in the walls, which well ascends through all the stories to the top of the tower, and has a communication with every floor.

On the north-east side within the tower is a small arched door-way, through which is a descent by steps into a vault under the small tower: here seems to have been the prison and melancholy abode of the state criminals confined in this fortress.

From the ground floor there is a winding staircase in the east angle, which ascends to the top of the tower, and communicates with every floor; it is about five feet five inches wide, the cement still retains the impressions of the winding centres on which the arches were turned, but the stairs are much destroyed.

The floor of the first story was about thirteen feet from the ground; the holes in the walls, where the timbers were laid, distinctly mark every floor, but at present no wood remains in the tower. The joists were about thirteen inches by ten inches square, and about thirteen inches apart, but somewhat less in the upper floors, and extended from the outward wall to the partition. In the west angle is another staircase, which ascends from this floor to the top of the tower, and communicates with every room.

The rooms in the first story were about twenty feet high, and were, probably, for the accommodation of servants, &c. The apartment on the north-east side in the small tower over the prison, and into which the outward door of the grand entrance

the most curious fret-work, and having entered an antichamber on the second floor, they were

---

opened, was on this floor, and was about thirteen feet square, and neatly wrought, the arches of the doors and windows being adorned with fret-work. This room communicated with the large rooms in the great tower, through an arch about six feet by ten, which was secured by a portcullis; there being a groove well worked in the main wall quite through to the next story. The rooms of this floor also communicated with each other by arches in the partition wall, and there are many holes in the outward walls on every side for the admission of light, and for the annoyance of the enemy. In the north angle is a small neat room, with a fire-place in it, and was, doubtless, the apartment of some of the officers of the fortress. In the south-east side is a small door, most probably for such as were not admitted at the grand entrance; the wall within this door is peculiarly constructed for its security.

From hence you ascend to the second story, or third floor, on which were the apartments of state, and here the workman has shewn his greatest skill. These rooms were about thirty-two feet high, and separated by three columns, forming four grand arches, curiously ornamented: the columns are about eighteen feet in height, and four in diameter.

There are fire-places to the rooms, having semicircular chimney pieces; the arches of which, in the principal rooms, are ornamented in the same taste with the arches before mentioned. The smoke was not conveyed off through funnels ascending to the top of the tower, but through small holes, left for that purpose, in the outer wall, near to each fire-place. About midway, as you ascend to the next floor, there is a narrow arched passage, or gallery, in the main wall, quite round the tower.

The upper, or fourth floor, was about sixteen feet high; the roof is now entirely gone: but the stone gutters, which conveyed the water from it through the wall to the outside, are very entire.

From the upper floor the staircase rises ten feet higher, to the top of the great tower, which is about ninety-three feet from the ground, round which is a battlement seven feet high, with embrasures. At each angle is a tower about twelve feet square, with floors and battlements above them; the whole height of

met by the retinue of De Weldon. Here the Templars were under the necessity of bidding their friend adieu; aversion to the Constable, more than the laws of etiquette, preventing their further attendance.

---

these towers is about one hundred and twelve feet from the ground. *

From this elevation there is a pleasing prospect of the surrounding country; of the city and adjacent towns, with their public buildings; the barracks and dock-yard at Chatham; the meanders of the Medway, both above and below bridge, even to its confluence with the Thames, and down into the Swin: on such an ancient pile, a serious mind cannot but reflect on the various changes that have diversified the scene below; on the battles, sieges, pestilences, fires, inundations, storms, &c. which have agitated and swept away the successive generations who have inhabited the city and adjacent towns, during the seven hundred years which have elapsed, since the first building of this tower. Considering how long this fabric has been neglected, I believe there are few buildings in England, of equal antiquity, so perfect; nor can I quit this venerable pile without expressing my admiration at the skill and ingenuity of the reverend architect †; the nice contrivance throughout every part of the building, both for conveniency and strength, must strike the eye of every curious beholder; nor can a person, who has the least taste in antiquities, or ancient architecture, spend an hour more agreeably than in surveying this curious fabric.

THORPE'S *History and Antiquities of Rochester*, p. 29—33.

---

* There is in the tower of the castle wall next the bridge, a funnel or space in the wall, open from the bottom to the top, supposed to have been used for the secret conveyance of necessaries from the river into the castle.

† That *Gundulph* was the greatest architect of his age, may be safely inferred, from his superintending the building part of the Tower of London. Gundulph was consecrated bishop of this see by Archbishop *Lanfranc*, March 19, 1077. He enjoyed it thirteen years in the reigns of William I. and II. and Henry I. He died March, 1107.

On the departure of the Templars, Sir Egbert was conducted from the antichamber through an arch at its further end, and which was secured by a massy portcullis. Beyond this an ample staircase led to the state-apartments on the second story, or third floor, and on reaching these, several persons, very richly accoutred, came forward to usher in their gallant guest.

A scene of great brilliancy and magnificence now arrested the attention of our Hero. The rooms, which were of considerable height, and of proportional length and breadth, were separated from each other by three beautiful columns, forming four grand arches curiously ornamented. The whole suite was illuminated by a multitude of lamps, and filled with persons of both sexes in the most splendid attire, whose jewels reflected the light with a lustre that almost rivalled the day. In the centre of these apartments was placed a most luxurious banquet, containing viands of the most delicious flavour, and vases of massy gold sparkling with the most exquisite wines.

The curiosity of the company was greatly excited on the introduction of our daring adventurer; and whilst they viewed him with emotions of admiration and pity, as a victim destined to destruction, the Minstrels seized their harps and sung the glorious deeds of chivalry and war. The music ceasing a venerable chieftain approached Sir Egbert, and apologizing for the unexpected absence of De Weldon, led him to the upper table on the right hand of the canopy

under which the Constable should have presided. This step produced an immediate arrangement, and all sate down to the repast. The beauty of the females, heightened by the most amiable and fascinating manners, the elegance and airy lightness of their dress, the gaiety and gallantry of their companions, and the pomp and splendour which every where surrounded them, seemed to Sir Egbert the effect of enchantment, and it was with difficulty he could conceive himself beneath the roof of De Weldon.

A conversation lively and spirited succeeded the removal of the refreshments, and the Minstrels, again preluding upon their harps, poured forth the wonders of romantic fiction, or the sufferings of disastrous love. Several favourite airs were accompanied by the ladies, whose voices breathed delicious tenderness, whilst their stolen glances and alluring attitudes, kindled the most voluptuous hopes.

All was joy and revelry, and Sir Egbert appeared, for the moment, to have forgotten the purport of his visit. The intoxication, however, lasted not long; he had just seized a goblet of wine, and was pledging the beauteous nymph beside him, when suddenly a convulsive shriek issued from every quarter, and the company, starting from their seats, fixed their eyes for an instant upon him, and then with horror and frenzy in their looks fled in every direction.

Sir Egbert stood fixed in silent astonishment, the only being now left in these gigantic halls. The studied luxury of his reception, the apparent felicity of the company, and their sudden

terror and desertion, appeared to him like the paintings of some horrid dream. Soon, however, was he enabled to ascertain the cause of their alarm, for, on turning round to explore the apartment, there appeared immediately behind him a tall emaciated figure; its outline was not definable; it was wrapped in a coarse black garment, and the face being uncovered, presented a spectacle beyond description dreadful. It was the face of a corse, the eyes fixed and staring wide, the lips black, and the cheeks apparently the food of worms. A sword glimmered in the fleshless fingers of his right hand, and it seemed to be in the attitude of striking. Sir Egbert, starting from his place, assumed a posture of defence, when the spectre, pointing to the west, and gliding slowly forward, bade him follow.

The voice in which this command was given, was such as to convince Sir Egbert, could proceed from no human form. Though shocked, he was still, however, collected, and, unsheathing his sabre, he prepared to obey the mandate of this dreadful Being. A gloomy vapour preceding its path, almost extinguished the lights, whilst a hollow plaintive sound murmured through the apartments as it passed. Having reached the western angle of the tower, a massy door turned heavily on its hinges, and the figure, pausing and beckoning to be followed, descended a flight of steps. Sir Egbert pursued; at first all was utter darkness, but, at length, a faint light glimmering from below, he could just discern the garments of his companion, as, turning abruptly to the left, he passed

into a vaulted chamber. Sir Egbert furiously rushed forward, and no sooner had he entered the room, than its door closed instantly behind him.

The amazement of our adventurer was still further increased, when he discovered the apartment to be empty. The tremendous form, whose footsteps he had followed, had vanished, and he beheld himself immured in a spacious vault, the extremity of which was partially illuminated by characters which flamed with fire. They were inscribed, on what appeared to be, a solid arch of iron, and their purport — "*Death to him who violates the mysteries of Gundulph's Tower.*"

Sir Egbert was now anxious to discover the means of escaping from a situation, which he had reason to suppose De Weldon intended for his tomb. The iron arch looked immoveable by human power, and the aperture through which he had entered was lost, apparently for ever, and indistinguishable from the solid wall.

The only hope of preservation, therefore, arose from the possibility of the illuminated iron, which, he had no doubt, closed the passage to the enchanted turret, yielding to his strength. As he approached, however, to make the attempt, the characters became tenfold more brilliant, and the horrid spectre re-appearing, stood armed to thwart his purpose. Convinced that dauntless resolution could alone achieve his object or preserve his life, he sprang impetuously forward, and aiming a well-directed blow at the phantom, it again dissolved in air, and

instantly the iron door, grating thunder on its hinges, burst open.

Immediately the whole place was filled with a thick and heavy mist, accompanied by rapid flashes of a blue yet faint sulphureous light, and which just served to produce a most singular and awful obscurity. Through this were seen to wander, pale and glaring ghastly, the spirits of those who had fallen in the attempt. They looked mournfully on Sir Egbert, and pointed with apparent terror to objects of uncertain form, seen distantly and dimly through the iron arch.

Undismayed, and resolutely determined to accomplish his daring task, Sir Egbert entered the arch, which, after penetrating a considerable depth, was terminated, he found, by a flight of stone steps. These he began to ascend, and, though in complete darkness, had just reached the second floor, or first story of the western angle, when the screams of persons as in torture struck his ears. In a moment the floor sinking with a horrid crash, there appeared before him a vast and yawning chasm, which poured forth torrents of smoke and ruddy flame, and in which he could discern demons, of tremendous form and stature, tormenting, in every savage mode, the spirits of the damned.

With one foot planted on the verge of this dreadful abyss the knight stood gazing, for some moments, with astonishment and terror. An insurmountable obstacle seemed now opposed to his progress, and death inevitable, he was convinced, awaited his return. Recol-

lection, however, in a short time, resuming its wonted energy, the scene presented itself in its true light, and justly deeming it the effect of infernal agency, and therefore the mere work of delusion, he promptly decided on his duty. With a shout that shook the tower to its centre, and, at the same time, imploring the protection of Heaven, he leapt, at one bound, into the apparent gulf. The whole vanished with the effort, and a deep groan resounded through the Castle.

The glow of triumph and satisfaction warmed the bosom of our Hero, and feeling conscious of assistance from superior power, he prepared with renovated hope and vigour to prosecute his attempt.

Ascending, therefore, another flight of steps, he passed into a lofty apartment on the third floor, whose dimensions were only partially discoverable by the light of the moon, which streamed through the lattice-work of its pointed windows. Here, whilst cautiously surveying the illuminated space, he was roused by the clash of armour, and the noise of persons struggling vehemently at no great distance from him. He paused and listened with attention, and in a few moments the dreadful cry of Murder! Murder! resounded through the building. It was uttered with convulsive strength, and in tones which brought to his recollection the well-known voice of Conrad. Agonized with fearful apprehensions for his friend, he sprang precipitately to the spot whence the exclamations seemed to issue, and which, after returning twice with

feebler power, had ceased suddenly, as if stifled in the throat by the hand of ruffian violence.

Sir Egbert, whom anxiety for Conrad had rendered totally regardless of his own safety, having rushed through an aperture at the darkened extremity of the chamber, was drawing near, as he supposed, the horrid scene of slaughter, when a flash of intense lightning, and which quivered for some seconds on the floor, providentially snatched him from destruction. It was doubtless the interposition of Heaven, and was considered as such by Sir Egbert, for in the blaze which momentarily surrounded him, he beheld himself on the brink of a deep well, running through the partition-wall to the bottom of the Castle, and into which another step would have plunged him—to be lost for ever.

A cold tremor, at this discovery, pervaded his frame, and starting with involuntary terror, he hurried back into the apartment he had so rashly deserted. There, falling on his knees, he returned thanks to the Preserving Power, during which faint shrieks of lamentation were heard in the air, and another hollow groan resounded through the Castle.

It now appeared to Sir Egbert, that the agents employed by De Weldon, unable by threats or the delusions of necromancy to oppose his passage to the turret, had determined to effect their purpose by so operating on his feelings, that obedience to their immediate impulse should conduct him to destruction.

He resolved, therefore, to act in future with the utmost caution, lest sympathy or surprise

should effect, what neither difficulty nor danger had hitherto produced. Having formed this resolution, he quitted the apartment, returning, as far as the dim light afforded by the moon enabled him to judge, to his former situation on the staircase. The last flight of steps, leading to the fourth floor of the turret, was before him, and, after a short pause for recollection, he began their ascent.

Except where a few faint beams, through the loop-holes in the wall, cast a line of pallid splendour across the gloom, all was, at first, immersed in thick obscurity. He had not, however, proceeded far, before this began to clear away, and was presently succeeded by a steady and bright illumination, though from what source it took its rise he was yet unable to ascertain. On reaching the fourth floor, a scene of exquisite brilliancy and beauty immediately presented itself. To the right appeared an elegant saloon, decorated with the most voluptuous taste. Its roof and sides were hung with flowers of every delicate hue and odour, whilst in recesses, lined with the greenest moss, amongst which peeped forth the opening buds of roses, played fountains of the purest water. Voices sounding remote, and whose melody, the effect of magic, melted the soul to softness, chaunted themes of wanton pleasure, which the artist, likewise, in glowing colours, had embodied and dispersed in compartments on the walls. In a deep alcove, at the extremity of the saloon, and which was vaulted with purple and gold, swelled a couch of the cygnet's down, whilst

curtains of the palest yellow, light and thin as the web of the gossamer, were drawn in folds around it, and mitigating the exterior splendour, shed tints adapted to the thefts of love.

The astonishment of Sir Egbert was greatly excited by a scene so different from what he had reason to expect. Though suspicious and on his guard, he could not avoid participating in the fascination, which the objects around him were formed to inspire. He felt a degree of enervation, of languor and desire creep upon him, and he lingered with delight, where all was seductive and alluring to the senses and imagination. In this dangerous indulgence was he occupied, when the light tread of footsteps recalled his attention. In a moment there glided by him the figure of a beautiful female, who, turning as she passed, discovered the features and the dress of Matilda. With a smile of ineffable sweetness, whilst her eyes sparkled with rapture, she beckoned Sir Egbert to pursue, pointing, at the same time, with voluptuous archness, to the couch in distant view.

Without any hesitation, alike forgetful of his late resolve and of the character of Matilda, and heedless of the total impossibility of her presence in such a place, he started in pursuit with all the eagerness of ardent love. The beauteous phantom fled before him, and rushing into the alcove just passed the couch, and then, turning with a smile of amorous invitation, disappeared through a door which opened to receive her. Sir Egbert was on the point of

following, when a torrent of air, bursting with inconceivable force through the aperture, in an instant arrested his progress; at the same time the moon, gliding from beneath a dark cloud, unveiled her splendid disk, and enabled him to shun the treacherous snare prepared for his destruction.

The moment he recoiled, the scene of luxury behind him fled, and in lieu of the seductive melody he had lately listened to, were heard, upon the distant blast, the wild howlings and execrations of fiends, whilst, for the third time, through the hollow chambers of the Castle, re-murmured the groans of disappointed malice.

Sir Egbert, in the interim, stood gazing with terror on the precipice he had so narrowly escaped, for the door, he now perceived, opened upon a funnel or space in the wall of the tower, and which descending from its summit to the river, had been used in time of war for the secret conveyance of provisions from the Medway into the Castle.

With feelings of self-accusation and remorse, mingled with emotions of warm gratitude to Heaven for its continued support, he turned to retrace his steps, when the door immediately rushed to with a noise that shook the foundations of the Castle, and must have been heard distinctly through the neighbourhood.

In a few minutes, however, all was again immersed in a gloom and silence which the preceding contrast rendered still more deep and awful. It was with some difficulty, therefore, that Sir Egbert, who had not yet perfectly

recovered the late shock, could resume his former station.

He was now nearly at the summit of the western turret, and consequently could not be far from the scene of sorcery which had been described to him. He endeavoured, therefore, to let no part escape unsearched, and was minutely exploring every avenue, when turning sharply an angle to the left, he beheld at the termination of a narrow gallery an arched gateway closed with iron bars, all of which appeared to glow with an intense red heat. So violent was the ignition, that the gallery some feet from the bars seemed like the fiercest furnace.

An object such as this few would have ventured to approach, and Sir Egbert, indeed, for some time stood appalled; determined, however, at all events to perish or succeed, and recollecting from his late experience that to brave these infernal machinations was to dissipate them, he sprang boldly forward, and receiving no injury from the fire, whose heat, he found, was such only to the eye, he furiously seized the bars, and with a giant's force wrenched them from their hold.

The rich reward of all his labours was unveiled, and Sir Egbert beheld with inexpressible joy the magnificent couch, with the Lovers extended upon it. Beneath them was a crimson robe, over their heads a canopy sparkling with the gems of Golconda, and the ponderous sword which lay between them seemed instinct with fire and bickering flame. The knight advanced, and, recognising the well-known features of

Conrad and Bertha, he hung over them with tears of silent rapture.

They lay reclined in a profound and tranquil slumber. The rose yet blushed upon the cheeks of Bertha, and a smile still dwelt upon her lips, whilst on the countenance of Conrad sate an expression of firmness and anxiety.

Sir Egbert now hastened to complete the liberation of his friends, and seizing the sword, which sent forth coruscations like a meteor, was in the act of drawing it, when an outcry of the most tremendous kind, attended with the clash of numerous weapons, suspended his intention. Presently from each side of the apartment rushed into sight Demons of every horrid form and hue, who brandishing their spears, aimed them with impious curses at the bosom of our Hero.

That moment, however, did Sir Egbert unsheath the blade, waving it in triumph round his head. Instantly the Lovers, awakening from their death-like trance, started from the couch, —the whole apparatus of enchantment vanished, whilst loud bursts of thunder, mingled with the wild imprecations of disappointed fiends, rebellowed through the air.

No. XLVII.

See how the pangs of death do make him grin.—
——————— if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign!—

SHAKSPEARE.

THE astonishment of Conrad and Bertha, on awakening from their long-protracted torpor, may be more easily conceived than expressed. They soon, however, recognised their former friend, and were eagerly enquiring into the cause of their singular situation, when Sir Egbert, with the most cordial expressions of kindness, requested they would, for a short period, postpone their curiosity. They were, he told them, in the castle of a most inveterate enemy, and he had every motive for wishing their departure from it to be as expeditious as possible. Saying this, he led the way, and the young couple followed in silent admiration.

They now descended to the third floor; and it was the intention of Sir Egbert, instead of retracing his former steps, to search for an immediate passage from this story into the state apartments. He had no sooner formed this resolution, than the doors of the room he had formerly been in were thrown violently open, and

a multitude of lights appeared, whilst, at the same moment, his name was loudly and repeatedly vociferated.

Presently a train of servants and retainers approached, and making the most respectful obeisance, informed him they had been sent by the Constable, who, having matter of the utmost importance to communicate, requested the immediate attendance of himself and his friends in his private apartment. They added, that their master was in extreme torture, and apparently in the agonies of death.

Sir Egbert, after some little hesitation, complied, willing, if possible, to develope the origin and motives of De Weldon's iniquitous conduct. Repassing the lofty hall, where he had been so magnificently entertained, and in which every thing still remained as when the alarm first took place, imagination almost conjured up the re-appearance of the horrid spectre. The attention, however, was soon diverted, by the sound of distant groans, which, as they entered the eastern angle, and drew near the chamber of De Weldon, came heavily and dreadful on the ear.

The attendants now requesting the knight and his companions to wait for a few minutes, passed into the Constable's room, whence shortly returning, they announced his command for their immediate introduction.

The room was large and gloomy, lighted merely by a silver lamp, suspended from the canopy of the Constable's bed, and as Sir Egbert and his friends were ushered in, the

torture of the unhappy man seemed to increase, whilst groans of convulsive horror shook his frame. They approached, however, the bedside of the sufferer, and no sooner had they fixed their eyes upon him, than Bertha, uttering a loud shriek, fainted in the arms of Conrad, who, in the person of De Weldon, beheld and recognised the features of his uncle.

The shock to the whole party was, as may well be imagined, extreme. The paleness of death overspread the countenance of the Constable, which, whilst every other object was lost in obscurity, received the full illumination of the lamp. A cold sweat bathed his brow, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, whilst his hair, matted and erect, his clenched fists and wild exclamations, betrayed the exquisite agony of his mind and body. "Help, help," he exclaimed, "for Christ's sake, help! see! look! where they stand ready to tear me limb from limb, to snatch me to eternal fire! O God! now, even now, their fangs are on me!" As he uttered this, he fainted on his pillow.

The assiduity and attention of those about him, however, soon recalled the sense of consciousness, and, after several efforts, raising himself on one arm, and fixing earnestly his languid eyes on Conrad, he thus addressed him.—"You see before you, Conrad, the victim of avarice and ambition; anxious to obtain your large estates, as a necessary step to farther greatness, and unwilling, on this occasion, to dip my hands in blood, I applied to agents, who have not only blasted my expectations in this

world, but have condemned me to everlasting misery in the next." Here a violent paroxysm of pain, attended with strong convulsions, interrupted articulation, and some minutes elapsed before he could again proceed. "Prompted by unhallowed curiosity," he at length continued, "I have for many years devoted my time and talents to the study of necromancy, and on this occasion entered into a compact with the demons I had been accustomed to invoke, to convey you and Bertha from your friends, and retain you during my existence, in a state of preternatural insensibility. The conditions on which I obtained their interference, have involved me in the situation you behold; for after the most perfect assurance, on their part, that no human power could break through the obstacles they had opposed, they insisted not only on permission being granted to all who should venture to contend with the terrors of enchantment, but that if, contrary to all probability, success should attend the attempt, the result, as to myself, should rest with them. The result is before ye; the moment you triumphed, gallant knight," addressing himself to Sir Egbert, "was to me the commencement of unutterable agony: the flames of hell were instantly lighted up in this bosom, and the instruments of my iniquity are now dragging me to the abyss of destruction.

"Thus have the malignant purposes of these demons been accomplished: their thirst for human blood has been gratified by the deaths of all, save yourself, who have attempted the rescue of innocence and beauty, and, though

viewless to you, I see them now around me rejoicing in the tortures I endure.

"Never, since the moment I tampered with these fiends, has peace been an inmate of my breast; for though, shortly after the disappearance of my nephew, I entered upon the possession of his estates, suspicion resting on my character, I found it necessary to quit the county, and having influence at the Court of the late King Henry, I procured, for the purposes of concealment, not only a licence to assume another name, but, at the same time, obtained a grant of the wardenship of Rochester Castle.

"To you western turret, for my greater security, I transferred the scene of enchantment, and having witnessed the failure of so many valiant knights, I deemed the dissolution of this work of sorcery impossible. You, Sir Egbert, have fatally undeceived me: I saw and recollected your person as you passed under the arch of Gundulph's Tower: unwonted agitation seized my frame: and, abruptly retiring as you advanced, I hastened hither to conceal the perturbation which betrayed me."

It was with extreme difficulty, and not without many pauses for breath, that De Neville was thus far enabled to proceed. Nature appeared almost exhausted: and though but an hour before he flourished in apparent good health, an inextinguishable flame seemed now rapidly consuming the powers of life.

The three friends determined to await the close of this awful scene, wishing, though in

vain, to mitigate the sufferings and the remorse of their wretched adversary. Though the faculty of speech returned no more, the despair which still sate upon the features of the Constable, formed a dreadful index of the mind within, and which nothing but the immediately ensuing circumstances, indicative of the total dereliction of Heaven, could possibly have aggravated. On the approach of his Confessor, a venerable old man, with the crucifix clasped between his hands, and who came to administer the consolations of his order, the tortures of De Neville increased, every muscle became convulsed, and springing furiously on his feet, he uttered a loud shriek, and fell back into the arms of Death.

Not all the horrors to which Sir Egbert had been recently subjected, appeared to him to equal the present event. All, except the terrified Bertha, who had again sunk into a state of insensibility, stood speechless and gazing on the corse of De Neville, and some minutes had elapsed before they were sufficiently collected to act either for themselves or Bertha. The latter, however, soon gave tokens of returning animation, and being conveyed into an adjoining apartment, the assiduity and tenderness of her faithful lover speedily re-assured and composed her spirits.

The morning had now dawned, and the sun, rising over the summits of the adjacent hills, had just crimsoned the broad surface of the Medway, when Sir Egbert, anxious to revisit his gallant friends, and impart the news of his

success, proposed to Conrad and Bertha an excursion to the mansion of the Templars. To this they readily agreed, and were just issuing from the Castle, when the distant sound of clarions and of trumpets excited their attention. Presently was seen, on the opposite banks of the Medway, and decorated with all the insignia of their order, a procession of the Templars, with their venerable chief at their head. Their appearance was truly picturesque, for the sun, glancing like fire from their steel casques, threw a vermilion tint across their white habits *, whilst

* The order of Teutonic Knights was instituted in the time of the Holy War. A German gentleman at Jerusalem, commiserating his countrymen, who came thither in devotion, made his house their receptacle: afterwards he erected a chapel to the Blessed Virgin, whence they were also called Marian Knights. With him other Germans united, and increasing, they undertook the military employment of the *Templars*. In 1190 they elected *Henry Walpot* their first master, and the following year were confirmed by Pope Celestine III., under the title of Teutonic Knights of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin. They vowed poverty, obedience, and charity, and adopted the rule of St. Augustine. Their habit was white, with a red cross sewed on the left shoulder. They erected an hospital at *Acon*, but after that city was taken by Saladine, they removed into Germany, under Hermannus, their grand master, on whom, in the year 1229, the Emperor Frederick II. and Pope Honorius III. bestowed Prussia; which having conquered and converted from Paganism, they built the city of Marianburgh in the year 1340, and there fixed the residence of their great master, till, in 1525, *Albert* of *Brandenburgh*, the last great master, made a solemn renunciation of the order, and became feudatory to Sigismond, first king of Poland, who created this Albert first duke of Prussia. But some of the knights, disgusted with this action, elected another great master, *Albert Wolfgang*, and retired into Germany, where they now reside, and the younger sons of *German* princes, being for the most part received into this order, give it a great reputation.

at the same time the richly burnished housings of their steeds poured a golden gleam upon the ground.

Upon reaching the Castle, the Grand Master told Sir Egbert, that having learnt by various persons from the town, too respectable not to be credited, of his singular success, they had, after waiting all night impatiently for information, immediately set out to congratulate him on the event, and to re-conduct him in triumph to the Temple.

Sir Egbert, after making his acknowledgments for their great courtesy and kindness, requested them to dismount, and, preceding them to the state apartment, found already assembled there many of the principal inhabitants of the town, who, like the Templars, had hastened to express their admiration of the prowess and good fortune of our gallant Knight. Among these, Sir Egbert perceived several who had the night before been present at the magnificent banquet, and to whom he could not avoid expressing his astonishment that they could be induced to attend upon such an occasion, and be able, with such apparent happiness, to partake of a repast liable to be interrupted by such horrible occurrences. They replied, that the express wish of the Constable, and their own curiosity to view a stranger so brave and adventurous, would account for their attendance; and that with regard to the dreadful apparition, the recollection of which would haunt them to the last moment of their lives, it was altogether unprecedented and unexpected, for

on preceding similar occasions, as soon as midnight had arrived, a bell tolled by order of the Constable, on which the company immediately left the Castle, whilst a confidential servant of De Weldon's appeared ready to conduct the stranger to that part of the western turret whence his attempt was to commence.

Sir Egbert appeared satisfied with this explanation, and turning to his friends, who were impatient to learn the nature of the difficulties and dangers he had encountered, he related to them the events of the preceding night, on concluding which he presented Conrad and Bertha. The attention of the company was immediately fixed on these amiable young people. The figure of Bertha was tall and elegant, her eyes were dark and full of lustre, and her features, finely formed, and of the Grecian cast, spoke not only the tender sensibility of her heart, but disclosed the possession of a mind cultivated in no common degree. A blush suffused her countenance as she caught the observation of the knights, and, reclining upon Conrad, she hid her confusion beneath her veil.

To divert an admiration so evidently oppressive to its fair object, and, at the same time, to gratify the curiosity of himself and the company, Sir Egbert requested of Conrad that he would indulge them, as far as he was able, with a circumstantial account of the particulars which took place on that evening, which had so unexpectedly, and for such a length of time, immured them in a living tomb.

"You may recollect, my friend," said Conrad, instantly stepping forward, "that on the evening you allude to, Bertha and myself, invited by the serenity and beauty of an autumnal sky, had gone forth to enjoy a ramble on the banks of the rapid trout stream, which winds among the hills of K——garan. Absorbed in a very interesting conversation, we had inadvertently wandered so far, that when the sun, sinking below the horizon, warned us to return, our distance from home was such, that before we had retraced one-third of our way, the shades of night overtook us. To add to our distress, the atmosphere assumed a louring and tempestuous appearance, and the wind rising, howled fearfully through the chasms and caverns of the mountains. In this situation, uncertain whether we were pursuing the right path, and anxiously on the watch to discover some peasant or cottage light through the gloom, which, owing to a thick mist, completely disguised the features of the scenery, we involuntarily lingered some time, when, on passing by an avenue on the left, and which led into the heart of the mountains, we saw, directly before us, and apparently at no great distance, a steady blue light. It shone like a ball of fire, and, though the storm still sounded in our ears, burnt in majestic repose.

"Surprised, yet delighted at the sight, from the expectation of acquiring the assistance of a guide, or, at least, a shelter from the night, we instantly endeavoured to reach the spot it issued from. To our great mortification, however,

when we had proceeded a considerable way up the glen, it receded, and becoming pale and indistinct, at length vanished. Our situation was now infinitely more discouraging than before; flanked by lofty hills, over which the tempest broke with uncommon fury, what little light we had been cheered with on more open ground, was now entirely cut off, and we were enveloped in the darkness of midnight. Had I been alone, I should have felt nothing but an eager curiosity to discover the origin of this singular meteor, but Bertha, trembling and alarmed, and exposed, through my inattention, to all the inclemency of the weather, called forth the most distressing emotions. Inwardly I execrated the folly which had led me, regardless of my tender companion, to pursue an object, which seemed only meant to allure and to deceive.

"Though entertaining little or no hope of extricating ourselves, until the morning should break, I was endeavouring to re-animate the spirits of Bertha, when the same delusive light, though not in its former situation, again glowed beside us. It had assumed a closer position on our right, and seemed fixed near the summit of an acclivity, up whose sides was just discoverable, by the faint illumination it flung across the valley, a narrow pathway. After some hesitation, and notwithstanding our late experience, we once more resolved to trust this treacherous guide, and entering on the path, which wound through some brushwood at the bottom, began the ascent. The orb of fire burnt clear and stationary, every now and then emitting sparks

of the utmost radiance, until we had nearly attained, what, we supposed, the elevation it was fixed on. I then became uncertain whether we could with safety advance, a doubt which was speedily removed, however, by the globe rising slowly from the ground, and, with inconceivable sublimity and beauty, mounting into, and at length disappearing in, the upper regions of the atmosphere.

"We stood gazing, hopeless and astonished, on the ascending meteor, expecting to be again involved in utter darkness, but were agreeably undeceived, on withdrawing our attention from its flight, to observe, at a short distance before us, the mouth of a large cavern, from whence appeared to issue a kind of magic day-light. It was a softened lustre, a medium between the refulgence of noon and the tender grey of twilight, a hue beauteous as that which, on some cloudless evening, the moon diffuses through a bower of roses, when her silver sleeping on the turf seems tinted with a maiden's blush.

"On entering this cave our wonder was excited to a high pitch, by the singular magnificence which reigned around. The sides and roof were lined with gold and lapis lazuli, and a richly embroidered curtain of carnation-coloured silk hung at some distance beyond the entrance, from the ceiling to the floor. Through this was transmitted the luxurious-coloured light, and whilst we were admiring the fascinating effect, tones of the sweetest music rose upon the air, and the curtain, gently agitated, flew back

on either side, disclosing a scene of unparalleled splendour.

"On a throne of gold highly wrought, sate a female of the most dazzling beauty; a coronet of pearls confined her auburn hair, and the festoons of her canopy were on each side upheld by two nymphs, in charms only inferior to herself. Several young girls, light and elegant as the Houris of a Mahometan paradise, were standing at the foot of the throne, and in the hands of colossal figures of massy gold, burnt lustres of the most exquisitely tinted light.

"Gracefully rising from her state, the lovely queen descended to receive us, and commanding her attendants to prepare refreshments, requested us to repose upon a couch soft as the eider's down. Scarce had we accepted this invitation, when her nymphs, who seemed to execute her wishes with the rapidity of lightning, presented us, in vases of crystal, emulating the brilliancy of the diamond, and which were wreathed with the blossoms of the almond and the rose, the most delicious wines of Schiraz. In a fatal hour we placed the tempting poison to our lips; we drank, and instantly each object became confused: a mist overspread my eyes; a sound, like the murmuring of falling water, filled my ears; a sensation of extreme languor and faintness succeeded, and, in a few minutes, perception and consciousness altogether failing—I recollect nothing further, until the moment I beheld you and Bertha in the enchanted turret of Gundolph's Tower."

That six years had elapsed since this singular scene occurred, neither Conrad nor his fair companion could at first credit: it appeared to them like the dream of a few hours, and had it not been for repeated assurances, and the relation of events which had taken place in the interim, nothing probably could have convinced them, that such a portion of time had really passed. Their appearance, indeed, was an object of equal wonder to Sir Egbert and the company. Time, which produces a gradual and perpetual change on all things subjected to the usual laws of existence, had ceased to operate in this preternatural instance; the phenomena of life had been suspended, and though the principle of vitality still existed, it lay in so dormant a state, that the attrition and consequent decay of the material system no longer proceeded. Conrad and Bertha, in fact, awoke from their state of enchantment precisely in the same situation, with regard to their mental and physical progress in life, which they existed under at the moment previous to the commencement of their torpor.

Curiosity being now gratified on both sides, Sir Egbert rose to accompany the Templars on their return, and Conrad, after giving the necessary directions relative to his deceased uncle, joined them with the lovely Bertha.

On their arrival at the Temple, the whole party hastened forward to make their fervent acknowledgments at the altar of that Power, who, in a manner so miraculous, had protected

our hero from the dangers which lately surrounded him.

The moment this pious duty had been performed, Sir Egbert flew upon the wings of love and hope, in search of the cottage of Matilda. It was about the same hour as on the preceding morning, when he approached the vista in the wood: he paused for an instant as he passed the consecrated grove, and then, hurrying up the avenue, looked round, with an almost breathless impatience, for the lowly habitation, which concealed the object of his wishes.

At length, after tracing a path which wound obliquely on the right, and for some distance through the thickest part of the wood, he abruptly entered upon an open piece of ground, tastefully decorated with flowering shrubs and small plantations. In the centre of this retired spot, and almost shadowed by some moss-grown oaks, stood the cottage of Matilda. A stream of the clearest water ran gurgling by its side, which, after frequent meanders, washed the base of a steep rock in front, on whose brow hung the shivered fragment of a Saxon fortress.

Sir Egbert surveyed the scene with emotions of mingled anxiety and delight, with the eager expectation of once more beholding his beloved Matilda. The sun shone bright upon the pointed casements of her little cottage, whose sides were nearly covered by the interwoven tendrils of the woodbine and the vine, whilst an azure curl of smoke, ascending from the roof, announced that its inhabitants had risen.

That the information he conveyed would afford considerable pleasure, Sir Egbert was well convinced, but whether the cause he had to plead would meet a similar reception, was, he felt, extremely uncertain. Recollecting, however, the last words of Matilda, as they parted the preceding morning, he became more assured: "Did she not say," he exclaimed aloud, "did she not say she should be anxious for my safety—that she should rejoice if to-morrow's sun should guide me to her cottage?"

As he uttered this, the door of the cottage opening, Matilda appeared before him; she was dressed as when he first saw her, and, with her little basket on her arm, was proceeding across the green, in search of flowers for the grove, when, perceiving Sir Egbert, a shriek of surprise escaped her lips. Doubtful whether she beheld the apparition or the real person of her lover, she stood, for an instant, fixed in apprehension and wonder. The supporting arm of Sir Egbert, however, soon convinced her of his actual existence, and a smile of joy and gratulation immediately lighted up those features, which a moment before had been the seat of anxiety and fear. Too ingenuous to conceal feelings, the dictates of nature and of pure affection, her emotions, on learning the success of Sir Egbert, and the purport of his present visit, were such as to convince him he possessed the heart he sighed for.

With the most artless expressions of regard, the offspring of innocence and love, whilst a blush kindling on her cheeks, and the dewy

lustre of her eyes, spoke unutterable things, she gently yielded to the pleadings of a passion, alike fervent and sincere.

In the chapel of the Templars, and in the presence of their mutual friends, were soon after united the hands of Sir Egbert and Matilda, of Conrad and Bertha. In their lives they were lovely, and their descendants still cherish the memory of their virtues and their union.

No. XLVIII.

— Quando nel ciel parean le stelle
Tutto gioioso a suo magion tornava:
E'n compagnia delle nove sorelle,
Celesti versi con disio cantava.

POLITIANO.

When evening's star its milder lustre lends,
The wanderer to his cheerful home retires,
There every muse his lov'd return attends,
And generous aims, and heavenly verse inspires.

ROSCOE.

OF the pieces which compose this number, the second and the third have been contributed by my friends.

The poem on *Content*, which, if friendship deceive me not, is entitled to no small praise, both for its versification and its sentiment, is the production of the Rev. Francis Drake, D. D. to whom, in my second volume, I have already been indebted for an elegant translation of a satire of Horace.

The *Lines to Zephyr* are written by a Lady, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but whose taste and talents will, I have no doubt, from this specimen, be very favourably appreciated by the reader.

TO FANCY.

Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
Insania?— HORATIUS.

I.

O Nymph of magic power possest,
To light the poet's youthful breast,
To bid the fire-clad thought arise
And dare to claim her native skies,
Who lov'st to roam the haunted glade,
Mid Tadmor's falling domes to stray,
Or on lone Teneriff's summit laid
With Fiction wake the thrilling lay:
O quick descend, support the strain,
Thro' all the theme unbounded reign,
And pierce the depths of thought,
Whether from Terror's wizard store,
Or simple Nature's varied lore,
Clad in her wild-wood garb, the forceful scene be brought.

II.

O tell me from what air-crown'd steep,
Thou view'st the world of waters deep,
And listen'st to the howling wave
That foaming beats the shell-hung cave;
Or on what rock's rude-clifted side,
Mid storm and tempest you reside:
Say, do thy footsteps ever fail
Where rich in perfume steals the gale,
Where winds the fretted stream along,
Thro' the green grove her murm'ring song?
O tell me where at purple dawn
To taste the dewy breath of morn,
Or where at eve's encrimsoned ray,
Thou wont the woodland wild to stray!

III.

Say, rov'st thou where at twilight brown,
Yon antique halls, with moss o'ergrown,
Frown o'er the deep-retiring vale?
There still the pilgrim chaunts the tale
Of high-pil'd feast and pageantry,
Of tournament and revelry,
Of domes that shook with sudden sound
Of mirthful peers assembled round,
While loud the minstrel 'gan to sing,
And warbling swept the lyric string;—
Now, 'neath the moon's cool streamy light,
That breaks between the clouds of night,
When the deep blast, loud-shrieking, bears
On its pale wings the dead of years,
Blue-shielded Warriors flash along,
Oft seen yon age-struck walls among,
Arms clash, as internits the storm,
And dimly-frowning floats the pale unfinish'd form.

IV.

Should luckless Love, or pining Care,
Or Poverty, whose bosom bare
Contemns the northern wind,
Should these, or worse than these, arrest
And chill with hopeless views my breast,
Be thou the cure assign'd;
Whilst thou art nigh, no fears shall daunt,
No cares molest my secret haunt,
Near yonder mould'ring tower,
Where oft as streams the evening star,
Borne on thy daring wings afar,
O'er me the lights of song their blest illusions pour.

ON CONTENT.

Qui bene latuit, bene vixit.

O'er the wide world, while busy mortals roam,
To search for pleasures unenjoyed at home,
Who, slaves to passion, dread to be alone,
And seek for company to shun their own!
Let me, remote from public toil and strife,
Praise the mild blessings of a private life,
Where, lost in silence of sequester'd shades,
No care corrodes, no calumny invades!
But where the hours fly free and unconfin'd,
And leave no stings of conscious guilt behind.

Let bold Ambition rear his lofty head,
The slippery path of gilded greatness tread,
Or sordid Avarice o'er wide oceans stroll,
And search for wealth beneath the northern pole;
Calm and content within this peaceful seat,
I spurn the glittering baubles of the Great;
View unconcern'd the venal Statesman's name,
Now sink inglorious, or now rise in fame.
By nature form'd unfit for power or place,
I court no honours, tho' I dread disgrace.
Hid from the world, unknowing and unknown,
I seek no other praises than my own,
Heedless to catch the breath of public fame,
And only cautious of avoiding blame.
Here, mid the silent shade, and midnight gloom,
With books I trace the sculptur'd spoils of Rome,
Range thro' the sacred stores of ancient times,
And revel o'er the scenes of classic climes.

Let daring Mortals run life's rugged race,
And strive the candidates for wealth or place

Me shall the charms of humble station please,
A learned leisure, and a grateful ease,
Where temperate hours measure the cheerful day,
Where frolic Mirth, and Attic Humour play,
Where sweet Content and candid Truth preside,
And heartfelt Joy to heaven itself allied.

With equal hope I view the circling sun
In rapid course to either tropic run;
For me soft zephyrs fan the waving trees,
For me waft odours on each genial breeze;
For me the sun matures the fertile fields,
For me rich autumn all her treasure yields;
Nor less delighted when keen winter's blast
In frozen fetters binds the trackless waste.
Pleas'd with the scenes that in succession rise,
Each rival season with new beauty vies;
For me kind Nature varying all her charms,
Alike when winter chills, or summer warms.

Tho' placed by heaven within this calm repose,
My heart still bleeds, still feels for others' woes.
My bosom beats and glows with honest fire,
When Albion's sons on Egypt's plains expire;
When the brave mariner with wild surprise,
Views the sharp rock, and death before his eyes,
Or scorch'd by flames, alas! more dreadful sight,
The gallant heroes sink in endless night.
From such sad scenes tho' not less safe I dwell
Than holy hermit in his lonely cell,
Yet while I 'scape these ills to others known,
Still my heart bleeds for sorrows not her own.

Let wretched mortals shake with conscious dread,
When peals the thunder o'er their guilty head,
Fearless I see the waving meteors fly,
The livid lightnings flash along the sky,

Or view the Comet with portentous blaze,
Round the wide ether dart his baneful rays.

Mid softer scenes my peaceful spirit roves,
And sighs for truth in Maudlin's learned groves:
Safe in the shelter of whose sylvan shade,
Come, meek Religion, lend thy genial aid;
Wrapt in thy awful truths no doubts distress,
No jealous fears disturb my calm recess.

Thus let me live, within these cloister'd piles,
Unmov'd by Grandeur, or by Flattery's smiles:
Free from those follies which mankind divide,
The sister sins of passion and of pride,
More solid joys attend one private hour
Than days of vain parade or shew of power.

Oft as o'er life's pass'd scenes my fancy strays,
And views the short-liv'd dreams of youthful days,
Glad to have 'scap'd from midst the giddy throng,
And shunn'd the snares of Pleasure's syren song,
I quit the world and all its tempting toys,
To seek in solitude more real joys,
And raptur'd view the passing train of years
Roll undisturb'd by fruitless hopes or fears.

Maudlin Coll. Oxon. Jan. 26. 1802.

TO ZEPHYR,

ON READING DR. CHORLEY'S ADDRESS TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Those plaintive strains, mild Zephyr, hear,
Unfold thy light, thy airy wings,
Tune for the Poet's raptur'd ear,
Oh sweetly touch your mournful strings.

Again may thy soft breath inspire
The lays to tender sadness true,
As sweeping o'er the trembling wire
Still pensive thoughts thy sounds renew.

Yet there not long, kind Zephyr, dwell,
Thy melancholy murmurs cease,
Bring livelier notes from Fancy's cell,
And soothe the soften'd mind to peace.

Oh come and gaily hover round
Whilst glows the sultry noon of day;
Oh whilst thy airy pinions sound,
Sweet Zephyr cool the fervid ray.

And when the Regent of the night
Shall rise yon fleecy clouds between,
And clothe in pure and silvery light
The straw-roofd cot and village green;

Then, gentle Zephyr, be thou there,
Then playful float in wanton rings,
Steal from the flowers their perfumes rare,
And bind them from thy fragrant wings.

And bring to the delighted ear,
The nightingale's impassion'd song,
Wildly melodious, loudly clear,
Pour the enchanting notes along.

So may thy sweetly-varied hours
Breathe rapture bland and frolic glee,
And Flora mid her favourite bowers
Fresh roses twine for Love and Thee.

No. XLIX.

Each man that lives, according to his powre,
On what he loves bestowes an idle howre;
Instead of hounds that make the wooded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the rils,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Strucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.
BROWNE's *Brit. Past.* B. 2. Song 4.

THE interesting publication of *Mr. Dunster* on the *Prima Stamina* of Paradise Lost, has attracted the attention of the public to the productions of an old and almost forgotten poet. The Translation of the Divine Weeks and Works of *Du Bartas* *, by JOSHUA SYLVESTER, was in part published in the year 1598, and reprinted and completed in 1605. Since that period three editions in quarto, and as many in folio, have appeared, whose rapid † succession

* William de Saluste du Bartas, a French poet in the sixteenth century, was employed by Henry IV. in England, Denmark, and Scotland, and commanded a company of horse in Gascony, under marechal de Marignon. He was a Calvinist, and died 1590, aged 46, leaving several poems. The most known among which are, *La Semaine, ou la Creation du Monde*: *Judith*; and the *Battle of Ivry*, won by Henry IV. 1590.
L'Advocat's Dictionary.

† Viz. 1608, 1611, 1613, quarto; — 1621, 1633, 1641, folio.

evidently proves the popularity and esteem which the author once enjoyed among his contemporaries. The folio, however, bearing the date of 1641, was the last which the public called for, and towards the close of the seventeenth century, Sylvester and his Translations were apparently merged in complete oblivion.

To the malignant atack on the reputation of Milton by Lauder, in 1750, they were indebted, it is true, for a transient resuscitation, but it was not until after a second repose of half a century, that they revisited the realms of light in such a form as to arrest attention. In the elegant little work of Mr. Dunster, though the primary object be to prove the judicious use which Milton made of Sylvester's bulky volume, a secondary one has been to select what the Editor, not improperly, terms, *The Beauties of Sylvester's Du Bartas.*

No production of our elder poetry is, perhaps, better calculated for a selection of this kind, than the Translation of Sylvester. As a whole, in its general structure and execution, it is insufferably heavy and tedious, nor will a reader, in the present day, be easily found, who shall possess perseverance and patience adequate to its complete perusal. In this mass of deterring materials, however, and which abounds with quaintnesses, puerilities, and vulgarisms, of almost every description, are to be discovered beauties of no common kind. These, it may be presumed, appear more brilliant, from being contrasted with the opacity which usually surrounds them in their original station; but

even when detached, they will generally be allowed to possess great merit, and, in expression and versification, to approach, in a very singular degree, the refinements of the present age.

The occasional excellence, indeed, which Sylvester displayed in the construction of the couplet, was not unnoticed in the criticism of his time, and the epithet *silver-tongued* was, from the superior sweetness of his harmony, commonly applied to him by his brethren of Parnassus. The passages, nevertheless, in which these beautiful cadences occur, are not numerous, when compared with the bulk of the whole, and would, to a superficial observer, seem rather the effect of accident than design. That they are, however, the result of elaborate study, I am well convinced, and justly, therefore, they entitle the poet to the honour of improving our versification. Many of these elegancies are apparent in the extracts already before the public, and many more will be perceived in the selections for these Essays.

When the perusal, indeed, of Mr. Dunster's collection, induced me to refer to, and to labour through the entire work of Sylvester, I was much surprised to find many passages of the most undoubted excellence omitted. That the specimens he has chosen in general do credit to his taste, will not, probably, be denied, but that the pictures now detached and arranged, and which are equal, if not superior, to any exhibited in his essay, should have been wholly overlooked, is not easily to be accounted for. They are, for the most part, descriptions not

dependent on technical beauty or local sketching, but calculated for universal acceptance, and must have struck every reader of the version with the most pleasing astonishment; for such, as I have observed before, is the great inequality of this poem, that pages of extreme dulness and imbecility usually intervening, admiration is consequently strongly excited, and the eye dwells with rapture on portions so unexpectedly polished and interesting.

To the flowers, therefore, as arranged by Mr. Dunster, every judge of elegance will, I have no doubt, add, as of equal fragrance and colour, the present collection, and, probably without presumption, it may be now affirmed, that every specimen, worth preserving, has been selected from this rude and neglected garden, and that what remains may be considered as little else than weeds or noxious plants, without utility and without beauty.

To have treated any old poem of *general* excellence in this way, would have been both mischievous and absurd, but, in the present instance, even every lover of old English literature will, I should imagine, be thankful for the attempt; for what was of value in the version was utterly inadequate to its entire preservation, and was in imminent danger of perishing with the whole.

With the view of rendering these numbers more interesting, I shall annex to my quotations such illustrations, observations, and parallel passages, as the lines immediately before me may suggest, and it may be necessary, ere I

proceed, to say, that I have consulted two copies of my author, the quarto of 1608, which was the second edition, and the folio of 1641, which was the last.

The poem of Du Bartas, entitled *Days and Weeks*, is divided into two Weeks, and these are again subdivided into Days. The First Week, or Birth of the World, contains seven books or days, viz. 1. The Chaos. 2. The Elements. 3. The Sea and Earth. 4. The Heavens, Sun, Moon, &c. 5. The Fishes and Fowls. 6. The Beasts and Man. 7. The Sabaoth. Of the Second Week the poet only lived to finish Four Days, viz. Adam, Noah, Abraham, David. The three remaining, which would have completed the design, were to have been named Zedechias, Messias, and the Eternal Sabbath. The Four Days of the Second Week are broken each into four parts, under the following heads: *First Day*. Eden. The Imposture. The Fairies. The Handy-Crafts. *Second Day*. The Ark. Babylon. The Colonies. The Columns. *Third Day*. The Vocation. The Fathers. The Law. The Captains. *Fourth Day*. The Trophies. The Magnificence. The Schism. The Decay.

I have given this outline of the plan of the poem, in order to facilitate the system of reference I have adopted, and which will apply to the various editions, quarto or folio. No liberty of any kind has been taken with the quotations, except that of *omitting* a line or two, judged infinitely inferior and injurious to the general

merit of the passage, and whenever this is done, it is particularised by the mark of an ellipsis.

Before we enter, however, into the immediate object of our Essay, some account of our learned poet will probably be expected, especially by those who may not have seen the ingenious *Considerations* of Mr. Dunster. Of the few who have thought proper to perpetuate, through the medium of biography, the name and character of Sylvester, Wood, in his Athenæ, appears to have given the most accurate detail, and, in his homely but emphatic language, therefore, we present a short sketch of his life. Speaking of George Chapman, the translator of Homer, the Biographer thus proceeds.

"Contemporary with this worthy poet was another, *Joshua Sylvester*, usually called, by the poets of his time, Silver-tongued Sylvester. Whether he received any academical education (having had his muse kindly fostered by his uncle, William Plumb, Esq.) I cannot say. In his manly years, he is reported to have been a merchant adventurer. Queen Elizabeth had a great respect for him; King James I. had a greater; and Prince Henry greatest of all; who valued him so much, that he made him his first poet-pensioner. He was much renowned by his virtuous fame; and by those of his profession, and such as admired poetry, esteemed a Saint on earth, a true Nathaniel, a Christian Israelite. They tell us farther, that he was very pious and sober; religious in himself and family, and courageous to withstand adversity; also that he was adorned with the gift of tongues, French,

Spanish, Dutch, Italian and Latin. But this must be known, that he, taking too much liberty upon him to correct the vices of the times, as George Wither and Jo. Viccars, poets, afterwards did, suffered several times some trouble; and thereupon it was, as I presume, that his step-dame country did ungratefully cast him off, and became most unkind to him. He hath translated from French into English the Divine Weeks and Works, with a complete Collection of all the other most delightful Works of Will. de Salluste Sieur du Bartas. At length this eminent poet, Joshua Sylvester, (a name worthily dear to the age he lived in,) died at Middleburgh, in Zealand, on the 28th of September, 1618, aged 55." *

The popularity of Sylvester, which continued nearly unimpaired for half a century after his decease, was so great during his life-time, that most of the celebrated poets of his age addressed him in encomiastic verses, among the signatures of which, as prefixed to his version of Du Bartas, are to be found the names of Ben Jonson, Davies, Hall, Daniel and Viccars. The following sonnet, however, to which the initials of R. N. are annexed, is, in my opinion, far superior to the rest, and, with the exception of one word, which I have taken the liberty to alter, flows with ease and harmony. I give it as a specimen of the encomia lavished on this pious poet,—

* Athen. Ox. vol. i. p. 594.

Whom Envy scarce could hate; whom all admir'd,
Who liv'd beloved, and a saint expir'd.*
Had golden Homer, and great Maro kept
In envious silence their admired measures,
A thousand *Heroes'*† worthy deeds had slept,
They, reft of praise, and we of learned pleasures.
But O! what rich incomparable treasures
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,
Divine Du Bartas, hid his heavenly ceasures,
Singing the mighty Worlds immortal story?
O then how deeply is our isle beholding
To Chapman, and to Phaer!‡ but, yet much more
To thee, dear Sylvester, for thus unfolding
These holy wonders, hid from us before.
Those works profound, are yet profane; but thine,
Grave, learned, deep, delightful, and divine.

Had the *general* tenor of Sylvester's version borne any similitude to the passages adduced in this Essay, the present age had ratified the verdict of his contemporaries, and given him a high rank among the improvers and refiners of our language and versification; but, as it is doubtful whether his example were not rather more injurious than beneficial to the poetic style of his period, the insulated extracts of Mr. Dunster's volume, and of the present papers, will, probably, form the basis of his reputation with posterity, while the folio, from which they have been taken,

* Vide Lines by Viccars, prefixed to the folio edition of 1641, under the portrait of Sylvester.

† I have substituted this for the general word "Worthies," to avoid the jingle, which, however, was esteemed a beauty in the days of Sylvester, and eagerly sought after.

‡ Translators of Homer and Virgil.

will remain, except to Commentators on our elder Bards, neglected and unknown.

The first specimen I have selected has been chosen for the excellence of the last line; the poet is inculcating the duty of contemplating God in his works, and exclaims —

It glads me much to view this frame; wherein,
As in a glass, God's glorious face is seen:
I love to look on God; but in this robe
Of his great works, this universal globe.
For, if the Sun's bright beams do blear the sight
Of such as fixtly gaze against his light;
Who can behold, above th' empyreal skies,
The lightning splendour of God's glorious eyes.
Week 1. Day 1.

To point out the beauties and blemishes of the quotations as they come before us, may tend, in some degree, to improve both judgment and taste; and of the present morsel it may be observed, that the term "blear" is mean and vulgar, and was probably adopted for the sake of the alliteration, but that the concluding line is an admirable one, the thought sublime, and the cadence sonorous.

In accounting for the power of evil spirits in imitating the genuine miracles of God, especially those performed by Moses in Egypt, the following lines occur:

To counterfeit the wondrous works of God,
His rod turn serpent, and his serpent rod?
To change the pure streams of th' Egyptian flood,
From clearest water into crimson blood?

To rain down frogs, and grasshoppers to bring
In the bed-chambers of the stubborn King?
For, as he is a spirit, unseen he sees
The plots of Princes and their policies;
Unfelt, he feels the depth of their desires,
Who harbours vengeance, and whose heart aspires.
W. 1. D. 1.

The artificial but pleasing structure of the versification in this passage is remarkable; the frequent turn upon the words, and the alliteration, have here a good effect; and the termination is such, as would do honour to the most polished poet.

The chief faults of Sylvester are turgidity and bombast, together with a very defective taste in the choice of expression; portions, however, may be found, of which chastity of phrase and simplicity of style are the prominent features; and of this kind, in my opinion, is the annexed simile.

But, as the beauty of a modest Dame,
Who, well content with Nature's comely frame,
And native fair, as it is freely given
In fit proportion by the hand of Heaven,
Doth not, with painting, prank and set it out,
With helps of art, sufficient fair without;
Is more praise-worthy than the wanton glance,
The affected gait, th' alluring countenance —
So do I more the sacred tongue esteem,
Though plain and rural it do rather seem,
Than school'd Athenian. W. 1. D. 2.

In the thirty-fourth number of this work, I have introduced an exquisite passage from

Isaac Walton, as descriptive of the song of the Nightingale, and which I, at that time, thought superior to any poetical attempt which had been made, in our language at least, to record the harmony of this sweet bird. I was equally pleased and astonished, however, to find in Sylvester's Du Bartas a series of lines on this subject, which may certainly enter into competition with this admirable extract, and will, perhaps, be thought more minute and highly finished. Both authors are probably indebted to Pliny*, who, as a Naturalist, has given, with great accuracy, the history of this bird, and its mode of singing and teaching its young: this last circumstance, termed, by the bird-catchers, *recording*, Mr. Barrington, in his *Experiments and Observations on the Singing of Birds*†, mentions, as having been unnoticed by any writer, except Statius, who, in his Sylvæ, thus alludes to it: —

——————— Nunc volucrum novi
Questus, inexpertumque carmen,
Quod tacitâ statuere brumâ.

Now in new strains the feather'd choir complain,
And untried lays, in silent winter plann'd.

AIKIN.

The passage of Pliny, however, is direct to the purpose in speaking of this initiation.

* It is probable that Walton read Pliny in the Translation of Philemon Holland.

† Phil. Trans. vol. lxiii.

"Meditantur aliæ juniores," says he, "versusque, quos imitentur, accipiunt. Audit discipula intentione magna, et reddit; vicibusque reticent. Intelligitur emendatæ correptio, et in docente quædam reprehensio."* Nor is the close of the following quotation from Sylvester less striking or particular, with regard to the musical education of this favourite of the woodland choir. After celebrating the strains of the Lark, the Linnet, and the Finch, he observes; —

All this is nothing to the Nightingale,
Breathing so sweetly, from a breast so small,
So many tunes, whose harmony excels
Our voice, our viols, and all music else.
Good Lord! how oft in a green oaken grove,
In the cool shadow have I stood, and strove
To marry mine immortal lays to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious airs?
And yet, methinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A Nightingale to warble sweetly clear:
One while she bears the bass, anon the tenor,
Anon the treble, then the counter-tenor;
Then, all at once, as it were, challenging
The rarest voices with herself to sing:
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafy sprays,
Another Nightingale repeats her lays,
Just note for note, and adds some strain at last,
That she had conned all the winter past:

* "The younger sort meditate and receive lessons for their imitation. The scholar listens with great attention, and repeats; and each is silent by turns. An attempt to mend in a corrected passage may be perceived; and a kind of reprehension in the teacher."

AIKIN on the *Application of Natural History to Poetry*, p. 136.

The first replies, and descants thereupon;
With divine warbles of Division,
Redoubling quavers, and so, turn by turn.
Alternately they sing away the morn:
So that the conquest in this curious strife,
Doth often cost the one her voice and life:
Then, the glad victor all the rest admire,
And after count her Mistress of the Quire.
At break of day, in a delicious song,
She sets the Gamut to a hundred young:
And, when as fit for higher tunes she sees them,
Then learnedly she harder lessons gives them;
Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,
And follow all their Mistress rules aright.

W. 1. D. 5.

Nothing can be more explicit on, and descriptive of, recording, than the last six lines of this passage.

"The first essay," remarks Mr. Barrington, "does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at. Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them. What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself."

In no part of his version is Sylvester so frequently happy, as in the delineation of rural

beauty and felicity; on these topics, if a few quaintnesses and ill-timed witticisms be withdrawn, the residue will be often found to possess sterling merit. The most valuable quotations, therefore, in these essays, will necessarily be of this description, and the first that occurs in the volume, worth preserving, on the plan of avoiding all those passages which Mr. Dunster had previously selected, is enriched with many picturesque and genuine touches from nature.

5. The cunning Painter, that with curious care,
Limning a landscape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath set to work, in all and every part,
Invention, judgment, nature, use, and art;
And hath at length, t' immortalise his name,
With weary pencil perfected the same;
Forgets his pains; and, inly fill'd with glee,
Still on his picture gazeth greedily.

First, in a mead he marks a frisking lamb,
Which seems, tho' dumb, to bleat unto the dam;
Then he observes a wood, seeming to wave;
Then, th' hollow bosom of some hideous cave:
Here a highway, and there a narrow path;
Here pines, there oaks, torn by tempestuous wrath;
Here from a craggy rock's steep-hanging boss,
Thrumm'd half with ivy, half with crisped moss,
A silver brook in broken streams doth gush,
And headlong down the horned cliff doth rush;
Then winding thence above and under ground,
A goodly garden it bemoateth round:
There, on his knee, behind a box-tree shrinking,
A skilful Gunner, with his left eye winking,
Levels directly at an oak hard by,
Whereon a hundred groaning Culvers cry:

Down falls the cock, up from the touch-pan flies
A ruddy flash that in a moment dies;
Off goes the gun, and thro' the forest rings
The thundering bullet borne on fiery wings.—
Here, in the shade, a pretty Shepherdess
Brings softly home her bleating happiness:
Still as she goes, she spins; and as she spins,
A man would think some sonnet she begins.
Here runs a river, there springs forth a fountain;
Here vails a valley, there doth rise a mountain,
Here smokes a castle, there a city fumes,
And here a ship upon the Ocean looms.
In brief, so lively Art hath Nature shap't,
That in his work the Workman's self is rapt,
Unable to look off; for, looking still,
The more he looks, the more he finds his skill.
W. L. D. 7.

As it immediately fell beneath the province of the poet to notice the various works of creation, his book, as might naturally be supposed, abounds with numerous delineations, taken from the three kingdoms of Nature. Many of these, especially his zoological sketches, are minute, and would have been truly pleasing, had the author been less credulous, and had the language been better adapted to the subject, more simple and less loaded with concetti. So greatly, indeed, do they, in general, offend all the rules of taste, that they excite, for the most part, ludicrous ideas, and there are very few, whose diction, sentiment, or versification, can do honour, either to the author or translator. One description, however, of considerable merit, I have already given of the Nightingale, and I

subjoin two more, as well entitled to preservation, of animals, very contrasted in their size and form, the spider and the war-horse; the former is first noticed in a simile.

6. ——— like a Spider, who, confin'd
In her web's centre, *shak't with every wind*,
Moves in an instant, if the *buzzing fly*
Stir but a string of her lawn canopy.
W. 1. D. 6.

Again, in the succeeding day:

7. Still at the centre she her warp begins,
Then round, at length, her little thread she pins,
And equal distance to their compass leaves.
Then neat and nimbly her new web she weaves,
With her *fine shuttle circularly drawn*
Through all the circuit of her open lawn;
Open, lest else th' *ungentle winds* should tear
Her cypress tent weaker than any hair;
And that the foolish fly might easier get
Within the *meshes* of her *curious* net:
Which he no sooner doth begin to shake,
But straight the male doth to the centre make,
That he may conquer more securely there
The *humming* creature *hamper'd* in his snare.
W. 1. D. 7.

These morsels are well written, and unpolluted by the usual faults of Sylvester; the lines in Italics are particularly illustrative of the spider's mode of spinning, and of the fragile nature of her materials and web. Thomson has given us a more terrific view of this patient and industrious insect, and has painted in colours, which

make the reader shudder, the savage exultation of the spoiler over his defenceless prey.

—— chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the live cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as yet the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Summer, L. 267.

This picture from the poet of Nature, differs from the preceding one of Sylvester, it being principally confined to the attack of the spider on his captive; and the expression "strikes backward grimly pleas'd," is one of those minute but faithful strokes, which places the very action before the eye, and for which the bard has been so justly celebrated.

In order to estimate more perfectly, the zoologic fidelity with which the English Du Bartas has pourtrayed that noble animal the horse; to ascertain how far he has copied an exquisite original with spirit, and whether he has imparted any additional colouring from observation, I shall, in the first place, claim the

attention of the reader to the masterly delineation of Virgil.

Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
Altius ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit:
Primus et ire viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti:
Nec vanos horret strepitus. Illi ardua cervix,
Argutúmque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga;
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus: honesti
Spadices, glaucique: color deterrimus albis,
Et gilvo: tum, si qua sonum procul arma dedêre,
Stare loco nescit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,
Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.
Densa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo.
At duplex agitur per lumbos spina; cavatque
Tellurem, et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu.
Georg. Lib. 3. 75.

The Colt ——————————
By sure presages shows his generous kind,
Of able body, sound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight;
His motions easy; prancing in his gait.
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood;
Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd.
Brawny his chest, and deep, his colour grey;
For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promised fight.

On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round;
His chine is double; starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow:
He bears his Rider headlong on the foe.

DRYDEN.

Notwithstanding the far-famed and justly deserved celebrity of these fine lines, the following, from our obsolete Translator, though not so beautifully polished, will, in point of correctness and energy, endure the comparison, and the last six lines are, assuredly, highly poetical.

He chooseth one for his industrious proof,
With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown jetty hoof,
With pasterns short, upright, but yet in mean;
Dry sinewy shanks; strong fleshless knees and lean;
With hart-like legs, broad breast, and large behind,
With body large, smooth flanks, and double chin'd;
A crested neck, *bow'd like a half-bent bow*,
Whereon a long, thin curled main doth flow;
A firm, full tail, touching the lowly ground,
With dock between two "burly haunches" drown'd;
A pricked ear, that rests as little space
As his light foot; a lean, bare, bony face,
Thin joul, and head but of a middling size;
Full, lively, flaming, quickly-rowling eyes,
Great foaming mouth, hot fuming nostril wide,
Of chesnut hair, his *fore-head starrified*,
Three milky feet, a feather on his breast,
Whom seven years old, at the next grass, he guess'd.—

His pace is fair and free; his trot as light
As tiger's course, as swallow's nimble flight:
And his brave gallop seems as swift to go
As Biscan darts, or shafts from Russian bow:—
—" Anon," rising and rayning proudly,
Striking the turf, stamping and neighing loudly,
He calls the combat, plunges, leaps and prances,
Befoams the path, with sparkling eyes he glances,
Champs on his burnish'd bit, and gloriously
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high;
Shunning himself, his sinewy strength he stretches,
Flying the earth, the flying air he catches,
Borne whirlwind-like: he makes the trampled ground
Shrink under him, and shake with doubling sound:
And when the sight no more pursue him may,
In fieldy clouds he vanisheth away.

W. 2. D. 1. Part 4.

The only liberties I have taken with this quotation are, altering the position of four lines, and inserting the three words marked with inverted commas. To the circumstances mentioned by Virgil, are added those I have particularised by Italics, and which appear to be material and characteristic additions. It should be observed, however, that the expressions " body large" and " thin curled mane," are in direct opposition to the " brevis alvus" and " densa juba" of the Latin poet.

The couplets commencing " His pace is fair and free," to the conclusion, are wrought up with great animation, nor is the perspicuity tarnished any where but in the last line, in which the epithet " fieldy" is certainly obscure.

Upon the whole, this passage has considerable merit; the prior portion being comprehensive in its imagery, yet nervous and compressed in point of diction, whilst the latter takes a loftier flight, and breathes the warm spirit of enthusiasm.

94251

No. L.

Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus et alter
Assuitur pannus. HORATIUS.

——Here and there a remnant highly drest,
That glitters thro' the gloom of all the rest.
COLMAN.

THE part we have now arrived at in our progress through this bulky volume, is occupied by a description of the Garden of Eden; a subject which should inspire every genuine poet with rapture, and call forth all the resources of his genius. What our immortal Milton has done, is known to every lover of English poetry, and as Mr. Dunster has rendered it very probable, that he had repeatedly read the pages before us, nothing can well afford a higher idea of his taste and talents, than to contrast the simple beauty of his lovely description with the artificial, quaint, and, generally, absurd delineation of Du Bartas, and, consequently, to reflect on the judicious use he has made of a bard, so infinitely his inferior; for that he has imitated, here and there, the imagery and expression of Sylvester's Translation, cannot, upon comparison, be denied.

My principal intention, however, in making these extracts, is not to point out the obligations of Milton, which has already been in part done, and will, probably, be continued by the same writer; neither is it my wish to impart to the reader, any idea of the *general* style and manner of Du Bartas and his Translator, which are certainly not worth preservation; the sole purport I have in view, is to snatch a few gems of high value, hitherto unnoticed, from the crude and worthless ore which surrounds them; and in executing this, if, on the same subject, I could take a dozen beautiful couplets from three or four pages whose connection was just and pleasing, I have not failed to do it. Even this liberty is known by an elliptic mark, and every other, as I have already observed, by inverted commas.

On the subject of Eden, where simplicity is more particularly called for, it requires little penetration to suppose, that Du Bartas must have egregiously failed. There is, however, in the language of his *translator*, especially on rural subjects, an occasional felicity which astonishes: and some pieces of this kind will be quoted toward the conclusion of these papers, which are, indeed, truly exquisite. Here, however, though placed in a Garden, the immediate creation of the Almighty, not much, either of the pastoral or picturesque, can be extracted, and, in the little which is worth preserving, I shall have occasion to repeat eight lines, already selected by Mr. Dunster; these shall be distinguished by small capitals.

"There"* honey sweet, from hollow rocks did drain,
"There" fostering milk flow'd up and down the plain;
"There" sweet asp[illegible]ses, smelt th' ill savory rew:
"There" in all soils, all seasons, all things grew:—
"There" never gutter-gorging dirty muds
Defil'd the crystal of smooth-sliding floods,
Whose waters past, in pleasant taste, the drink
That now in Candia decks Cerathus' brink:
There shady groves of noble palm-tree sprays,
Of amorous myrtles, and immortal bays
Never unleav'd; but evermore, their new
Self-arching arms in thousand harbours grew:
Where thousand sorts of birds, both night and day,
Did bill and woo, and hop about, and play;
And marrying their sweet tunes to th' Angels' lays,
Sung Adam's bliss and their great Maker's praise:—

"And" Echo, haunting woods among—
She bore her part, and full of curious skill,
They ceasing sung, they singing ceased still:
There Music reign'd, and ever on the plain,
A sweet sound rais'd the dead-live voice again.—
"While" Zephyr did sweet musky sighs afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,
Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field,
That verdure flowers, those flowers sweet savor yield.

W. 2. D. 1. P. 1.

Of this passage the lines in Italics, especially the last, have much beauty, while the fifth, the nineteenth, and the twenty-first are injured, by the debasing peculiarities of the Translator's diction: "gutter-gorging" [and "dead-live," are compounds truly Sylvestrian.

* "There," is, in this quotation, five times in succession substituted for "that."

In mentioning the necessary labour of Adam and Eve, in maintaining the fertility and beauty of Paradise, he observes; —

In brief, it was a pleasant exercise,
A labour-lik'd, a pain much like the guise
Of cunning Dancers, — who again, full merry,
Knew their dance, of dancing never weary,
Or else of Hunters, that with happy luck,
Rousing betimes some often-breathed buck,
Spur on and spare not, following their desire,
Themselves unweary, though their hacknies tire.
W. 2. D. 1. P. 1.

Here the close presents us with one of those cadences, so frequently met with in modern poetry, and which, though pleasing, has been almost repeated to satiety.

The poet next enumerates the recreations which Adam derived from the rural variety around him; for

— yet in league with Heaven and Earth he lives,
Enjoying all the goods th' Almighty gives —

Here, underneath a fragrant hedge reposes,
Full of all kinds of sweet all-colour'd Roses; —
Anon he walketh in a level lane
On either side beset with shady plane, —
ANON HE STALKETH WITH AN EASY STRIDE,
BY SOME CLEAR RIVER'S LILLY-PAVED SIDE,
WHOSE SANDS PURE GOLD, WHOSE PEBBLES PRECIOUS GEMS,
AND LIQUID SILVER ALL THE CURLING STREAMS:
And th' artless bridges over-thwart this torrent,
Are rocks self-arched by the eating current:

Now, far from noise, he creepeth covertly
Into a cave of kindly porphyry;
There, laid at ease, a cubit from the ground,
Upon a jasper fring'd with ivy round,
Purfled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossy beaver,
He falls asleep fast by a silent river,
Whose captive streams, 'thro' crooked pipes still rushing,
Make sweetest music with their gentle gushing;—
Musing, anon through crooked walks he wanders,
Round-winding rings, and intricate meanders;
THEN, UP AND DOWN A FOREST THICK HE PACETH,
WHICH SELFLY-OPENING IN HIS PRESENCE BASETH
HER TREMBLING TRESSES NEVER-FADING SPRING,
FOR HUMBLE HOMAGE TO HER MIGHTY KING.
W. 2. D. 1. P. 1.

There is much that deserves praise in these couplets, which, as here thrown together, form a beautiful and connected whole. The cave of porphyry, however, and the couch of jasper, must be considered as a little *outré*.

In a subsequent part of the work, and after the Fall, Adam and Eve are represented as clothing themselves with the produce of the groves, a description which, as possessing some merit, and closing with a spirited and well-woven couplet, is entitled to insertion.

Sometimes they do the far-spread gourd unleave;
Sometimes the fig-tree of his branch bereave:
Sometimes the plane, sometimes the vine they sheer,
Choosing their fairest tresses here and there:—
Sometimes the ivy's climbing stems they strip,—

Which with green lace in artificial order
The wrinkled bark of th' acorn tree doth border,
And with his arms his slender twigs entwining,
A many branches in one tissue joining,
Frames a loose "net-work," whose light nimble quaking
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the *wanton shaking*
Of golden spangles that in stately pride
Dance on the tresses of a noble bride.
W. 2. D. 1. P. 4.

In the first book of Paradise Lost, Milton, after enumerating the male and female deities of the Heathen world, whom he supposes to have been Demons, attributes certain privileges to spiritual agency.

——————— Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil. B. 1. L. 423.

Bishop Newton has supposed these notions to have been borrowed from a dialogue of Michael Psellus, concerning the operation of Demons, but I think it is more probable they were suggested by a parallel passage in Sylvester.

——————— Devils, having bodies light,
Quick, nimble, active, *apt to change with sleight*,

In shapes or shews,—
In brief, like the air, whereof they are compos'd:
For, as the air, with scattered clouds bespread,
Is, here and there, black, yellow, white and red,
Resembling armies, monsters, mountains, dragons,
Rocks, fiery castles, forests, ships and waggons,
And such to us thro' glass transparent clear
From form to form varying it doth appear:
So, these seducers can grow great, or small,
Or round, or square, or strait, or short, or tall,
As fits the passions they are moved by.
W. 2. D. 1. P. 2.

The Invention of Music, a topic well calculated to arouse the feelings and exertions of a poet, has given little elevation to the Muse of Sylvester, and the subjoined lines, which ascribe the origin of the Lute to Jubal, are the best I could select; of these, the last couplet which is admirably descriptive, has been quoted by Mr. Dunster.

——————————— he found
An open Tortoise lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing else remain'd
Save three dry sinews on the shell stiff-strain'd:
This empty house Jubal doth gladly bear,
Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear;
And by this mould frames the melodious lute
That makes woods harken, and the winds be mute,
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly fade—
——————————— Echo rings
Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
And bubbling rivers roll'd with gentle gales.
W. 2. D. 1. P. 4.

On this very subject, the lyric muse of Dryden has produced one of the most exquisite and picturesque stanzas in the compass of English poetry. There is nothing in the celebrated Alexander's Feast of this author which is superior to it; and it has been truly observed, that to embody the idea, the painter has nothing to do but to substitute colours for words, the design being finished to his hands.*

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And wondering on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell,
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell!

Seth having requested of Adam an explanation of the origin and creation of the world, the latter implores the inspiration of the Deity, which, being granted, its effects are thus exhibited on the person of Adam.

—As th' imperial, airy people's prince†
With stately pinions soaring high from hence,
Cleaves through the clouds ———————
So Adam, mounted on the burning wings
Of a seraphic love, leaves earthly things,

* Vide Warton's Essay on Pope, Vol. I. p. 53.
† The Eagle.

Feeds on sweet ether, cleaves the starry spheres
And on God's face his eyes he fixtly bears';
His brows seem brandish'd with a sun-like fire,
And his purg'd body seems a cubit higher.
W. 2. D. 1. P. 4.

Of this simile the last six lines flow with peculiar harmony, and the concluding couplet is perfectly in the style of the best modern versification, in the mechanism of which the present age has certainly attained to great excellence.

In accounting for the various changes of language, Sylvester has given us a very good translation of some well known lines of Horace, in terms at once simple and correct.

Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata vigentque.—
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre; cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula—
——————————Licuit, semperque licebit
Signatum præsente notâ procudere nomen.
Epist. ad Pisones.

As branching woods let fall, and change their leaves,
Our language, too, a change of words receives:
Year after year drop off the ancient race,
While young ones bud and flourish in their place;—
And words are grac'd and honour'd but a day:
Many shall wake reviv'd, that now lie dead;
Many shall fade and all their glories shed;
And we, our Sires, and Sons, without a crime,
May stamp on words the coinage of the time.
COLMAN.

Although the version of Mr. Colman be, without doubt, the best hitherto produced of the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, the attempt of Sylvester, in this single passage, is, in point of perspicuity and strength of diction, perhaps superior.

For, as in forests, leaves do fall and spring,
Even so the words which whilome flourishing,
In sweet orations shin'd with pleasing lustre,
Like snow-white lillies in a fresh green pasture,
Pass now no more; but banish'd from the court,
Dwell with disgrace, among the country sort:
And those, which Eld's strict doom did disallow,
And damn for bullion, go for current now.

A happy wit, with gracious judgment join'd
May give a passport to the words new coin'd
——————also adopt the strange,
Ingraft the wild: enriching, with such change,
His powerful style. W. 2. D. 2. P. 2.

A prominent peculiarity in the style of Sylvester, is a frequent use of eleven feet in a line, which sometimes is productive of a pleasing effect; but the licence is carried to an unbounded length, and more generally disfigures than improves his versification. In the quotation just given, it is introduced in the second couplet, and though no positive beauty has been acquired by the introduction, the result is not injurious. In several of the preceding passages, indeed, the reader may have observed it to have been practised with success, nor in the lines we

are about to quote has it been used without propriety.

To awaken dormant sensibility, to excite the tenderest feelings of the heart, and call forth the tear of pity, require the most arduous exertions of the poet. To sympathy of the most susceptible kind, must be added great simplicity of thought and expression, and great chastity of structure in versification. That Sylvester, from the general tenor of his composition, was not calculated to excel in this department, will be the opinion of every one who has perused his works; and accordingly, in his version of Du Bartas, there are very few passages, indeed, which have any pretension to be termed pathetic. A quaint expression, a witticism, or a single ludicrous epithet or compound, all of which frequently crowd the pages of this poem, would be instantly destructive of genuine pathos. With the liberty, however, of omitting a few couplets of this description, the following lines may be considered as exhibiting, in appropriate language, some tender ideas, and as forming, perhaps, the most pathetic portion in the work. Abraham, on the eve of leaving Chaldea at the command of God, bursts forth into exclamations, suggested by the retrospect of the happiness he had enjoyed in his native fields.

Alas! said Abram, must I needs forego
These happy fields where Euphrates * doth flow?

* Sylvester takes great liberties with the classical accentuation of words, and has here rendered Euphrates, contrary to all authority, short.

Here, from my mother's breast, as soft as silk,
My tender gums suck'd the first drop of milk,
Here, with the pleasure of mine infant smile,
Her cares and "sorrows"* I did oft beguile:
Here, many a time, I wantonly have clung,
And on my father's wrinkled neck have hung.
Here, I have past my "youth"† so fair and good;
Here, first the soft down on my chin did bud:
Here, I have learnt heaven's motions, and the nature
And various force of fire, air, earth, and water:
Here, I have shown the noblest tokens forth,
Both of my mind's and of my body's worth:
Here, I have spent the best part of mine age:
Here, I possess a plenteous heritage:
Here, I have got me many friends and fame:
And by my deeds attain'd a glorious name:
And must I hence, and leave this certain state,
To roam uncertain
O'er fearful hills, and thorough foaming torrents
That rush down mountains with their roaring currents,
In dreadful desarts, where heaven's hottest beam
Shall burn without, within as thirst extreme:
And gloomy forests full of ghastly fear
Of yelling monsters that are dwelling there?
To seek a country, God knows where, and whither,
Whose unknown name hath yet scarce sounded hither? —

Is't possible I should endure to see
The sighs and tears my friends will shed for me?
O! can I thus my native soil forsake?
O! with what words shall I my farewell take?
Farewell, Chaldea, dear delights adieu,
Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farewell all of you,
Farewell for ever! W. 2. D. 3. P. 1.

* "Cumbers." † "Laid age."

The whole of this series of couplets is tolerably well compacted, and the two parts distinguished by Italics, more particularly merit praise; the first for its strength of painting and adaptation of epithet, the second for its power in appealing to the domestic affections.

It has been observed, that single lines of uncommon excellence frequently occur in Sylvester; the line concluding the annexed passage, may be truly termed a *golden one*, and would be noticed for its peculiar beauty and melody in a first-rate poet.

I know, to man the Earth seems altogether,
No more a Mother, but a step-dame rather;
Because, alas! unto our loss she bears
Blood-shedding steel, and gold the ground of cares.
W. 1. D. 3.

It is somewhat astonishing, and indicates a very defective or unchastised ear, that cadences of such sweetness and strength should only now and then occur, amid masses of the most rugged and careless versification; that he who could fabricate lines of a structure so elegant and correct, should not immediately perceive the infinite inferiority, the total want of harmony of the surrounding context. This striking inequality, however, though, perhaps, in no poet so remarkable as in Sylvester, is the common fault of our ancient bards, at a time when taste was immature, and the ear as yet unaccustomed to the stately march and dignified tones, of which our heroic verse is susceptible.

As we proceed, however, we shall find the versification of Sylvester improving, and passages of considerable length occurring, in which nothing is reprehensible as to the mechanism, and very little with regard to sentiment and imagery. In the latter part of the following extract, I have made use of some transposition, though without altering a syllable of the original. Moses is represented, as in Leviticus, pronouncing, conditionally, blessings and curses upon Israel.

O Israel! —
If this thou do, thy heaven-blest fleecy flocks
Shall bound about thy pastures, downs, and rocks;
As thick as skip in summer, in a mead,
The grasshoppers that all with dew are fed:
Thy fruitful ewes fat twins shall bring thee ever,
And of their milk shall make a plenteous river: —
Sons of thy sons shall serve thy reverend eld:
Thou shalt die quiet, thou shalt live unquell'd:
Blessed at home, and blessed in the plain:
The blessed God shall send thee timely rain,
And wholesome winds, and with his keys of grace
Open Heav'n's store-house to thy happy race:
Thy proud fell foes with troops of armed men
Shall charge thee one way, but shall fly thee ten:
The peace-plant olive, or triumphant bay,
Shall shade thy gates: thy valour shall dismay
And daunt the earth: and, with his sacred awe,
Thy Saviour-King shall give the world the law.
If otherwise —
Thou never shalt thine adverse host survey,
But to be beaten, or to run away:
And then, thy remnant, far dispers'd from home,
O'er all the corners of the earth shall roam:

Thou shalt reap little where thou much hast shed,
And with that little shall thy foe be fed;
Accurst at home, accursed in the plain,
Thy labour bootless, and thy care in vain.
W. 2. D. 3. P. 3.

If the versification in this passage be, in many parts, entitled to approbation, what we have next to quote will convey a still higher idea of the occasional powers of Sylvester in this department. He has frequently, at the termination of the different divisions of the Days and Weeks, introduced a page or two of original matter, either alluding to some remarkable circumstance or event of the times in which he lived, reprobating the vices of the age, extolling the virtues of the sovereign, or enumerating the prosperity and prowess of his native country.

Though the version throughout has much the air of an original, yet, in these attempts, freed entirely from the shackles, which ever, in some degree, bind the most successful translator, the structure of his verse appears more free and easy, and, with the exception of a few exquisite passages in the body of the work, is more uniformly melodious and correct.

From these appendices to the poem of Du Bartas, I have selected a portion from one, which struck me as the most interesting and the most highly finished. The poet, after requesting protection from his country in his old age, dwells upon the glory, riches, and happiness of old England, and concludes by taxing

her with ingratitude to the Giver of all things, reminding her of former visitations, and inculcating the necessity of penitence and prayer.

Ah, courteous ENGLAND, thy kind arms I see
Wide-stretched out, to save and welcome me.
Thou, tender Mother! wilt not suffer age
To snow my locks in foreign pilgrimage:
That fell Brasil my breathless corse should shroud,
Or golden Peru of my praise be proud.

All, hail, dear Albion! Europe's pearl of price,
The world's rich garden, earth's rare paradise:
Thrice-happy Mother, which ay bringest forth
Such chivalry as dauunteth all the earth,
Planting the trophies of thy glorious arms
By sea and land, where ever Titan warms.—

About thy borders, O Heav'n-blessed isle!
There never crawls the noisome Crocodile;
Nor bane-breath'd serpent, basking in thy sand,
Measures an acre of thy flow'ry land;
The swift-foot tiger, or fierce lioness,
Haunt not thy mountains, nor thy wilderness;
Nor ravening wolves worry thy tender lambs,
Bleating for help unto their helpless dams.

What though thy Thames and Tweed have never roll'd
Among their gravel, massy grains of gold?
What though thy mountains "pour" no silver streams?
Though every hillock yield not precious gems?
Though in thy forests hang no silken fleeces?
Nor sacred incense, nor delicious spices?
What though the clusters of thy colder vines
Distil not clarets, sacks, nor muscadines?

Yet are thy wools, thy corn, thy cloth, thy tin,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europe's Queen,
Yea Empress of the World; yet not sufficient
To make thee thankful to the Cause efficient
Of all thy blessings! —
O wanton England! why hast thou forgot
Thy visitation, as thou had'st it not?
Thou hast seen signs, and thou hast felt the rod
Of the revenging wrathful hand of God.
The frowning heav'ns in fearful sights forespoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman yoke;
And since, alas! unkinder wounds than those,
The civil rents of thy divided Rose.*

Dear Mother England! bend thine aged knee,
And to the heav'ns lift up thy hands with me;
Off with thy pomp, hence with thy pleasures past,
Thy mirth be mourning, and thy feast a fast.
W. 2. D. 2. P. 3.

The texture of these lines is perfectly modern; their energy and melody are great, and they are entirely free from affectation, quaintness, or puerility.

In this passage are clearly discernible the excellencies in metre and modulation, which acquired their author the epithet "of silver-tongued." I know not that from any of his contemporaries, Jonson, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Davis, or Hall, a specimen, so nearly approaching the present polished state of the rhymed pentameter, so well-woven and con-

* These eight lines, beginning "O wanton England," are taken from some original lines subjoined to Week the first, Day the second.

densed, can, after the most diligent search, be produced.

After the pathetic apostrophe to his beloved country for protection in his old age, it is with extreme regret we learn, that persecution, on account of his religious opinions, which were those of rigid Calvinism, compelled him to expatriate, and that Middleburgh, in Zealand, according to Wood, gave that last asylum to his remains, which his native island ungratefully refused.

No. LI.

—Blame the false, and value still the true.
POPE.

IT has been observed, that Sylvester frequently terminates the *Days* and distributions into *Parts* of Du Bartas's Work, with additional couplets of his own production; he has also often taken the liberty of inserting, in various places throughout the poem, wherever an opportunity was, with propriety, afforded him by the French original, strictures and observations on the manners, customs, politics, and religion of his countrymen. Many of these are extremely severe, and afford striking proof of the satirical powers of their author.

For a specimen of these, and to place in a due light the varied abilities of Sylvester, I shall quote a passage from the concluding part of the sections called "The Decay," in which our Translator has happily brought in some fine original lines on Sycophants and Time-servers. These are harmonized in his best manner, and will, probably, remind the reader, of the style and versification of our lamented * Cowper. The last quotation, indeed, of the preceding

* I allude to the rhime productions of this great poet, "Table Talk," "Progress of Error," &c. &c.

Essay, particularly the paragraph "O wanton England," bears a strong resemblance to this poet; the same impressive and forcible diction, and a similar construction of metre, are discoverable in both writers.

Such are the occasional strength, energy, and harmony, of certain portions of this old version, that it is probable had Sylvester been more fortunate in the choice of his original, he had, in a great measure, been exempt from the numerous faults, which now disgrace his composition. The mean, the tumid and extravagant, the ludicrous and disgusting, characterise the style of Du Bartas, and the English bard has but too faithfully trodden in his footsteps. These fetters are, however, sometimes entirely shaken off, and the native powers of Sylvester become apparent.

To the collection, therefore, of whatever morsels may have been written, translated or original, under the influence of this laudable exertion, the following severe but nervous lines must be added:—

"Yea," such are those, whose wily, waxen mind
Takes every seal, and sails with every wind;—
Loose with the lewd; among the gracious, graves;
With saints, a saint, and among knaves, a knave.—
Lo! these scene-servers that so loud have cried
'Gainst Prelates sweeping in their silken pride—
Their courting, sporting, and non-residence,
Their avarice, their sloth, and negligence:
Till some fat morsels in their mouths do fall;
And then, as choak'd, and sudden changed withal,

Themselves exceed in all of these, much more
Than the *Right Reverend* whom they tax'd before.
W. 2. D. 4. P. 4.

From the province of satire, at all times a rugged and ungracious soil, let us now pass into a more cheerful and diversified scene.

The Adjuration of the Gabaonites, when they endeavoured to make a league with Israel, is thus given by Sylvester, in language at once beautiful and impressive.

We adjure you therefore in the sacred name
Of that dread God to whom your vows you frame,
By the sweet air of this delightful coast,
By the good angel that conducts your host,
By dear embraces of your dearer wives,
And by your babes even dearer than your lives;
By each of these, and all of these together,
And by your arms, whose fame has drawn us hither,
Have pity on us. W. 2. D. 3. P. 4.

Nor is the following apostrophe to the Bride of Solomon, less entitled to the praise of pleasing melody and appropriate diction: —

But O, fair Fairy! who art thou, whose eyes
Inflame the seas, the air, the earth, and skies?
Tell us, what art thou, O thou fairest fair
That trimm'st the trammels of thy golden hair
With myrtle, thyme, and roses; and thy breast
Gird'st with a rich and odoriferous cest *;
Whose robe 's embroider'd with pomegranate boughs,
Button'd with sapphires, edg'd with beryl rowes.
W. 2. D. 4. P. 2.

* The spouse-belt.

The description of comets and meteors, and of the superstitions associated by the vulgar with their appearance, has been a favourite subject of poetry. Thomson, to whom the theme was congenial, has painted these phenomena with much effect.

A blaze of meteors shoots ——
From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wond'rous shapes
Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd;
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Or sallow famine, inundation, storm:
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd ——— *Autumn*, L. 1107.

Sylvester has, however, anticipated him in nearly every part of the picture; the annexed lines displaying, very accurately, the varied hues and shapes, which sometimes, during the night, shoot along the cope of heaven, and alarm the ignorant and unphilosophic.

Such are the forms it in the air resembles;
At sight whereof, th' amazed Vulgar trembles!

Here, in the night, appears a flaming spire,
There a fierce dragon folded all in fire;
Here a bright comet, there a burning beam,
Here flying lances, there a fiery stream:—
There, with long bloody hair, a blazing star
Threatens the world with famine, plague, and war:
To princes, death; to kingdoms, many crosses:
To all estates, inevitable losses:
To herdmen, rot: to ploughmen, hapless seasons:
To sailors, storms: to cities, civil treasons.

W. 1. D. 2.

Milton, who has so admirably discriminated the sexes in his delineation of the garden of Eden, must have read, with no common pleasure, a part of the description which Sylvester has drawn of our first parents: the lines, considering the period at which they were written, are truly exquisite, both as to imagery and versification.

——————————— hardly one
Could have the Lover from his Love descry'd,
Or known the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:
Saving that she had a more smiling eye,
A smoother skin, *a cheek of purer dye*,
A fainter voice, a more enticing face,
A deeper tress, a more delighting grace,
And in her bosom, more than lilly-white,
Two swelling mounts of ivory, panting light.

W. 1. D. 6.

The portion marked by Italics in this quotation strongly recalls to my recollection four beautiful lines in the Lusiad of Camöens, as translated by Mickle.

Ah, who can boast he never felt the fires,
The trembling throbbings of the young desires,
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,
And the soft heavings of the living snow!

The character and abilities of David afford ample scope for poetical eulogy; and in the work before us, some fancy and many lines are devoted to the memory of the sacred Bard. I have selected a few from the mass, which are well worth preservation.

Scarce was he born, when in his cradle prest
The Nightingale to build her tender nest;—
And th' heav'nly Muse, under his roof descending,
As in the summer, with a train down-bending,
We see some meteor, winged brightly fair
With twinkling rays, glide thro' the crystal air,
And suddenly, after long-seeming flight
To seem amid the new-shorn fields to light,
Him softly in her ivory arms infolds
And sings ———
Live, live, sweet Babe! thou miracle of nine,
Live ever saint, and grow thou all divine:—
May thy sweet voice, in peace, resound as far
And speed as "swift" as thy dread arm in war;
"Thy voice," so sweet, that it shall ever be
Th' immortal nectar to posterity:
So clear, that *Poesy, whose pleasure is*
To bathe in seas of heav'nly mysteries,
Her chastest feathers in the same shall dye,
And dew with all her choicest workmanship:
O sooner shall sad Boreas take his wing
At Nilus head, and boist'rous Auster spring
From th' icy floods of Iceland, than thy fame
Shall be forgot, or honour fail thy name.—

Nought but thine airs thro' air and seas shall sound;
In high-built temples shall thy songs resound;
Thy sacred verse shall clear God's cloudy face,
And in thy steps the noblest wits shall trace.
Gross Vulgar, hence! with hands profanely vile,
Such holy things presume not to defile,
Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings;
This kingly harp is only meet for kings.
W. 2. D. 4. P. 1.

In this passage, three lines, which I have distinguished by Italics, have been quoted by Mr. Dunster; the whole, however, as here selected, is excellent. The second, third, and fourth couplets, have much that is Miltonic in their style and imagery, and the address of the heavenly Muse may be justly termed apposite and melodious.

Israel having offended the Almighty, he permits the Canaanites to prevail, and their Prince, who is represented of an immense stature, is introduced arming his gigantic form. Numerous have been the attempts in poetry to describe Beings beyond the common dimensions of mankind, and the picture, in Sylvester's version, will hold no mean rank in the collection.

——————————— Their Prince
Arms the broad mountain of his hairy breast
With horrid scales of Nilus greedy beast:
His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin
Of the dart-darting wily Porcupine;
He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head,
Whereon for plume a huge horse-tail doth spread:
Not much unlike a birch-tree bare below,
Which at the top in a thick tuft doth grow.

Waving with every wind, and made to kiss
Th' earth, now on that side, and anon on this:
In quiver made of lizards' skins he wears
His poison'd arrows; and the bow he bears
Is of a mighty tree, strung with a cable;
His shaft a lever, whose keen head is able
To pierce all proof, stone, steel and diamant:
Thus furnished, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:
" Sirs, shall we suffer this ignoble race,
" Thus shamefully us from our own to chace?
" Shall they be victors ere they overcome?
" Shall our possessions and our plenty come
" Among these mongrels? Tush! let children quake
" At dreams of Abram: let faint women shake
" At their dread God, at their sea-drying Lord;
" I know no Gods above my glittering sword:"
This said, he sallies, and assaults the foe
With furious skirmish, and doth charge them so
As stormy billows rush against a rock;
As boisterous winds, that have their prison broke,
Roar on a forest. W. 2. D. 3. P. 1.

The speech of this Herculean Warrior is spirited and characteristic, and the similes, at the close, have force and propriety.

As a contrast to the above, in point of imagery, I shall now present a delineation, which, I think, in any poet, would be esteemed admirable. Indeed I know not that any alteration could render it more correct or beautiful. It is one of those sketches of rural Nature, for which the genius of Sylvester seems to have been peculiarly adapted.

Under the gentle Equinoctial line,
Fair amorous Nature waters freshly fine

A little grove clad in eternal green,
Where all the year long lusty May is seen,
Suiting the lawns in all her pomp and pride
Of lively colours, lovely varified:
There smiles the ground, the starry flowers each one
There mounts the more, the more th' are trod upon:
There, all grows toiless, or, if till'd it were,
Sweet Zephyrus is th' only Husband there.
There Auster never roars, nor hail disleaves
Th' immortal grove, nor any branch bereaves.
There the straight palm-tree stoopeth in the calm
To kiss his spouse, his loyal female palm;
There with soft whispers whistling all the year,
The broad-leav'd plane-tree courts the plane his peer,
The poplar woos the poplar, and the vine
About the elm her slender arms doth twine:
Th' ivy about the oak; there all doth prove,
That there, all springs, all grows, all lives in love.
W. 2. D. 4. P. 2.

Of this elegant and finished description, whose melody and simplicity of expression are singularly pleasing, the last four couplets form a paraphrastic translation of some celebrated lines in Claudian.

Vivunt in venerem frondes; nemus omne per altum
Felix arbor amat; nutant ad mutua palmæ
Fœdera, populeo suspirat populus ictu,
Et platino platanus, alnoque assibilat alnus.

Few are the passages in this version of Sylvester, which are calculated to excite emotions of terror, principally owing to the want of dignity and solemnity in the language employed. The extract, however, which we are about to

quote, has certainly, in this department, merit, though it should be observed, that many couplets, which would have considerably injured the effect, have been omitted. Thus given, the better part being thrown together, it may even boast of Shaksperian graces.

The well-known relation of the Witch of Endor, evoking the spirit of Samuel, at the request of Saul, forms the subject of our piece.

In Endor dwelt a Beldam in those days,
Deep skill'd in charms ———
In secret murders, sudden tragedies;
Her drink, the blood of babes; her dainty feast
Men's marrow, brains and liver, late deceas'd; —
Sometimes, they say, she dims the heav'nly lamps,
She haunts the graves, she talks with ghosts, she stamps
And calls up spirits, and with a wink controuls
Th' infernal tyrant, and the tortur'd souls: —
"She on steep" mountains stops the swiftest currents. —
From driest rocks draws rapid rolling torrents:
Turns day to night: holds winds within her hand,
Makes the spheres move, and the sun still to stand. —
"*To Her*" *the unfaithful Saul*,
O thou all-knowing Spirit! deign with thy spell
To raise up here renowned Samuel
To satisfy my doubtful soul. ——

Importun'd twice or thrice, she, that before
Resembled one of those grim ghosts of yore
Which she was wont with her unwholesome breath
To re-bring back from the black [illegible]es of death,
Grows now more ghastly: ——
The place about darker than night she darks, —
And in unheard, horrid, barbarian terms,
She mutters strange and execrable charms: —

" Eternal Shades! infernal Deities!
Death, Horrors, Terrors, Silence, Obsequies,
Demons dispatch! if this 'blue-gleaming' taper
Be of mine own son's fat; if here, for paper,
I write, detested, on the tender skins
Of timeless infants, and abortive twins
Torn from the womb ———
If this black sprinkle, tuft with Virgin's tress,
Be, at your altar, dipt in kinsman's blood; —
Haste, haste, you Fiends, you subterranean Powers:
If impiously, as fits these rites of yours,
I have invok'd your 'awful' Majesties,
Harken, O Furies! to my blasphemies,
Regard my charms and mine enchanting spell,
Reward my sins and send up Samuel;
Dispatch, I say! ———————

What! stubborn Ghost! the Palfries of the Sun
Do fear my spells, and, when I 'chide' they run:
The planets bow, the plants give ear to me,
The forests stoop, and even the strongest tree,
At dreary sound of my sad whisperings,
Doth prophesy, foretelling future things:
Yea, maugre Jove, by mine almighty charms,
Through heaven I thunder with imperious arms:
And com'st not thou? ———————

W. 2. D. 4. P. 1.

The last paragraph of these lines, the address to the lingering spirit of the prophet, for its awful and impressive energy, its gloomy grandeur and emphatic diction, is entitled to high encomium.

I am now approaching toward the termination of these Essays on Sylvester's Version, and I have reserved, for my concluding quotation, a description of the pleasures of a country life.

Virgil, at the end of the second Georgic, has given us a most exquisite and elaborate picture of rural felicity, and many poets have since attempted a similar delineation. That from the forgotten poem now before us, however, an extract can be taken, and that of considerable length too, which may be put into competition with almost any eulogium on the country, written since the era of the Mantuan Bard, will, I dare say, excite some surprise. This will be heightened when I venture to assert, that English rural or pastoral poetry has not, either in point of beauty, sentiment, or engaging simplicity, a nobler passage to produce.

O how I grieve, dear Earth! that, given to gays,
Most of best wits contemn thee now-a-days;
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quite,
Study of herbs, and Country-life's delight.—

O thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the cares
Of city-troubles, and of state affairs;
And, serving Ceres, tills with his own team,
His own free land, left by his friends to him!

Never pale Envy's poisonous heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart; nor vulture Avarice:
His field's bounds bound his thoughts: he never sups
For nectar, poison mixt in silver cups:—
His hands his bowl, better than plate or glass,
The silver brook his sweetest hypocrass. *
Milk, cheese and fruit, fruits of his own endeavour,
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.

* A species of wine.

No fained chiding, no foul-jarring noise
Break his "cool" brain, or interrupt his joys,
But cheerful birds, chirping him sweet good-morrows,
With nature's music do beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant forests, day by day,
The diapason of their heavenly lay,
And leading all his life at home in peace,
Always in sight of his own smoke; no seas,
No other seas he knows, nor other torrent,
Than that which waters with his silver current
His native meadows: and that very earth
Shall give him burial, which first gave him birth.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold rush, nor drowsy poppy-seed,
But on green carpets, thrumm'd with mossy beaver,
Fringing the round skirts of his winding river,
The stream's mild murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Drum, fife and trumpet with their loud alarms,
Make him not start out of his sleep to arms:
The crested cock sings "his proud note" to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime
To walk the mountains, or the flowery meads,
Impearl'd with tears, that sweet Aurora sheds;
And the open sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach gives:
And Death, dread servant of the eternal Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge.

His wretched years in Princes' courts he spends not,
His thralled will on great men's wills depends not,—
But all self-private, serving God, he writes
Fearless, and sings but what his heart indites.

What though his wardrobe be not stately stuft,
With sumptuous silks, pinked and pounc'd and puft,
With gold-ground velvets, and with silver tissue,
And all the glory of old Eve's proud issue!
What though his feeble coffers be not cramm'd
With Miser's idols, golden ingots ramm'd!
He is warm wrapped in his own grown wool;
Of unbought wines his cellar 's ever full;
His garners stor'd with grain, his ground with flocks,
His barns with fodder, with sweet streams his rocks.

Let me, good Lord! among the Great unkenn'd,
My rest of days in the calm country end:
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will,
My court, a cottage on a lowly hill. W. 1. D. 3.

The omission of some lines, which broke in upon and marred the beauty of the design, and the transposition of one couplet, are the only liberties taken with this admirable description, of which the parts distinguished by Italics appear to me singularly beautiful.

Such are the extracts which, notwithstanding the pre-selection of Mr. Dunster, the perusal of this obsolete version has afforded me. They have been chosen, not merely for their merit, as contrasted with the cold and heavy materials which enveloped them, but for their *positive* excellencies; and I therefore flatter myself, that, insulated as they are, they can suffer nothing by the separation, and will be deemed, by every lover of our ancient literature, as gems worthy of preservation, and entitled to live long, after the ore in which they were imbedded has ceased to exist.

In presenting these detached beauties to the reader, it will be found, upon reference to the work, that I have faithfully copied the language of my author, except where an epithet, from vicissitude in language or association of idea, would have thrown a ludicrous air over the context, and, in this case, the substituted word has been always pointed out by typographical marks. These substitutions, however, it will be perceived, are very infrequent and very trifling. It is in *selection* and *omission* that taste is principally exercised, whilst quoting from our Translator; the passages already given in these Essays, will, I have no doubt, vindicate my conduct in the first of these departments, and he who shall patiently consult the entire poem, will, I hope, as to the second, discover, that nothing is retained which should have been omitted, nothing, I trust, omitted, which could, with propriety, have been retained.

No. LII.

——— The solitary Minstrel came
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung lowering, and around the social flame
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.
WARTON.

No European nations have surpassed Great Britain and Ireland in the production of Legendary and Romantic fiction. The fondness of our ancestors for Ballads, Historical Songs, and Metrical Romances, is well known to the poetic antiquary.

The great hall of the Baron's castle, the usual place of hilarity on public occasions, was the stage on which our ancient Minstrels displayed their fancy and traditionary lore. These were either attached to the family as a necessary and perpetual source of entertainment, or were welcomed as they wandered through the country in search of scenes, where revelry and hospitality stood ever ready to receive them.

Independent of this Minstrelsy by profession, it was the custom of most families, at a period when few other amusements existed, to sit around the fire on a winter's evening, and relate the wonders of chivalry and enchantment, the tales of hapless love, or the humorous festivities of rustic life.

Warton, in his Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum, mentioning the adventures of an English knight, named Albert, in a subterraneous passage, within the bishopric of Ely, observes; "This story is said to have been told in the winter after supper, in a castle, *cum familia divitis ad focum, ut Potentibus moris est*, RECENSENDIS ANTIQUIS GESTIS *operam daret*, when the family of a rich man, as is the custom with the great, was sitting round the fire, and telling *Antient Gests*. Here is a trait," he continues, "of the private life of our ancestors, who wanted the diversions and engagements of modern times, to relieve a tedious evening. Hence we learn, that when a company was assembled, if a juggler or a minstrel were not present, it was their custom to entertain themselves by relating or hearing a series of adventures. Thus the general plan of the *Canterbury Tales*, which, at first sight, seems to be merely an ingenious invention of the poet to serve a particular occasion, is, in great measure, founded on a fashion of ancient life; and Chaucer, in supposing each of the Pilgrims to tell a tale as they are travelling to Becket's shrine, only makes them adopt a mode of amusement, which was common to the conversations of his age.

"So habitual was this amusement in the dark ages, that the graver sort thought it unsafe for ecclesiastics, if the subjects admitted any degree of levity. The following curious injunction was deemed necessary, in a code of statutes assigned to a college at Oxford, in the year 1292. I give it in English. 'Ch. xx. — The Fellowes

shall all live honestly, as becomes Clerks.—They shall not rehearse, sing, nor willingly hear, *Ballads* or *Tales of Lovers*, which tend to lasciviousness and idleness.' Yet the libraries of our monasteries, as I have before observed, were filled with romances. In that of Croyland-abbey we find even Archbishop Turpin's romance, placed on the same shelf with Robert Tumbeley on the Canticles, Roger Dymock against Wickliffe, and Thomas Waleys on the Psalter. But their apology must be, that they thought this a true history; at least, that an archbishop could write nothing but truth."*

The style and poetry of these ancient ballads, must necessarily, as they were the product of a rude age, be, in general, extremely unequal; and though the simplicity, the strokes of character and description, which are frequently discoverable in these pieces, be truly interesting, they are, for the most part, so strangely intermixed with indecencies and vulgarities of every kind, as greatly to injure their effect. To remedy this inconvenience, to preserve the touching simplicity, the dramatic cast and manner of these antique compositions, at the same time avoiding their occasional grossness of diction and sentiment, has been the aim of many modern poets. These imitations, many of which display beauties of the most fascinating quality, may, with propriety, be divided into two departments, PASTORAL and LEGENDARY;

* Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. iii. Dissertation, pp. 64, 65.

the former employed in delineating the pleasures and events of rural life, the latter in immortalizing the deeds of chivalry and romance, or embellishing the wild and terrific paintings of Gothic credulity.

Beattie, in his Minstrel, has thus beautifully described these provinces of our ballad poetry.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moon-light revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

It may be worthy of remark, that whilst in the *modern* pastoral ballad the English and Irish poets meet no equal, in imitating the *legendary* form of this poem, they are certainly much inferior to the Scotch. The productions of Rowe, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Percy, Tickell, and Bloomfield, are unrivalled in the former species; but what heroic ballad of the eighteenth century shall be put in competition with the *Hardyknute* of Sir John Bruce, or what legend of Gothic imagination with the *Tam O'Shanter* of Burns? To these let us add *The Harp* of Macneil, the *Eve of Saint John*, *Glenfinlas*, and the *Grey Brother*, by Scott, and the *Mermaid* of Leyden.

I am acquainted with very few pieces, which

can, with propriety, be brought forward, in mitigation of this decision; let us not forget, however, *The Hermit of Warkworth*, by PERCY, nor *Maon, a Tale*, by MISS BROOKE: we may mention, likewise, two or three ballads of the terrific kind by LEWIS.

Were we allowed, indeed, to consider the translations from the Irish by Miss Brooke, as claiming to rank among modern poems, we might refer to the two narratives in that Collection, entitled *Magnus the Great* and *The Chase*, as, in legendary composition, equal to any thing which ancient or modern times have produced. As the originals are, however, the offspring of the middle ages, they cannot consistently be adduced in this place.

The Legendary Tale which immediately succeeds these observations, is an attempt to copy the manner, though not the obsolete diction, of the ancient ballad; and in a subsequent part of the volume will be introduced, under the title of *The Spectre*, a specimen of that species which endeavours to interest, through the medium of Gothic superstition.

ARTHUR AND EDITH.

Oh Richard! oh my, lovely boy!
'Tis now twelve years and more,
Since thy dear father left these arms,
His Wife and native shore.

To Salem's field the warrior flew,
War's wasting rage to deal,
And many a vaunting paynim fled
The lightning of his steel.

But now in some lone turret's height
He sighs the live-long day,
Or, haply, clad in pilgrim garb,
Pursues his weary way.

And he, who in the clash of arms,
And in the battle's roar,
And in the tourney's gallant strife,
The meed of valour bore,

May now, upon the blasted heath,
Of thirst and hunger die,
And not one helping friend be near;
No, not a comfort nigh.

E'en now, perchance, on Edith's name,
The dying warrior calls,
And, fainting, breathes the tender sigh,
And blessing Edith, falls.

And would that Edith's form were there,
The dear embrace to give,
To mingle her sad tears with thine,
And tell her love to live.

Oh might a woman's voice avail,
Then were the record mine!
Oh every ear, in every age,
Should, gallant Chief, be thine!

But now, alas! on these lone banks,
I sit me down and sigh,
And none but thee, my Richard, left,
Thy mother's tears to dry.

O tell me where the warrior rests,
Where droops his weary head,
O tell me where the mighty fought,
And where the mighty bled.

I'll thither to the battle fly,
I'll thither hie with speed,
I'll fold mine Arthur to my heart,
And for his sake I'll bleed.

I'll mark the Hero by his plume,
And by the gory field,
Death on his crest, Rage on his sword,
And Terror on his shield.

Stay ye fond flatt'ring thoughts, be still,
Ye tender wishes die,
For oh, on earth to clasp my Love,
No hope on earth have I.

Come, Richard, take thy mother's hand,
Red sets the eye of day,
Thro' yonder wild wood's murm'ring shades,
Lone, sad, and far we'll stray.

See'st thou, my son, yon evening star,
Thro' those moss'd branches gleam,
Yon evening star to thee is bright,
And dear her modest beam.

And see'st thou, Richard, these rude rills,
Whose gurgling waters meet,
To thee, their whisp'ring waves are clear,
Their banks wild odours sweet.

Yet since thy father rush'd to war,
And bound with steel his arm,
Not me or night, or day can please,
Or art, or nature charm.

For me, shews dim yon star, whose rays
Gleam thro' the woods beneath,
For me, these rills no music wake,
Their banks no odours breathe.

For I have lost the noble youth,
With whom no youth could vie,
Fierce in the combat, yet in peace,
The Virgin's secret sigh.

But who, in yonder shadowy glen,
With toil and travel broke,
Rests, with his weary head reclin'd
Beneath yon aged oak?

See, Richard, carelessly diffus'd,
Where lies the Pilgrim meek,
The wind uplifts his raven hair,
The sun-beam gilds his cheek.

Perhaps, my son, ah, sick at heart,
From ease, from safety far,
Yon hapless Pilgrim sadd'ning mourns
The cruel chance of war.

Then hie thee, Richard, thither hie,
To pour the oil and wine,
And, "hail, thou gentle Pilgrim," say,
"May God's good grace be thine!

"I come from yonder neighb'ring heights,
"Where bides a Lady fair,
"And many a welcome waits thy wish,
"And many a blessing there.

"For thine, O Pilgrim, thine the couch
"To rest thy wearied frame,
"Thine is the bath, the banquet thine,
"For thine mild pity's claim."

Ran Richard swift as from the bow
The arrow quits the line —
" All hail, thou gentle Pilgrim, hail!
" May God's good grace be thine!

" I come from yonder neighb'ring heights,
" Where bides a Lady fair,
" And many a welcome waits thy wish,
" And many a blessing there.

" For thine, O Pilgrim, thine the couch
" To rest thy wearied frame,
" Thine is the bath, the banquet thine,
" For thine mild pity's claim."

Now Heav'n thee guard, thou lovely boy!
Now Heav'n thee guard and save!
For ne'er, I trust, to any fair youth,
More sweetness Nature gave.

But tell me, say, what Lady fair,
What gentle form it be,
Whose tender breast, with pitying care,
Hath lent its aid to me.

For know, good youth, near this rude dell,
With fame, with honour blest,
Ah! many a cheerful day I've seen,
And welcom'd many a guest.

My heart is full — ah! know I not,
Long years of absence fled,
But what my wife, my only child,
And all my friends are dead!

" O think not so, thou Pilgrim sad,
" I pray thee, think not so,

" For the sweetest balm mild Mercy pours,
" O thine that balm to know!

" My mother waits thy weary step,
" O give to winds thy care!
" No toil-worn trav'llers wander here,
" But Edith's blessings share."

The Pilgrim sigh'd, the Pilgrim wept,
And fault'ring strove to speak —
" My son, my son," — then clasp'd the youth,
And bath'd his glowing cheek.

Come to my heart, my own sweet boy,
All, all my suff'rings gone —
Then Richard knelt, and dropt the tear —
" My father, bless thy son."

Bless thee, my boy" — and now I haste
My heart's soft home to greet;
I come, my youth's dear bride, I come,
Thy looks of love to meet.

Now pass'd they thro' the gloomy glen,
Now climb'd the hill's steep side,
And now they reach'd the forest shade,
Where Edith sat and sigh'd.

A shriek was heard the woods among,
'Twas Edith's as she flew,
With rapture wild, to clasp the form
Which truth or fancy drew.

" My Arthur! — Oh, my gentle lord!
" Ah! can such bliss be mine!
" Speak — shall we never part again,
" O speak, and say I'm thine!"

" My love, my love! tho' dear the day
" That bless'd our young desires,
" Yet dearer far, the hopes, the joys,
" The present hour inspires.

" Oh! thou art all to my poor heart,
" All, all that Heav'n can give,
" All, all that breathes the soul of life,
" And makes it bliss to live.

" And is my Arthur still so kind,
" Yet can he love so well!
" Now farewell grief, farewell to care,
" To every ill farewell.

" And see our Richard, my dear lord,
" The waters bathe his eye;
" O my sweet boy, my only love,
" When scarce a hope was nigh!"

Then Arthur kiss'd his lovely wife,
And blest his lovely son;
And blest be he who drops the tear,
Nor joys the tale be done!

No. LIII.

Now I rove
Thro' wildest scenes of strange sublimity, —
Niflhil's nine worlds, and Surtur's fiery plain,
And where upon Creation's uttermost verge,
The weary Dwarfs, that bear the weight of Heaven,
Hope the long winter that no spring must cheer,
And the last sound that from Heimdaller's trump
Shall echo thro' all worlds, and sound the knell
Of earth and heaven.

A strange and savage faith
Of mightiest power! SOUTHEY.

THE mythology of *Scandinavia*, the religion of our Gothic ancestors, has, more than any other code of polytheism, a claim to our particular attention. With it is connected a considerable portion of our annals, and the manners, customs, poetry, and laws, not only of this island, but of nearly the whole of Europe, have, in a great degree, derived their form and colour from this wild and singular system of fabling. Chivalry, gallantry, and romantic fiction are more peculiarly the children of the North, and many of the impressive superstitions, which delight imagination in the Tales of the Trouveurs, and in the works of our elder bards, and even still

linger in the popular creed, may, with little difficulty, be traced to the pages of the Icelandic Edda.

Modern poetry, however, seems to have drawn few embellishments from this ample store-house of imagery; from Dryden to Gray rare are the features which bear any resemblance to the sublime paintings of Scaldic fancy. To the latter, it must be allowed, we are indebted for the introduction into lyric poetry of some very splendid and terrific strokes, the immediate offspring of the Edda, and his imitations from the Norwegian, in words that breathe and burn, place before our eyes two of its noblest fictions; but this fortunate commencement has not hitherto stimulated many to pursue a similar path. Two or three odes by *Penrose*, *Sterling*, and *Bruce*, the Arthur of *Hole*, and the Sketches of *Sayers*, a few imitations by *Mathias*, and the translations of *Percy*, *Downman*, and *Cottle* form, I believe, nearly a complete list of our attempts to introduce the Scandinavian mythology.*

One principal reason why these efforts have failed, though under the conduct of great poetical powers, has been owing to the obscurity which time has thrown over the doctrines of the Edda. Hence the beautiful Sketches of Sayers, and many admirable descriptions in Arthur are

* To this list may now be added the "Select Icelandic Poetry, translated from the Originals," by the Hon. William Herbert, 8vo. 1805; a work of great merit, and which displays a profound acquaintance with the literature and ancient dialects of Scandinavia.

little relished or understood by the common reader. To render poetry of this description interesting, and to impart a taste for its imagery and allusions, it is necessary that the fictions and manners on which it is constructed should be familiar. It has been found essential, in order to enter into the spirit of the classics of ancient Greece and Rome, to study accurately their mythology, history, and customs; and many works written in a popular and elegant manner, and therefore well calculated to facilitate this preliminary knowledge, have been published in various languages. Now, with regard to the fables and religion of the Goths, we possess but one production which, from its fulness and authenticity, can be safely taken for a guide. From the introduction to the history of Denmark by M. Mallet, or rather from this work as translated, and under the title of "Northern Antiquities," greatly improved by the corrections of Dr. Percy, almost every information requisite to a perfect intimacy with the Edda, or Gothic system of religion, may be acquired. Thirty years, however, having elapsed since these volumes appeared, they are now with difficulty obtained, nor are they, when procured, from their form and elaboration, adapted for general perusal. The lovers of English poetry, indeed, seem at the present period, as little to relish the imagery drawn from this source as previous to the publication of the work; and those who have lately indulged in a display of the bold fictions of the Goths have done it at

the risk of being unintelligible, and therefore neglected.

As I am confident, however, that a knowledge of the religion and manners of the ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia is alone wanting to induce a taste for these ingenious writers, and that the chief reason why this has not hitherto been obtained has been owing to the want of an easy and popular illustration, I have been tempted, in the view of doing justice to productions of much merit, and with the hope of contributing to a freer introduction into our poetry of the daring and enthusiastic features of northern superstition, to occupy a few hours in evolving its most striking and magnificent peculiarities.

In carrying this plan into execution, I shall endeavour, by beautiful quotation, critical discussion, and poetic imitation, to render the subject attractive, and to enable the reader to enter into the spirit of images and allusions which, I trust, will in future be more frequently found scattered through the body of our poetry.

To detail, however, every fiction which the lawless imagination of a rude people prone to war and to credulity has engendered, would be superfluous and absurd. There are among the terrible and sublime pictures of the Gothic mythology many scenes equally puerile and extravagant, and therefore totally inconsistent with the higher departments of the Muse. To distinguish those which appear best calculated to embellish our epic, dramatic, and lyric poetry, I

wish should be understood as the principal intention of these papers.

At that period of the Roman republic, when Mithridates flying before the arms, of Pompey, implored the friendship and assistance of the Scythians, ODIN, the Chieftain of the *Æses*, a people occupying Georgia, and nearly the entire tract of country between the Euxine and the Caspian sea, alarmed at the destructive progress of the Romans, and dreading even worse than death the imperious mandates of the conqueror, deserted with his whole tribe the country of his fathers, and, pursuing a north-westerly course, sought for liberty and independence in the wilds of Scandinavia. Here he was received with that hospitality and admiration to which the superior prowess and civilisation of himself and his people were entitled: Denmark, Norway and Sweden were subdued by the arms or by the arts of Odin; and he gradually imparted to the North of Europe his religion, his manners, and his military enthusiasm.

It is the ingenious supposition of some literary men that, animated by a spirit of profound revenge against the enslavers of mankind, the Asiatic Chief led his hordes into Scandinavia as a nursery of future heroes who, at some distant period, should pour in torrents on the devoted empire, and retaliate the injuries inflicted on their founder. A conjecture so pleasing as this, and which in a manner so striking accounts for the dreadful ravages of those ferocious despots, Alaric and Attila, the mind dismisses with reluctance though founded on no authority. It

gives indeed so romantic a colouring to one of the most important events in history, a colouring so well adapted to the purposes of the poet, that its total want of support must to him be a subject of regret. In this light has it been considered by Gibbon, when he observes, "This wonderful expedition of Odin, by deducing the enmity of the Goths and Romans from so memorable a cause, might supply the noble groundwork of an epic poem." It will appear, I should hope, from these sketches, that Gothic fiction is admirably calculated to supply so bold an outline with a machinery of the most sublime and impressive cast. Had Gray ever conquered his indolence so far as to have pursued this path to fame, he would most probably have convinced us that the same fire and animation which from this source breathe through all the accents of his lyre, might glow with even superior spirit in the deeper intonations of the epic shell.

Returning, however, from this digression, to the character of Odin, it would appear, that he was, in every respect, formed to mould the people among whom he came, to all his purposes of ambition. He was in Asiatic Scythia merely the High Priest of the established religion, and which acknowledged one supreme God, under the name of Odin, a name which, in Scandinavia, he at length had the address to appropriate to himself, and waving the subordinate title of prophet or pontiff, boldly claimed the honours due to the Deity, and taught, to these rude and wondering savages, a new system of mythology, very widely different from the

simple creed of his ancestors. An attempt, so daring as this, required, for its completion, powers of a very superior order and applicable to every occasion. These, in all their varied form, appear, from the records of tradition and history, to have centered in this extraordinary man. Intrepid valour, the first of all virtues in the estimation of uncultivated society, was the peculiar characteristic of Odin, and the basis on which he erected his system of religion. In the hour of battle such was his invincible prowess, that he inspired his opponents with the utmost apprehension and horror, so that, rushing through their ranks, he hewed them to pieces, whilst, not unfrequently, he himself remained uninjured amid the surrounding carnage.

To this necessary qualification of animal courage were added, in our Gothic Hero, what was equally essential, a perfect insight into the characters of the conquered, and the art to avail himself of their credulity and ignorance. To a people so very rude as were the Scandinavians, the knowledge which Odin possessed of letters, and the art of writing, appeared supernatural, and he taught them to believe, that through the medium of the Runic characters, thrown into metre or graven on wood or stone, in varied forms, he could compel all the powers of Nature to obey him.

"Do you know," says he, in a tone of exultation, "how to engrave Runic characters? how to explain them? how to procure them? how to prove their virtue?

"I know a song, by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies; and render their weapons of none effect.

"I know a song, which I need only to sing when men have loaded me with bonds, for the moment I sing it my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty.

"I know a song of such virtue, that were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds, and render the air perfectly calm.

"If I see a man dead, and hanging aloft on a tree, I engrave Runic characters, so wonderful, that the man immediately descends and converses with me."

To these magical endowments he annexed many other important superstitions, the principal of which was the privilege of consulting the oracle of Mimer, a man celebrated for his wisdom through the North, on whose death Odin possessed himself of his head, embalmed it, and, by his enchantments, restored it, he affirmed, on any emergency, to the powers of speech. This invaluable bust was ever his companion, never differed from him, it is probable in opinion, and was held in the highest veneration by the adoring multitude.

What chiefly contributed to render the assumption of these superhuman faculties the more easy, was the persuasive eloquence with which, on every opportunity, the Asiatic warrior harangued his followers; the annals of Iceland speak in the most lavish terms of the beauty, energy, and all-commanding influence of his language and address; he it was also, who first

taught the Scandinavians the melody of rhythm and of verse, in which he chaunted, not only the sentiments of heroism and national revenge, but occasionally expressed passions the most tender and delightful, so that, adopting the metaphorical imagery of the North, even the spirits of the infernal world would leave their dread abodes, and listen motionless and lost in rapture to the music of his lips.

These striking claims to distinction were enforced by the superior luxury, magnificence, and science, which he imported from the banks of the Tanais; for though Odin and his companions were themselves, contrasted with the great potentates of the East, in a state comparatively rude and unpolished, yet, to the savages of northern Europe they appeared as demi-gods, as beings gifted beyond the common portion of mankind. That to the most valiant and accomplished of these strangers, therefore, who had driven every nation before him from the confines of Persia to the shores of the Baltic, who had subdued the three kingdoms of the North, and planted his religion in the hearts of the inhabitants, that to a man capable of actions such as these, they should cede an homage due only to divinity, can, philosophically considered, furnish little matter for surprise. To support, however, the high station he had assumed, to excite an enthusiasm for the doctrines he had inculcated, and to offer in his own person an example and a proof of his superior nature, and of the sacred and eternal obligation of his principles, required consummate subtlety and

determined resolution. As the felicity consequent on a violent and honourable death, which alone procured admission to the mansions of the Gods, was a peculiar tenet of his religion, it was obligatory on his part, ere debility and disease should overtake him, to depart in the manner he had prescribed. Accordingly on his return from the conquest of Norway, which completed the subjugation of Scandinavia, he passed into Sweden, and gathering around him his friends, the companions of his glory and ambition, he informed them, unsheathing his sword, and inflicting nine mortal wounds in the form of a circle on his body, that he was hastening into Scythia, to his native habitation, the mansions of the eternal Gods, where, resuming his seat at an everlasting banquet, he would receive, with the highest marks of distinction, those who fell honourably in battle, who had received their wounds in front, and had preserved their shields and swords. His body was burnt to ashes at Sigtuna in Sweden, with every demonstration of honour and magnificence.

Thus expired the Legislator of the North, a man whose inordinate ambition and gigantic abilities enabled him, not only to acquire the ordinary influence of a conqueror, but to obtain unlimited dominion over the minds and passions of his followers, to found a new religion, and to establish himself as its first deity.

Before we trace, however, the more prominent features of the mythology which he invented, it will be necessary to give a slight sketch of the religious opinions which had

prevailed in Scythia, many ages anterior to his innovations.

These, from all the evidence that history and tradition can supply, appear to have been very pure and rational, and to have been preserved free from adulteration, long after the southern Asiatics had vitiated similar principles, by the paintings of a vivid imagination. They held, in the first place, that matter did not exist from eternity, but required a cause for its production; this primal cause they deemed a perfect Being, the Creator of all things. The most ancient records term him "The author of every thing that existeth; the eternal, the ancient, the living and awful Being; the searcher into concealed things; the Being that never changeth; who possesseth infinite power, boundless knowledge, and incorruptible justice." To exhibit this stupendous Being under any corporeal form, to confine him within the limits of a temple built with human hands, they deemed a profanation; it was in the centre only of some venerable wood or consecrated forest, where an awful stillness as at midnight reigned, that they presented with profound respect and salutary fear, the offerings of simplicity and truth.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a God, so perfectly intellectual and abstract, should fully satisfy the hopes and wishes of a people uncultivated as were the Scythians. From this Almighty Spirit, therefore, they conceived various inferior spirits to have sprung, who presided over the different departments of Nature,

who regulated the operations of the elements, guided in their course the planetary bodies, and even inhabited the lakes, the rocks, and mountains. To these genii or emanations from the Divine essence, they paid a kind of adoration, as agents or instruments of the supreme will, and, consequently, witnessed the phenomena and operations of Nature, with a peculiar interest and a grateful terror. This belief in a superintending providence led to the doctrines of a future state; there, for the violators of morality and justice, were reserved places of cruel torment; for the good, the great and valiant, regions of unutterable bliss.

This creed, venerable for its simplicity and approximation toward truth, existed, with little variation, until the migration of the Ases into Scandinavia, when, through the policy of their leader, a new and very complicated system was introduced. Nothing places in a more striking light the vast influence which Odin exercised over his countrymen than the establishment of a religion, in many respects, so diametrically opposite to their former sentiments and prejudices. The ancient Scythians held polytheism, or a multiplicity of co-equal and independent Gods, in the utmost abhorrence; for though they acknowledged spiritual agencies as carrying into execution the will of the Deity, yet did they attribute every thing to one eternal and omnipotent cause; on the contrary, the Edda, which details the mythology of Odin, abounds with Gods, each decorated with their peculiar attributes, at least this was the general belief, though the

sages of that period might conceal more rational opinions behind the veil of fiction.

Whatever the defalcations of this code might be, with regard to moral and metaphysical purity, it fully answered, as we shall presently see, the purposes of Odin, and was eminently calculated to excite ardent military enthusiasm, and all the energies of poetic genius. It was not, however, until the eleventh century, that any systematic collection of the mythological fables of the North appeared; in that century, viz. in 1057, SÆMUND SIGFUSSON, sirnamed the Learned, published his Edda, or body of Gothic religious poetry; and in about 120 years afterward, another compilation, under the same title, but written with more perspicuity, was given to the world by SNORRO STURLESON, the descendant of an illustrious family, and twice supreme judge of Iceland. From these collections, from the numerous songs of the Scalds dispersed through the ancient chronicles, and from modern versions and imitations, are drawn the sketches attempted in these essays, which, I again beg to be understood, comprehend not the entire mass of Gothic fiction, but only the most striking features, such as may lead to discussion relative to the manners and customs of the Scandinavians, or are best adapted for the decoration of our more elevated poetry.

In conducting this plan, therefore, I shall first give a general outline of the system, then select the most brilliant parts for further illustration, and terminate the whole by considerations, tending to recommend it to the votaries

of the Muse, as a machinery admirably constructed for their purpose.

Few parts of the Gothic mythology are more loaded with absurdity and puerile invention, than that which endeavours to account for the origin of matter and the creation of the world; and as much of the imagery is scarce explicable, and were it easily so, yet would it be inapplicable to the purposes of sublime poetry, I shall drop the grosser figurative language, and explain, in more intelligible terms, the probable meaning of the northern Sages.

"In the beginning," observes the Voluspa, a poem forming part of the more ancient Edda, "there was neither sea, nor shore, nor refreshing breezes. There was neither earth below nor heaven above to be distinguished. The whole was only one vast abyss, without herb, and without seeds. The sun had then no palace; the stars knew not their dwelling places; the moon was ignorant of her power."

It was then that the first Almighty Cause, operating on the chaotic mass, and separating the element of fire, formed in the South a world luminous and glowing. To inhabit this immense region of primal heat and light, called *Muspelsheim*, and out of which the sun was afterwards taken, he created Spirits or Genii of Fire, over whom presided *Surtur*, the Demon or Black Prince of that element. In the other extremity of the universe, the North, arose, by the same creative fiat, realms of ever-during frost, mountains of eternal ice, whose appellation was *Niflheim*, and in whose dark and dreary caverns

were lodged tremendous giants, termed Giants of the Frost. Then in the vast and temperate space between these two extremes, the worlds of ice and fire, he called into existence terrestrial matter, but as yet loose and uncircumscribed by figure.

At this period, according to the Edda, the Omnipotent ceased to act upon matter by his *direct* agency, having created inferior divinities, to whom he allotted the arrangement of the terrestrial particles, the structure of the lower heavens, and the formation of man. These divinities were Odin and his offspring, who infixed the earth, circumfused the air, and, seizing upon the fires of Muspelshiem, formed the Sun. They then erected for themselves, in the higher regions of the atmosphere, a glorious mansion, under the title of Asgard, or the Court of the Gods. Having thus prepared the earth, and constructed an abode in the heavens, worthy of their own dignity, they proceeded to create the human species, calling the man *Aske*, and the woman *Emla*. These were liable, by their original constitution, to mortality; but the valiant, and the valiant alone, were admitted, after death, into *Valhalla*, the palace of Odin, where they enjoyed peculiar happiness for a series of ages, whilst the cowardly, and those who died of lingering disease, were plunged into *Niflheim*, the northern Hell, the seat of darkness and desolation.

This state of things, however, viz. the duration of the earth, the existence of the Gods, and their places of future punishment and bliss,

Valhalla and Niflheim, was ordained but for a season. After a long revolution of time, the Spirits of Fire, who, along with the Giants, had always been at enmity with the Gods, rush forth, headed by *Surtur*, followed by *Loki*, the evil principle of the Scandinavians, and accompanied by the most horrid monsters; they consume, with devouring flames, the earth, the sun, and stars, destroy the Gods in battle, and perish themselves in the general conflagration. On this great event, the first Almighty Being, he who governs all things, again appears, restores the conflicting elements to order, calls into being fresh agents, and a new earth, infinitely more perfect than the preceding, springs into light and beauty; here, for the good and virtuous, is prepared a seat of ineffable and eternal happiness, entitled *Gimle*, or the Palace of Gold; and, in the utter extremity of the universe, remote from light and life, rises the mansion of everlasting misery, the receptacle of the wicked, named *Nastrond*, whose walls are composed of the carcases of serpents, and through whose gates pours poison in a thousand torrents.

From this broad outline, a general idea may be formed of the Gothic mythology, which is singular, perhaps, in attributing destruction to the subordinate deities, and in preparing for mankind two heavens and two hells; of the former, the first consecrated to the valiant, the second to the good; of the latter, one destined to the cowardly and diseased, the other to the wicked and profane. It is characteristic like-

wise of this religion, that, as understood by its more rational votaries, it preserves distinct and free, from all the mutations incident to matter, the first almighty essence, the cause of causes. This was not the case, however, with the vulgar, who confounded the great Author of all things with the first of his agents, Odin. Of this formidable deity, whose attributes had such a powerful influence over the minds of his worshippers, I shall now endeavour to give the most interesting particulars, preceding the account, however, by a short nomenclature of the family of Odin and his associates, or the Gods and Goddesses of the Edda.

ODIN had by his wife *Frea* or *Hertha*, whom the northern sages worshipped as the Goddess of Fertility, and as allegorically representing the earth, THOR, his first born, the most valiant of the Gods, their defender and avenger, and who presided over the atmosphere, and ruled all its commotions. BALDER, the second son of Odin, was the God of eloquence and splendour, and guided the steed of day. NIORD, though not of the family of Odin, was the God of the sea, the Neptune of the Scandinavians. FREY, the son of Niord, presided over the seasons. TYR, the protector of champions and brave men, dispensed victory in the hour of battle. BRAGE was the God of poetry and music. HEIMDALLER was the guardian of the bridge Bifrost, or the Rain-bow, which connects heaven with earth. HODER, a son of Odin, was a God, though blind, irresistibly strong, and his name was pronounced with terror.

VIDAR was the God of silence. VILE, the son of Odin and Rinda, the daughter of the Sun, was the God of archery, and singularly intrepid in war. ULLER was the God of swiftness, whose velocity was such, that no one could stand against him. FORSETE, the last and twelfth God, independent of Odin, presided over controversies, and inhabited a palace in heaven called *Glitner*.

The same number of Goddesses, with *Hertha* at their head, are noticed in the Edda. Second to Hertha was SAGA. EIRA was the Goddess of medicine. GEFIONE of virginity. TYLLA of dress and ornament. FREYA of love. LOFNA of reconciliation. VARA of fidelity. SNOTRA of learning. VORA of penetration. LYNA of safety. SYNIA was the portress of the palace of the Goddesses. GNA the messenger of Freya.

Besides these deities, whose names and number sometimes vary, *Lok*, the evil principle and calumniator of his associates, is frequently enumerated among the Gods. He generated three monsters, who were brought up among the Giants, namely, the Wolf *Fenris*, the *serpent of Midgard*, or the serpent which surrounds the earth, and *Hela* the Queen of Death. These, with the Giants and the Genii of Fire, wage perpetual enmity against the divinities of Asgard.

As of many of these Divinities, however, there is little worth recording, their agency being trifling, unaccommodated to the purposes of poetry, and unoperative as to society, I shall only select those whose attributes were charac-

teristic of the people who adored them, and to whom were attached the most splendid and magnificent fables.

Odin, the chief Divinity among the Scandinavians, was worshipped as the God of War, and, in the great Temple of Upsal, was represented holding a sword in his hand. The Edda describes him as a "terrible and severe God; the father of slaughter; the God that carrieth desolation and fire; the active and roaring deity; he who giveth victory and reviveth courage in the conflict."

In *Asgard*, or the realm of the Gods, the Olympus of the North, Odin had several palaces. In *Gladheim*, or the Mansion of Joy, a large and magnificent hall, he administered justice, sitting on an elevated seat, surrounded by the twelve Gods. Justice was also frequently dispensed by him and his brother deities under a large Ash-tree, named *Hydrasil*. This enormous tree, whose top reaches to the highest heaven, and whose branches cover the earth, has three roots, which diverge to an infinite distance from each other; under the *first* root, which is in heaven, flows the hallowed stream of Time-Past, with whose sacred waters three Virgins perpetually sprinkle the tree, and support the beauty of its foliage; their abode is for ever under the Ash, and they dispense the date and destinies of man; their names are *Urda* the past, *Verandi* the present, and *Skulda* the future. Under the *second*, which extends to the land of the Giants, is placed the Spring of *Mimer*, the fountain of wisdom, and the divine liquor

of Odin; and beneath the *third*, which covers *Niflheim* or Hell, and is the food of the monstrous serpent *Nidhoger*, flows the fountain *Vergelner*, the source of the infernal rivers. On this tree sits an eagle, whose piercing eyes discover all things, whilst a squirrel is incessantly occupied in running along the branches, and conveying news from every part of the universe.

The principal city of Odin was *Valasrialf*, built of the purest silver, and here was established his throne, called *Lidscialf*, or the Terror of Nations, and from whence he beheld all the regions of the earth. On his shoulders, whilst sitting on this throne, sate constantly two *Ravens*, named *Hugo* and *Mumin*, who, being let loose every morning, flew through every province of the globe, and, returning at night, whispered in his ears whatever they had heard and seen, whence Odin is frequently termed the *God of the Ravens*.

It was in VALHALLA, however, one of his most superb palaces, he received the souls of those who died contending on the field of battle; and every warrior, previous to the engagement, took a vow to send him the spirits of the slain, for whom, when dying sword in hand, the gates of Valhalla were ever open. To this deity prayers were offered for success in conflict, and such was his enthusiasm for martial deeds, that he was supposed often, personally, mounted on his sable steed *Sleipner*, a horse with eight feet, to mingle in the contest, to excite the ardour of the hero, to strike those

destined to perish, and to speed the parting spirit to the halls of heaven.

The palace of Valhalla was, in every respect, adapted for the elysium of the Warrior; its very construction and its ornaments were warlike:—

> Broken shafts of many a spear
> Emblazoning the roofs appear;
> The domes with shields are cover'd o'er,
> And coats of mail surround the floor.
> Behold! Valhalla proudly shrouds
> Her towers in the ambient clouds:
> Five hundred portals grace the side,
> With forty more unfolding wide.
> Thro' every gate in war array,
> With banners streaming to the day,
> Eight hundred warriors passage find,
> When for martial deeds inclin'd.
> Five hundred domes aspiring high,
> With forty others pierce the sky;
> There, Gods in mazy lab'rynths roam—
> One portal leads to every dome.*

In this magnificent dwelling the souls of the valiant enjoy the daily pleasure of arming themselves, of ranging in order of battle, and of cutting each other to pieces; but when the hour of repast approaches, they hasten to the convivial board, and, free from pain, or wound, or animosity, feed heartily on the flesh of the boar *Scrimner*, who is daily renewed, and is amply sufficient for the most numerous party. With

* Coule's Edda of Semund, pp. 58, 59.

this food, esteemed as the highest delicacy, they drink, to intoxication, plentiful draughts of Mead, which is delivered to them by Virgins, named *Valkiries*, in the skulls of their enemies, and who are likewise employed by Odin to select in battle those who are to perish. This Mead, or Hydromel, is the product of a Goat, called *Heidruna*, from whose paps every day flows into a vase a quantity sufficient to inebriate the company. In the Edda of Sæmund the following lines are descriptive of the joys of Valhalla: —

——————— In Odin's field,
Their swords the Mono-heroes wield:
And daily on each other bear
The dread conflicting storm of war.
Scarr'd in the fight, the chiefs divide,
And home on stately steeds they ride;
Then with the Gods in splendid halls,
Drink oblivion to their brawls:
Serimner's flesh a feast affords,
And concord reigns around their boards.—
Heidruna, wildest of the train,
That sport on hill or russet plain,
Near Odin's hall salacious breeds,
And on the leaves of Lærad feeds.
His spacious horn shall fill the bowl,
That lifts to rapture Odin's soul;
And ever drinking, ever dry—
Still the copious stream supply.*

Odin, however, is usually represented as sitting apart from the heroes, drinking wine

* Pp. 28. 50.

instead of hydromel, and under no necessity of supporting himself by food.

As still further illustrative of the attributes of this warrior God, and of the joys of Valhalla, I shall adduce some beautiful modern descriptions, which, at the same time that they adhere closely to the letter of the Edda, are written in the genuine spirit of poetry. The two following addresses to Odin are from the masterly pen of Sayers.

God of carnage, king of might,
Clinging to thy sable steed,
And dashing thro' the fight,
Thou smil'st when thousands bleed:
Coucher of the ponderous spear,
Thou shout'st amid the battle's stound—
The armed Sisters hear,
Viewless hurrying o'er the ground
They strike the destin'd chiefs and call them to the skies.
Lo! from Skulda's misty towers,
On jetty wing the raven flies,
And bears the deeds of future hours;
To thee he hastes—in solemn state
Thou read'st the dread commands of fate
To listening deities

King of Gods on shining throne,
Thou, who with a single glance
Piercest Nature's wide extent,
Thou, who from the spring of Mimer
Quaffest liquid lore divine,
Odin, hear.

King of Gods, whom Hydrasil
With sacred shadow veils,
Whilst around thee sit celestials,
Whilst beneath thee Fates attend,
Odin, hear.

King of men, who dealest triumph,
Brave in battle, brave in death,
Gash'd with gory wounds,
In agony thou smil'st;
King of men, whose dark blue steel
No foe unconquer'd saw,
Soon his heart's-blood smok'd around,
Soon his daunted spirit fled,
Odin, hear.

In Harold's breast thy spirit pour,
String his nerves, his eyes inflame,
Direct his brawny arm to fl g
The darts of death around,
In the tempest of the battle
Throw thy shield of safety o r him,
Protect him with thy mighty hand,
And send him back with victory.*

The passage next to be produced is taken from a small volume of poems by Mr. Penrose, which, though lately little noticed, possesses many claims to high distinction. This amiable man perished at an early age, the victim of disappointment and misfortune.† The only

* Sayer's Poems, 2d edition, 8vo. pp. 26, 27. 59.

† Mr. Penrose was the son of the Rev. Mr. Penrose, rector of Newbury, Berks, and was himself intended for the church. He studied at Christ Church, Oxon, until 1762, when his eager turn to the naval and military line impelled him to embark in the unfortunate expedition against Nova Colonia, in

tribute to his memory which I recollect, and which, though short, is truly pathetic, exists in four lines by the author of the Pursuits of Literature.

Have you not seen neglected Penrose bloom,
Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb?
Content a curate's humble path he trod,
Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God.

From his admirable poem, entitled "The Carousal of Odin," and composed in a vein of the most striking enthusiasm, I quote merely the commencement.

Fill the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the skulls, 'tis Odin's cry:
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thundering thro' the vaulted hall?
"Fill the meath, and spread the board,
"Vassals of the grisly Lord"—

South America, under the command of Captain Macnamara. The issue was fatal. The Clive, the largest vessel, was burned; and though the Ambuscade escaped, on board of which Mr. Penrose, acting as lieutenant of marines, was wounded, yet the hardships he sustained in a prize-sloop utterly ruined his constitution. Returning to England with ample testimonies of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finished his studies at Hertford College, Oxon; and having taken orders accepted the curacy of Newbury. After he had continued in that station about nine years, it seemed as if the clouds of disappointment were clearing away, for he was then presented by a friend who knew his worth, to a living of 500l. per annum. It came too late; for, going to Bristol for the benefit of the waters, he died there in 1779, aged thirty-six years, universally beloved for his amiable and sociable qualities. In 1768 he married Miss Mary Slocock of Newbury, by whom he had one son, now on the foundation of Winton College.

Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol. i. p. 147.

The portal hinges grate —— they come —
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In stalk the various forms, and drest
In various armour, various vest,
With helm and morion, targe and shield,
Some quivering lances couch, some biting maces wield:
All march with haughty step, all proudly shake the crest.
The feast begins, the skull goes round,
Laughter shouts — the shouts resound.
The gust of war subsides — E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged brow.

I conclude these poetical illustrations of the northern elysium with part of a beautiful Ode by Mr. Sterling, entitled *The Scalder*. It is extracted from a collection of poems, by this gentleman, published in 1789, a collection, I believe, little known, though certainly meriting considerable applause; if the lines which in the course of these papers I shall occasionally quote from it should induce any lover of poetry to procure the volume, he will, I have no doubt, be highly gratified in the perusal. *

Illustrious chiefs, whose deathless fame
The Scalder's song shall blazon wide;
Quick they move, a glancing flame,
Kings and heroes swell the tide:
A shining train, (avaunt the coward slave)
From bright Valhalla pours, the mansion of the brave.

* Mr. Sterling's Continuation of Chaucer's Cambuscan, or Squire's Tale, displays a rich and vigorous imagination.

In long array the godlike forms appear,
Their harness bright'ning in the western beam,
They shake the glitt'ring sword, and pointed spear;
Their polish'd helms with dreadful splendour gleam:
On airy steeds the warriors rush along,
Swift as the lightning's flash, as wint'ry tempests strong.

Now the rage of combat burns,
Haughty chiefs on chiefs lie slain;
The battle glows and sinks by turns,
Death and carnage load the plain.
Pale fear, grim horror stalk around;
The blood of heroes dyes the vernant ground.
But at the brazen trumpet's shrilling call,
Quick into life the eager champions spring:
With headlong speed they crowd the banner'd hall,
Where sits enthron'd in gold the sceptre'd king,
Immortal Odin, sov'reign of the gods,
Who gilds with glory's beams Valhalla's bright abodes.

Their banquet is the mighty chine
Exhaustless the stupendous boar;
Virgins of immortal line
Present the goblet foaming o'er:
Of heroes' skulls the goblet made,
With figur'd deaths, and snakes of gold inlaid.
The king of men with bounteous smile surveys
The dauntless souls, who fall in Glory's cause;
Who vow to him the period of their days,
Who fight his battles, and uphold his laws:
For these Scrimner on the board is spread,
And on Læræda's leaves the shaggy goat is fed.

To this singular paradise while all who died bravely on the field of battle were admitted,

those who perished by disease or turned their backs upon the enemy, were condemned to the dreary regions of *Niflheim*, the Hell of the northern nations, a

> — Land of horror! where unyielding frost
> Piles high the mountain-ice, and dims the air
> With ever-hissing sleet, where piercing blasts
> Sweep on storm-laden wing o'er solid seas.
>
> SAYERS.

Over these realms of desolation, which were divided into nine worlds, presided *Hela* or Death, a Being of tremendous aspect, whose features were livid and ghastly, and whose body was half blue and the other half the colour of human flesh. Her palace was *Anguish*; her table *Famine*; her waiters *Expectation* and *Delay*; the threshold of her door was *Precipice*, and her bed *Leanness*; her apartments were grated with iron, and plunged in perpetual darkness;

> ——————————— for here no ray
> Of morning plays with softest lustre round,
> Nor here ambrosial eve with fragrant hand
> Scatters her sweets.

Around the spirits doomed to wander amid these dreadful shades, enormous serpents wound their clammy folds, and inflicted the most piercing stings, while the hoarse descant of the raven, the howling of the wolf, and the yells of the tormented, were the only sounds that penetrated these caves of utter darkness.

No. LIV.

With mighty ale the goblet crown;
With mighty ale your sorrows drown;
To-day, to mirth and joy we yield;
To-morrow, face the bloody field.

From danger's front, at battle's eve,
Sweet comes the banquet to the brave:
Joy shines with genial beam on all,
The joy that dwells in Odin's hall. BRUCE.

From the rapid sketch which we have given in the preceding paper, of the character and attributes of the chief deity of Scandinavia and of his system of rewards and punishments, the intelligent reader will immediately infer the vast influence which such a mythology must necessarily exercise over the manners and opinions of its enthusiastic disciples. It was, indeed, more than any religion, which had previously, or has since existed, calculated to form and perpetuate a nation of warriors. All the future happiness which it unfolded, was exclusively destined to the valiant, and to those of this description only, who perished on the field of battle, or who, to escape the horrors and degradation of servitude, inflicted death upon themselves. To these, the halls of Odin, we have seen,

were ever open, and on these were all the luxuries, most dear to a northern imagination, lavished.

On the contrary, the pusillanimous and those who died of lingering disease, were not only excluded from society, and held, by the laws of Scandinavia, in a light contemptible and infamous, but they were condemned, in another world, to a severe and perpetual punishment, plunged into more than midnight gloom, surrounded by piles of mountain-ice and regions of eternal frost, for ever taunted by the apparitions of the damned, and devoted as the prey of loathsome serpents.

Military enthusiasm, therefore, and an utter contempt of danger and of death, were the direct consequences of this martial creed.

Hence the love of combat flows,
Hence the warrior's throbbing breast;
Bright his kindling courage glows,
Fierce he shakes his frowning crest;
He grasps his sword, he burns with noble rage,
To rush where thronging hosts, and giant chiefs engage:
In other claims his glory shall be known,
For him the tale shall live in future times;
For him his sons shall rear the chisel'd stone,
For him the harps of bards and Runic rhymes:
With screams the drooping eagle mourns his fall,
And his the "plenteous feast of" Odin's echoing hall. *

To delight in the slaughter of his enemies, to rush undaunted on the foe, to despise all

* Sterling's Poems, p. 158.

pain, to suffer no exclamation or groan, indicative of suffering, to escape his lips, were essential to the formation of a hero, and even to rejoice and laugh in the last agonies of death. Innumerable are the instances recorded in the annals of Scandinavia, of men, who, to the last, supported this stern fanaticism of the Edda The most memorable, perhaps, is preserved by *Olaus Wormius*, in his book *de Literaturâ Runica*; he has there given us the Death-Song of *Ragner Lodbrach*, who flourished in the eighth century, and, by his naval expeditions and his prowess, became the terror and scourge of Europe. He had the misfortune, however, after a series of unparalleled enterprise and success, to be taken prisoner by *Ella*, king of Northumberland, who, with savage joy, cruelly tormented his illustrious victim, and threw him into a dungeon filled with serpents. In this tremendous situation he composed his song of triumph, exulting to the last moment of life, in the recollection of his heroic deeds, and threatening the most dreadful retaliation, through the medium of his sons, on the head of the ferocious Ella, a threat which was soon after amply carried into execution.

This celebrated song breathes the very soul of war, and expresses, in terms of the utmost fire and energy, that extreme passion for arms and glory, and that astonishing contempt of death and danger, so prevalent, at this period, in the north; it unfolds, likewise, images, it must be confessed, that shock humanity, which are remote from true valour, and betray an age of extreme barbarism; it seems dictated, indeed,

by the demon of slaughter, and may be esteemed a genuine emanation from the deity of Valhalla.

Every stanza commences, in the Latin translation, with the expression *pugnavimus ensibus*, to which almost uniformly succeed, in language of singular strength, descriptions of the unsparing havoc of battle. I quote three short specimens of this sanguinary imagery from the version of Dr. Downman.

> Drench'd in blood our shields we rear,
> The oil of blood anoints our spear.

> The rain of blood our falchions pour,
> It smokes on Bardafyrdea's shore.

> Heaps pil'd on heaps the warriors lye,
> The Hawk looks down with joyous eye.

And when Rogvald, a chief of great renown, falls in the field, his obsequies are attended by a crowd of very curious mourners; "for him," exclaims the bard, "for him mourn'd all the hawks of heaven."

A pathetic passage, nevertheless, now and then occurs, and has peculiar beauty, thus surrounded by all the horrors of carnage.

> I saw the widow's darling joy,
> I saw the virgin's fair-hair'd boy,
> Saw them in morning beauty gay,
> Saw set in death their youthful ray.*

* This and the following extracts, from the Death-song of Ragner Lodbrach, are all taken from Downman's translation.

The great merit, however, of this poem, is the characteristic exultation of the northern hero, the result of religion and education, which not only sets pain and suffering at defiance, but seems absolutely to rejoice in the moments of agony and horror. I shall give a specimen of the martial energy of our warlike Scald, and then place before the reader his triumphant death; they are both highly illustrative of the Gothic mythology, and its influence on the hopes and passions of its votaries.

The brave with ardour yield their breath,
Nor heed the sure approach of death;
The thought of death their bosom warms,
They meet it in the storm of arms.
He oft deplores this fickle state,
Who never dar'd the frowns of fate.
Lur'd by the cheek of pallid fear
The joyful eagle hovers near.
The coward to himself a pest,
Forbids the shield to guard his breast.

This I establish just and right,
That hurrying on to closest fight,
Youth against youth, with fervent heat,
Should rush, nor man from man retreat.
Long time was this the hero's pride;
And all who by the virgin's side
Aspire to lye, and taste her charms,
Should nobly stem the roar of arms. —

Full well I know, superbly graced,
For me the lofty seat is placed,
For me the gen'rous mead shall foam
In Father Balder's festal dome:

From goblets pour'd its copious tide
By skulls of recreant foes supplied.
The brave shall ne'er lament their death
In Odin's splendid courts beneath,
No clamours vain I thither bear,
No sickly murmurs of despair.

* * *

After this burst of enthusiasm, he recurs to his dreadful situation, with an exclamation of momentary anguish;

—— what dire mischance is mine,
How many serpents round me hang,
And tear my flesh with poisonous fang;

but immediately resumes the tone of triumph, and in a strain at once terrific and sublime, terminates his life, and enters the courts of Valhalla.

Fast to th' hereditary end,
To my allotted goal, I tend.
Fix'd is the viper's mortal harm
Within my heart, his mansion warm;
In the recesses of my breast
The writhing snake hath form'd his nest.
Yet Odin may in vengeance spread
The bloody scourge o'er Ella's head,
My son's fierce anger, at the tale,
Shall change to red, from deadly pale.
The fiery youths, at my decease,
Shall starting shun the seat of peace.

The Sisters now my steps invite;
Unmov'd I quit the realms of light.
Warn'd from within — break off the lay!
Th' inviting Sisters chide my stay.

By Odin sent, I hear their call,
They bid me to his fatal hall.
With them high-thron'd, the circling bowl!
Of foaming mead shall cheer my soul.
With joy I yield my vital breath,
And laugh in the last pangs of death.

The very striking imagery of the last line of the above quotation, is by no means an hyperbole of the poet; it was a mark of intrepidity, generally practised by the heroes of Scandinavia. Saxo, when describing a single combat, observes, that one of the champions FELL, LAUGHED, and DIED *; and an officer of the King of Norway, commemorating the death of his master, finishes the eulogium thus: "It shall hereafter be recorded in histories, that King Halfer died LAUGHING." †

In the Sketches of Northern Mythology by Dr. Sayers, the same expression of triumph has been judiciously introduced into one of the odes: the passage, from its energy and beauty, demands transcription.

— Should the Fatal Sisters mark
Our chieftain's soul to grace thy halls,
Should the keen arrow pierce his side
And Harold perish in the fight,
When death shall numb his sinewy limbs,
When his bent knees shall tottering fail,
When shades of night shall gloom his eyes
And sinking nature yield,
Then may no groan of woe escape
Our hardy chieftain's fainting lips,

* Saxo Gram. lib. 2. † Bartholin, p. 6.

"Then may no writhing pang distort
The dying hero's face;
Joyful to fall in fields of blood
To him may death's cold steel be welcome,
And may he *laughing* die."*

The punishment which the Sons of Lodbrach inflicted on Ella of Northumberland, as a retaliation for the murder of their father, is a remarkable instance of that ferocity and spirit of revenge, which the dreadful doctrines of the Edda inculcate. They laid bare the vertebræ of the back, and separating the ribs from the spine, and distending them in the form of the wings of an eagle, left, in this state, the bleeding wretch to die. This terrible death, which, in the North, had a peculiar appellation, and which, I am sorry to say, was even once familiar in this island, has been thus described. "Apud Anglos, Danos, aliasque nationes Boreales, victor ignominiâ summâ debellatum adversarium affecturus, gladium circa scapulas ad spinam dorsi adligebat, costasque, amplissimo per corporis longitudinem facto vulnere, utrinque a spinâ seperabet, quæ, ad latera deductæ, alas repræsentabent Aquilinas. Hoc genus mortis vocabant *Aquilam in* dorso alicujus delineare.†

To the savage conduct of Ella and the Sons of Lodbrach, Mr. Southey has thus admirably alluded, in an epistle prefixed to the Edda of Sæmund, by Cottle. He is speaking of the Runic Creed, and observes, it framed the unfeeling soul

* P. 55. 2d edition. † Stephanius Stephanius.

Stern to inflict and stubborn to endure,
That *laugh'd* in death. When round the poison'd breast
Of Regner clung the viper brood, and trail'd
Their coiling length along his festering wounds,
He fearless in his faith, the death-song pour'd,
And liv'd in his past fame: for sure he hop'd
Amid the spirits of the mighty dead
Soon to enjoy the fight. And when his sons
Avenged their father's fate, and like the wings
Of some huge eagle spread the sever'd ribs
Of Ella, in the shield-roof'd hall they thought
One day from Ella's skull to quaff the mead,
Their valour's guerdon.

As to die fighting with his arms in his hand, was the wish of every freeman, and esteemed truly glorious, so to perish by disease or old age, to lose the buckler, or to receive a wound behind, were, as signs of timidity, deemed, in the highest degree, dishonourable; thus Valerius Maximus, speaking of the Cimbri, remarks, "in acie exultabant, tanquam gloriose et feliciter vita excessuri: lamentabantur in morbo, quasi turpiter et miserabiliter perituri;" "they leap for joy in a battle, that they are going to quit life in so glorious a manner: in sickness they lament, for fear of a shameful and miserable end." * To avoid, therefore, the pressure of years or disease, or to atone for the suspicion of cowardice, suicide was the usual resource of the Scandinavians. "There is, on a mountain in Iceland," says the author of the Saga, "a rock, so high, that no animal can fall from the top and

* Valerii Max. lib. ii. cap. 6. 11.

live. Here men betake themselves when they are afflicted and unhappy. From this place all our ancestors, even without waiting for sickness, have departed unto Odin. It is useless, therefore, to give ourselves up to groans and complaints, or to put our relations to needless expences, since we can easily follow the example of our fathers, who have all gone by the way of this rock."

In Sweden, likewise, a similar place was appropriated to this purpose, and named the HALL OF ODIN, as being supposed introductory to the palace of that God. Sir William Temple has furnished us with the following description of it:—"I will not," says he, "trouble myself with more passages out of the Runic poems, concerning this superstitious principle (of preferring a violent death), but will add a testimony of it, which was given me at Nimeguen, by Count Oxenstern, the first of the Swedish ambassadors in that assembly. In discourse upon this subject, and in confirmation of this opinion having been general among the Goths of those countries, he told me there was still in Sweden a place which was a memorial of it, and was called ODIN'S HALL. That it was a great bay in the sea, encompassed on three sides with steep and rugged rocks; and that, in the time of the Gothic paganism, men that were either sick of diseases they esteemed mortal or incurable, or else grown invalid with age, and thereby past all military action, and fearing to die meanly and basely, as they esteemed it, in their beds, they usually caused themselves to be

brought to the nearest part of these rocks, and from thence threw themselves down into the sea, hoping, by the boldness of such a violent death, to renew the pretence of admission into the Hall of Odin, which they had lost, by failing to die in combat and with their arms." *

This mode of propitiating the deity of Valhalla, and of gaining admission to the feast of heroes, forms the subject of a fine chorus in the Tragedy of Moina.

When from the foe's bright spear,
The soldier trembling turns,
When cold fear shakes his soul
And blasts his strength,
No more he'll hear the song of praise,
No more he'll tell his listening child
The bloody tale of war;
The secret vale receives
His slow and sullen steps;
He hates the warrior's eye,
He hates the maiden's look.
Then let shame his bosom fire,
Lead him to the lofty rock,
And plunge him from the airy height,
To death below.

When the hero's giant form
With sickness droops,
When his broad and sinewy arm,
Shrunk and trembling fails,
When that firm breast which dar'd the dart
The sigh of languor heaves,
When those strong knees which rush'd to war,
Labouring sink beneath his weight,

* Miscellanea, Part 2. Essay 3. Part 4

When death has raised his clay-cold hand,
To touch the warrior's heart,
Then let him drag his faltering limbs,
To some huge rock's outstretching cliff,
And from the airy summit plunge
To death below. *

The Monodrama of Oswald, by the same author, paints likewise, with a masterly pencil, the daring enthusiasm of a Gothic Chieftain, who, apprehensive of falling a sacrifice to old age and disease, braces on his armour and perishes by his own sword. A portion of it is too illustrative of the subject before us, to be omitted with propriety.

Hence, hence, ye languid groans, ye racking pangs,
That slowly drag the trembling frame of Oswald
To those accursed climes where Hela reigns
Stern on her icy throne — thou quivering arm!
Oft have I seen thee in the battle's rage
Bedew'd with red heart's blood — ye tottering knees!
Oft have ye stood unmov'd by pressing hosts,
Oft have ye waded thro' the steaming field,
Trampling the mangled corses of my foes; —
Why shake ye thus? — disease with poison'd breath
My firm nerves withers — and shall Oswald then
Sink, tamely sink to everlasting night?
Shall feeble age with lingering hand conduct him
To the bleak regions girt with stubborn frost?
And bend this warlike heart in massy chains
Of solid ice? what? shall the holy bards
Who sing my glorious deeds, thus end the song,
Alas! he dar'd not snatch the joys of heaven,
But meanly fell the prey of age and sickness? —

* Sayers' Poems, p. 97.

——————————— it must not be —
While yet my hand has strength, I'll rear the sword,
And die a soldier in my glittering arms.
——————————— O faithful steel,
Who ne'er hast fail'd thy master's vigorous arm,
When rear'd to strike, swift speed me to the Gods,
Pierce, pierce me deep, thy blade was never wet
With braver blood than that which warms my heart.—
[*He stabs himself.*
Yes, friendly steel, thy searching point is moist,
With Oswald's blood.
[*After a pause.*
What glorious visions rise!
I see the festive Gods at Odin's board!
I hear the splendid warrior's gladsome din.
Yon golden seat is vacant — 'tis for me —
I come, I come, the gloom of death has wrapt
My eyes in mist. — Hark, hark! — the notes of joy
Die on my ear — and now a louder peal
Bursts on my fluttering soul ——— *
[*He dies.*

Another important doctrine of the Edda, which contributed not a little to increase the courage and to inflame the love of war, so remarkable among the northern nations, was the belief in a destiny or fatalism, which no human power could controul, and none among the Gods, except Odin, who was termed the author and arbiter of the destinies. The agents he employed in dispensing good and evil, were the *Nornies* and *Valkyries*. Of these the former were three Virgins, who resided in a beautiful city, near the clear fountain, which flows from

* Sayers' Poems, p. 105.

the great Ash Hydrasil, in Asgard, and were named *Urda* the Past, *Werandi* the Present, and *Shulda* the Future; they are, in fact, the Parcæ or Weird Sisters, and wove, for every human being, a woof, on which his fate depended. It was an opinion, however, among the Goths, that the period of a man's life might be protracted, were another to die for him, and that Odin, appeased by such a substitution, revoked the decree of the Destinies, an idea which gave rise to many a bloody sacrifice, when the existence of any important personage was endangered. These Fatal Sisters, the *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos* of classic mythology, though coloured with a more terrific pencil, and who have been rendered familiar to us by the magic of Shakspeare, but with attributes somewhat different from those attached to the Parcæ of the Greeks or the Nornies of the Edda, have been beautifully alluded to by two modern poets, the first sketching from Gothic, the second from classic authority.

——————— Ye cruel maids,
When first ye 'gan to weave my woof of fate,
Ye dy'd it with the roseate hues of spring—
At length the raven croak'd—with joy ye snatch'd
The cords of woe, and dipp'd the unfinish'd web
Deep in the pitchy waters of despair. SAYERS.

So when with light and shade, concordant strife!
Stern Clotho weaves the chequer'd thread of life;
Hour after hour the growing line extends,
The cradle and the coffin bound its ends;
Soft cords of silk the whirling spoles reveal.
If smiling Fortune turn the giddy wheel;

But if sweet Love with baby fingers twines,
And wets with dewy lips the lengthening lines,
Skein after skein celestial tints unfold,
And all the silken tissue shines with gold.

DARWIN.

The *Valkyries* are more peculiarly the offspring of the Edda; for though, as cup-bearers, somewhat resembling the Houri of the Mahometan Paradise, yet, in their employment as CHUSERS OF THE SLAIN, they exclusively belong to the Gothic mythology. They officiate in Valhalla, serving out ale and mead to the heroes, in the skulls of the conquered. They are sent also, by Odin, to the field of battle, to confer the victory, and to select those who are to die, at the same time possessing the power of preserving whom they please. "*Guda*, *Rosta*, and *Shulda*, the youngest of the Destinies," observes the Edda, "go forth every day on horseback to chuse the dead, and regulate what carnage shall ensue."* Like the Nornies, they are frequently represented as weaving the web of death, and deciding the fate of the warrior. The anecdote on which Mr. Gray's celebrated Imitation, "The Fatal Sisters," is founded, describes, in a manner the most impressive, the occupation of these tremendous Beings.

"In the eleventh century Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, sent a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the

* Mallet, vol. ii. p. 99.

assistance of Sictryg, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of Brian their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the day of the battle), a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and, as they wove, they sung a dreadful song, which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and each taking her portion, galloped six to the North, and as many to the South. These were the Valkyries, who were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands."*

The picture which is drawn of this loom in Mr. Gray's version, is horribly sublime, and not exceeded, perhaps, by any effort in Runic poetry.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randror's bane.

See the griesly texture grow,
'Tis of human entrails made;

* Wakefield's *Gray*, p. 122.

And the weights that play below
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Nor is the exultation, which immediately follows, less pregnant with enthusiasm:—

Weave the crimson web of war,
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.—

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
Weave the crimson web of war.

The noblest production of the Bards of Scandinavia, the EULOGIUM OF HACON, owes much of its grandeur to the introduction of these terrific Goddesses. It was composed by the Scald Evinder, on an engagement in the year 960, in which Hacon, King of Norway, and eight of his brothers, fell: the poet was the cousin of the hero, and was present at the battle. It is preserved by Snorro, in his Chronicle of Nor-

way*, and was sung at the funeral of the Prince it has immortalised; the wildness and sublimity of its imagery cannot be too much admired.

"The Goddesses who preside over battles come, sent forth by Odin. They go to choose among the princes of the illustrious race of Yngvon, a man who is to perish, and to go to dwell in the palace of the Gods."

"Gondula leaned on the end of her lance, and thus bespoke her companions. 'The assembly of the Gods is going to be increased: the Gods invite Hacon, with his numerous host, to enter the palace of Odin.'"

"Thus spake these glorious nymphs of war: who were seated on their horses, who were covered with their shields and helmets, and appeared full of some great thought."

"Hacon heard their discourse. 'Why,' said he, 'why hast thou disposed of the battle? Were we not worthy to have obtained of the Gods a more perfect victory?'—'It is we,' she replied, 'who have given it thee. It is we who have put thine enemies to flight."

"'Now,' added she, 'let us push forward our steeds across those green worlds, which are the residence of the Gods. Let us go tell Odin, that the king is coming to visit him in his palace.'"

"When Odin heard this news, he said, 'Hermod and Brago, my sons, go to meet the king: a king, admired by all men for his valour, approaches to our hall.'"

* Snorron. Hist. Reg. Sept. t. p. 163.

"At length King Hacon approaches, and, arriving from the battle, is still all besprinkled and running down with blood. At the sight of Odin he cries out, 'Ah! how severe and terrible does this God appear to me!'"

"The hero Brago replies, 'Come, thou that wast the terror of the bravest warrior: come hither, and rejoin thine eight brothers: the heroes who reside here shall live with thee in peace: go, drink ale in the circle of heroes.'"

"But this valiant king exclaims, 'I will still keep my arms: a warrior ought carefully to preserve his mail and helmet: it is dangerous to be a moment without the spear in one's hand.'"

"The wolf Fenris shall burst his chains, and dart with rage upon his enemies, before so brave a king shall again appear upon earth, &c. &c."

"There is a great variety and boldness," observes Mr. Warton, "in the transitions of this ode. An action is carried on by a set of the most awful ideal personages, finely imagined. The goddesses of battle, Odin, his sons Hermod and Brago, and the spectre of the deceased king, are all introduced, speaking and acting as in a drama. The panegyric is nobly conducted, and rises out of the sublimity of the fiction." *

* History of English Poetry, vol. i. Dissertation 1.

This noble ode, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gothic song, and which is quoted in the text but in part, has been since Admirably translated by Mr. Herbert, and shall now be given in that gentleman's version, premising, however, that the last line, which in Mr. Herbert's copy is rendered "And melancholy swains bewail," appears to me more accurately represented by the in-

Thus the mythology of the Goths, as far as we have considered it, appears strongly to have enforced all the duties of the warrior, and to

---

terpretation, "'Till Heimdal's trumpet swell the gale," alluding to the trumpet-peal which is to usher in the twilight of the gods.

THE DEATH OF HACON.

BY EVIND SKALDASPILLER.

Gondul and Skogul swiftly flew,
To chuse from Yngva's boasted blood
What king should wend, with heroes slain
To dwell in Odin's rich abode.

Unmail'd beneath his banner bright
They saw Biorn's valiant brother stand;
The javelins flew; the foemen fell;
The storm of war 'gan shake the land.

The army's lord had warn'd the isles;
The bane of earls, stout Denmark's dread,
With gallant suite of northmen bold
High rear'd his eagle-crested head.

The king of men (before he hied
To stir the war with fearless might)
To ground his iron mail had cast,
The cumbrous harness of the fight.

He sported with his noble train,
When roused to guard his native land;
Joyful beneath the golden helm
Now did the dauntless monarch stand.

His glittering brand the hauberks clove,
As if it fell on liquid waves;
The falchions clash'd, the bucklers broke;
The armour sung beneath the glaives.

Keen burn'd the swords in bleeding wounds;
Long axes bow'd the struggling host;

have inculcated an uncontrollable love of liberty and war; it taught them to despise all danger, and to court death in the field of battle, as the

---

Loud echoing rang the bossy shields;
Fast rain'd the darts on Storda's coast.

Behind the buckler warriors bled;
In fight they joy'd from thirst of gold:
Hot flow'd the blood in Odin's storm;
The stream of blades whelm'd soldiers bold.

With helmets cleft, and actons pierc'd,
The arm'd chiefs rested on the plain;
Ah! little thought that valiant host
To reach the palace of the slain.

Couching her lance quoth Gondul fair;
"The crew of heaven be now increas'd;
"Stout Hacon with his countless host
"Is bidden hence to Odin's feast."

The monarch heard the fatal words
The steel-clad maids of slaughter bore;
As thoughtful on their steeds they sate,
And held their glittering shields before.

"Why thus," he said, "the war decide?
"From Heaven we merit victory!"
"Thy force," quoth Skogul, "we upheld,
"We bade thy mighty foemen fly.

"Fair sisters," cried the virgin bright,
"Ride we to heaven's immortal domes!
"Hear, Odin! Ere, to grace thy court,
"The king of men, the victor comes."

"Haste, Braga, and Hermoder, haste!
"To meet the chief," quoth Odin, "go!
"Hither he wends, whose sturdy arm
"Has wrought full many a champion woe."

From war return'd, the battle won,
His limbs shed fast a gory stream;

only avenue to happiness and immortality; to esteem no misfortune so great as that of imputed cowardice, and to believe, that no precautions of personal safety could delay or modify their destiny.

Nor were their laws or education less adapted to promote the end in view. From the tenderest age their children were accustomed to all the severities of cold, fatigue, and hunger; were

---

" Odin," he cried, " fierce Lord of death,
" Thy fell decrees full savage seem !"

" The peace of heroes shalt thou have ;
" Quaff with the gods the sparkling beer !
" Proud bane of earls," great Braga said,
" Eight valiant brothers hast thou here."

" Our arms," the generous king replied,
" These war-worn hands shall never yield ;
" Helmet and mail be well preserv'd ;
" 'Tis good the trusty blade to wield."

Then was it known, that Hacon's hand
Due offerings to each power had giv'n ;
Who to their blissful seats was hail'd
By all the glorious host of heav'n.

Hallow'd the day, and fam'd the year,
That bore a king so largely lov'd !
His memory be for ever sav'd,
And bless'd the land on which he mov'd !

Fenris the wolf from hell unchain'd
On mortals shall his fury pour,
Ere monarch great and good as he,
Visit this desolated shore.

Wealth perishes, and kindred die ;
Desert grows every hill and dale ;
With heathen gods shall Hacon sit
'Till Heimdal's trumpet swell the gale !

taught to handle their arms, to pursue the chace, to swim across the broadest rivers, to wrestle and to fight naked with offensive weapons. At the age, therefore, of fifteen, such were their strength and experience, that they were admitted into the rank of men, and took their station in the army. Upon this occasion a particular ceremony was observed; they received, with much solemnity, a sword, a buckler, and a lance, as indicative of becoming their own masters, and of the necessity, in future, of providing their own subsistence by hunting, and incursions against the common enemy. The shield or buckler, however, with which they were presented, was perfectly white and smooth, nor could they carve or paint any device upon it, until they had performed some feat worthy of being recorded; whence it was called the *Shield of Expectation*. The greatest part of a Gothic army, therefore, bore only white bucklers, and the chiefs were distinguished, as the face was usually hid by the helmet, by having their most gallant exploits curiously represented on their highly polished shields, a custom which, descending from father to son, at length gave rise to hereditary coats of arms.

To stimulate still further to heroism, those young nobles, who enlisted under a chief, frequently made a vow not to survive their commander, and performed prodigies of valour in his defence; while the private soldiers formed themselves into confraternities, the members of which engaged, at the expence of their own lives, to avenge the deaths of those who died

honourably in the field. Such an institution as this, it is evident, among a people prone to war, would carry valour to the most romantic pitch of daring.

To such a degree of blind infatuation, indeed, had they arisen, with regard to every thing appertaining to war, that they, at length, paid divine honours to their arms, and worshipped their swords, their battle-axes, and their pikes. In their estimation, a sword was the only proper symbol of the Deity, and when a place was to be appropriated to the hallowed duties of prayer and sacrifice, it was designated and rendered sacred by planting a spear in the centre. On these instruments of slaughter, likewise, they took their solemn oaths and engagements, and it seldom occurred that their faith, thus pledged, was ever broken. In an old Icelandic poem, translated by Bartholin, a Scandinavian swears by the shoulder of a horse and the edge of a sword.

> Juramenta mihi prius omnia dabis
> Adlatus navis, et ad scuti extremitatem,
> *Ad equi armum, et ad Gladii Aciem, &c.* *

And Shakspeare has in his Hamlet, with much propriety, represented the Prince of Denmark as calling upon his companions to *swear* by *his sword*.

> ——————— Come hither, gentlemen,
> And lay your hands again upon my sword,

* Lib. 1. cap. 6.

Never to speak of this that you have heard
Swear by my SWORD. *

After what has been already mentioned, relative to the martial influence of the religion and education of the ancient Scandinavians, it may be scarce necessary to say, that they considered the field of battle as the theatre of their felicity, and rushed to action with every demonstration of extravagant joy. Invoking the name of Odin, they sprang like lightning on the foe, raising the most tremendous shouts, and clashing their shields together, while the attendant bards were ever ready to exclaim

Joy to the soul! a joy divine!
When conflicting armies join;
When trumpets clang, and bugles sound;
When strokes of death are dealt around;
When the sword feasts, yet craves for more;
And every gauntlet drips with gore. †

In short, by the Gothic nations, war, with all its difficulties and dangers, was considered as a mere sport, and is more frequently mentioned by the elder scalds in the light of an amusement, than in a more serious style. Thus Ragner Lodbrach, describing one of the numerous conflicts in which his life had been occupied, adopts the following language: —

The *sport* of war intent to try,
We rear our magic shields on high.

* Act I. Scene the last.
† The Carousal of Odin, by Penrose.

In Hiadninga's echoing bay
First began the heroic *play*.
The vengeful swords whirl'd o'er the main;
Their strong-knit bucklers tear in twain;
With mingled clash our arms resound,
The helms of men to dust are ground.
Not with more transport by his side
The lover clasps his beauteous bride.

To preserve and perpetuate the glory acquired by a military life, beyond the short date of human existence, was an object of primary importance in the estimation of the Scandinavians, and their first efforts to attain this object were directed to the durability of their sepulchral structures. They, therefore, buried their heroes under lofty hills, which they took immense pains in rearing on the centre of some plain adjoining the public road, or near some fountain or frequented place. To these tumuli, or even to the plain itself, they usually gave the name of the warrior who rested beneath the soil; thus the tomb of Hamlet, as described by Saxo, "Insignis ejus sepultura ac nomine campus apud Justiam extat," is to this day called Amlet's Hede.*

This simple style of sepulture, however, was anterior to Odin, who introduced into the North the custom of rearing a pile and reducing the body to ashes: these were afterwards collected into an urn, and then placed under a small and artificial mount of earth; a mode of celebrating the funeral rites which existed for better than

* Saxo, lib. iv. Bartholin, p. 119.

five hundred years, but which was at length superseded by the resumption of the former custom of interment. These two ceremonies relative to the dead, have been distinguished, in the annals of Scandinavia, by the appellation of the *Age of Fire*, and the *Age of Hills*.

As to enter the Hall of Odin after death on horseback, with a retinue of friends and slaves, and every possible mark of magnificence, was esteemed essential to the hero, and a part even of the religion of the North, the ancient Scandinavians usually buried with their warriors, or placed on their funeral pile, his arms, his gold and silver, and his war-horses, firmly believing, as Odin himself had assured them, that whatever was interred or burnt with the dead, would accompany him to the mansions of the Gods. Thus, in the tomb of Chilperic the First, were found his arms and the bones of the horse, on which he purposed entering the gates of Valhalla. Hence in many of the tumuli or barrows in Denmark, and in the south-west parts of this island, the bones of horses are frequently discovered mingled with those of the warrior.

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.

VIRGIL, *Georg.* lib. i.

There, after length of time, the peaceful swain,
Who plows the turf that swells o'er armies slain,

Shall cast, half-gnaw'd with rust, huge pikes in air,
And hollow helms that clash beneath the share,
And mid their yawning graves amaz'd behold
Large bones of warriors of gigantic mold.

SOTHEBY.

Unfortunately for humanity, it was deemed a point of honour also among the Scythians and Scandinavians, to accompany the shade of a celebrated chieftain to the palace of the God of War, and the wives, friends, dependants, and slaves, frequently sacrificed themselves on the same pile which supported the corse of their leader, with the view of augmenting his retinue and state in another world. When Balder, the friend and companion of Odin, died, and was placed upon the funeral pile, *Nanna*, the most beloved of his wives, voluntarily threw herself into the flames, which were consuming the body of her husband.

The magnificence of ceremony or the durability of funeral tumuli, were, however, feeble supporters of the immortality so much coveted by the Gothic warrior, when compared with the assistance he derived from an art, of all others the most cultivated, among the ancient inhabitants of the North. To the powers of *Poetry*, to the martial song of the *Scald*, the dying hero looked up for the perpetuity of his fame, nor has the generous hope been frustrated. Few nations have cultivated this charming art with more enthusiasm than the Scandinavians, few with more energy and effect. To do justice, therefore, to a theme, involving much of their

national character, and which laid a permanent foundation for their military glory, it is my intention to devote the succeeding Number to a consideration of the influence and operation of poetry, on the minds and manners of our northern ancestors.

No. LV.

Call forth the song ——the Minstrels came—
The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.
PENROSE.

A LOVE for poetry has been ever prevalent in the earliest stages of society, and those whom we have usually designated by the term Barbarians, have generally cultivated it with the greatest ardour and success. It would appear, indeed, from the history of mankind, that the powers of melody and song, the union of sweet sounds with measured language, were long anterior to prose, and employed, by all rude nations, as the vehicle of their religion, laws, education, and traditions. Memory was thus assisted by the regular return of harmonious periods, and the passions agitated by the recitation of glorious achievements, in diction of the most bold and figurative cast. Hence Homer and Hesiod flourished several centuries before the appearance of Pherecydes; and poetry, in every country, from the gardens of Schiras to the mountains of Lapland, has even made rapid strides to perfection, at a time when prose, as a composition, could not be said to exist.

No people, however, have been more devoted to this art, or derived more important

consequences from it, than the ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia. With their religion, warfare, politics, and manners, it was closely interwoven, and their glory, immortality, and happiness, rested on its basis. Odin, indeed, when he conducted his colony from the Caspian to the shores of the Baltic, placed himself at the head of a nation, already addicted to the charms of poetry, and even familiar, perhaps, with the rich landscape of Georgia; but, in the wilds of Scandinavia, where nature assumes a more terrific shape, where all is savage, gigantic, and sublime, imagination soon became more powerfully affected, and forcibly combined with the martial mythology of their leader, in imparting a sterner tone to the Muses, an air of loftier enthusiasm.

——— Hence the Scald's strong verse
Partook the savage wildness.——— For
Amid such scenes as these, the Poet's soul
Might best attain full growth; pine-cover'd rocks,
And mountain-forests of eternal shade,
And glens and vales, on whose green quietness
The lingering eye reposes, and fair lakes
That image the light foliage of the beech,
Or the grey glitter of the aspen leaves
On the still bough thin trembling. SOUTHEY.

In the Edda, therefore, as containing the peculiar tenets of Odin, we might naturally expect that much honour would be paid, and much importance annexed to the influence of poetry and music, and, accordingly, a deity in Valhalla, under the name of BRAGA, presides

over those delightful arts which, in allusion to his name, have been usually termed Brager. To him the Bard or Scald offered a devotion, warm from the heart; for to him he attributed the inspiration, which procured him the most distinguished honours, and which wrought such wonders on the fascinated hearers of the song. The following chorus of Sayers beautifully paints the occupation and influence of this enchanting God: —

What sound celestial floats
Upon the liquid air?
Is it the rustling breeze
From Glasor's golden boughs?
Is it the dark-green deep
Soft echoing to the notes
Of Niord's swans?

No — 'tis Braga's harp,
Braga sweeps the sounding strings —
Mimer's stream inspires the god,
With swimming eyes,
And soul of fire
He pours the tide of harmony. —

He whom Braga loves
Shall swell the solemn lay,
Shall strike the chords of joy,
And gently touch the shell.
He whom Braga loves
Shall wake the din of war,
Inflame the chieftain's soul,
And send him in his glittering arms
To fields of blood.

In imitation, also, probably, of the Asiatics, who possess their nine Gossiæ, or Muses, the Scandinavians have introduced into their mythology a similar number of nymphs, who perform somewhat similar offices, and whose names are *Eliff*, *Elif-dursa*, *Thvdrarta*, *Beort*, *Blith*, *Blithur*, *Frith*, *Eir*, and *Aurboda*. They are thus described in the Edda of Sæmund, as stationed on the Rock of Pleasure, seated at the knees of *Menglada*, a regal virgin of matchless beauty, and singing to the genii of the breeze: —

What is that rock whose craggy head
Bends incumbent o'er its bed;
While on its lofty top I trace
A virgin form of goodliest grace?
The Rock of Pleasure is the name
Those rude majestic summits claim.
There round the convalescent's brow,
Gales salubrious ever blow.
The sigh of anguish never there,
Rends the pure elastic air.
Happy! thrice happy! is her lot,
Who gains that life-inspiring spot:
For pain, and malady, and care,
It med'cines from each suffering fair.

What names denote that virgin crowd,
Whose songs symphonious echo loud;
As seated at Menglada's knees,
They charm the Genii of the breeze?

The first that's seen with goddess face
Is guardian of the etherial race:

The next the giant brood defends:
The third o'er man her care extends:
The fourth all learning's stores combines;
The fifth in milder virtue shines;
Graces supreme the sixth adorn:
The seventh is fair as vernal morn:
The eighth each healing flow'ret knows,
On plain or mountain brow that grows:
The ninth fair nymph assumes the part
Of Guardian to each liberal art. *

The pleasures of poetry and music, therefore, either calculated to stimulate the passion for war, or to excite the softer joys of revelry and love, constituted a considerable portion of the felicity appropriated to the brave in the palace of Odin. When Balder, the God of the Sun, the Apollo of Scandinavia, was unintentionally destroyed by his brother Hoder, through the artifice of Lok, the evil principle, he descended, not having fallen in battle, according to the doctrine of Odin, into the realms of Hela, the Goddess of death, and is represented, by a modern poet, in conformity to the relation of the Edda, as lamenting his situation, and fondly dwelling on the joys he had been deprived of in the splendid halls of heaven. Of these, music and poetry are the chief.

——————— Farewell! ye glittering domes,
For ever echoing with the gladsome noise
Of revelry and song harmonious, seats
Of happy gods, where from the gold-tipt horn
They quaff the scented nectar of the bee,
And thrill with rapture, while the strains of mirth

* Cottle's Edda of Sæmund, p. 282.

Rush on sonorous wings their halls among —
No more shall Balder in your spacious courts
Catch with transported soul the social joy,
And mix exulting with celestial bands —
Groves of Valhalla! haunts of kindred gods!
Oft have I wander'd in your flowery paths,
Cool'd by the stream of Mimer*, oft I've sought
Your thickest shade, and catch'd with eager ear
The notes which softly stole from Braga's harp
Attun'd to love; and there the beauteous form
Of Frea blooming as the orient day
Would blushing meet her Balder's steps retir'd,
Enamour'd gaze upon my graceful limbs,
And drink the honied accents of my lips —
Then from her melting eyes the glance of love
Quick shot — dear scenes of fleeting joy, farewell!†

More usually, however, was poetry employed, among the deities of the North, as a stimulus to daily carnage, their principal amusement, than to awaken the milder feelings of the soul; and Mr. Penrose has, therefore, in his "Carousal of Odin," justly represented one of the Valkyries as breaking in upon the feast of mirth, and, after exclaiming, with indignation, against their dissolute revelry, calling upon the bards to chaunt the deeds of war, the effect of whose strains is thus dramatically described.

Wth greedy ears the guests each note devour'd,
Each struck his beaver down, and grasp'd his faithful sword —

* The waters of Mimer, which ran through Asgard, or the mansion of the Gods, conferred on the drinker the powers of eloquence and poetry.

† Sayers' Dramatic Sketches, 8vo. p. 12.

The charm prevail'd, up rush'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage as they foam'd along,
Fierce Odin's self led forth the frantic band,
To scatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land.

Such was the employment of the Minstrels in the elysium of the North, and such was their office during life, among a people fond to excess of military glory. To the Scalds, or, as the word imports, the polishers of verse, the Scandinavian hero was indebted for his fame, and to acquire this poetical immortality, exposed his life, with an enthusiasm and intrepidity unknown to modern times. The Scald composed his verses, not from tradition, or in the calm seclusion of the closet, but was himself the witness and the judge of the prowess he celebrated, no warrior entering upon an expedition or engaging in a battle, without the attendance of two or more poets to eternise his military merit. When Hacon, Earl of Norway, took the field, he was usually accompanied by five Scalds, who, as history relates, each sung an ode, to animate his soldiers, previous to the engagement; and Olave, king of the same district, one day, it is recorded, placing three of them around him in battle, exclaimed—"You shall not relate what you have only heard, but what you are eye-witnesses of yourselves." *

Surrounded by such spectators, who were considered as the only durable propagators of martial glory, and who seldom, if ever, lavished their praises, but on the truly brave and gene-

* Bartholin, de Caus. Contempt. a Dan. Mortis, lib. 1. cap. 8.

rous, what might not a chieftain ambitious of fame perform? In short, the Bards of Scandinavia may be justly deemed the chief authors of heroic virtue among their countrymen; nor was their utility less in transmitting to posterity the records of their age; poetry, at this period, being not only adapted to encourage and display the valour of individuals, but to chaunt likewise, to the sound of the harp, at solemn festivals and feasts, the history and genealogy of the nation, from the earliest epoch to the prince upon the throne. To these poetical attempts are we indebted, for all that remains to us of the ancient records of Scandinavia, Saxo Grammaticus having drawn from these sources the materials of the first six or seven books of his history. Indeed such was the prevalence of poetical composition in the North, and such the facility which the Scalds possessed of throwing their ideas into metre, that conversation, in extemporary verse, was by no means uncommon. Like the modern Italians, the Scandinavians could boast of numerous *Improvisatore's*; and the chronicles have preserved many specimens of these impromptus, which do great credit to the inventors, and display a wonderful choice and felicity of expression; it is even recorded of an Icelandic Bard, named SIVARD, that he could never utter his thoughts in prose, with any degree of perspicuity or elegance, but that in his verse, which even in common conversation he adopted, all was harmony, ease and * arrangement. Eyrind and Egill likewise, two of the most an-

* Vide Olav. in Epistol. apud Worm. Litterat. Runic.

cient and celebrated Scalds, were accustomed to compose in this extemporary manner; and of the latter, an elegant ode is still extant, entitled *The Ransom of Egill*, and which was delivered in the unpremeditated style, and with the success it merited, before one of the kings of Norway.*

An emulation, indeed, to excel in an art, which produced such powerful and national effects, seems to have pervaded every rank in society, at this period, in the North; and kings and warriors, as Warton observes, partook of this epidemic enthusiasm, and, on frequent occasions, are represented as breaking forth into spontaneous songs and verses.† When Harold Hardraade, King of Norway, had finished his expedition into Africa, he composed sixteen songs on the occasion, and the Epicedium of Ragner Lodbrach, which we have so frequently had occasion to mention, is a well-known, but by no means a solitary instance, of what education can effect, even in the agonies of death, for Bartholin has preserved an account of Pruda, a Danish champion, who describes his past life in nine strophes, while his enemy Bruce, a giant, was tearing out his vitals. First Stanza: "Tell my mother, Suanhita, in Denmark," he exclaims, "tell her that she will not this summer comb the hair of her son. I had promised her to return, but now my side shall feel the edge of the sword." Second Stanza: "*It was for other*

* Torf. H. N. tom. ii. p. 188. et seq.
† History of Poetry, vol. i. Dissertation i.

wise when we sate at home in mirth, cheering ourselves with the drink of ale; and coming from Hordeland, passed the gulf in our ships; when we quaffed mead, and conversed of liberty. Now I alone am fallen into the narrow prison of the giants." Third Stanza: "*It was far otherwise*," &c. &c.; this expression, "it was far otherwise," introducing every stanza.* In a similar spirit of poetic heroism, the champion Orrarodd commemorated, on his death-bed, the glorious achievements of his life; and Hallmund, another celebrated chieftain, is related, when mortally wounded, to have requested his daughter to listen to and to copy on wood, a poem he was about to deliver on the victories he had obtained in defence of his country.†

This custom of rejoicing in a violent death, and of chanting, in measured periods, the exploits of war and depredation, took its origin in the East, and was familiar to the Sogdians, a people who resided eastward of the Caspian, in the time of Alexander the Great; a circumstance which strongly corroborates the hypothesis of the migration of Odin from that quarter of the globe; for when some of that nation, relates Quintus Curtius, were condemned to death by Alexander for rebellion, they testified their exultation by singing and dancing; and when that monarch expressed his astonishment at their procedure, he was answered, "that being soon to be *restored to their ancestors* by so great a conqueror, they could not help cele-

* Antiquit. Danic. lib. i. caps. 10. p. 158. edit. 1689.

† Bartholin, p. 462.

brating so honourable a death, which was the *wish* of all brave men, in their own accustomed songs." *

As it generally required, however, not only a genius of a peculiar kind, but a peculiar mode of education, in order to excel in this art, and as the poet was an officer of essential importance to the state, it soon became necessary to set apart a body of men, who might exercise and carry, to the utmost point of perfection, the powers both of music and of song. Under the name of Scalds, or polishers of language, these bards were held in the highest honour, by every rank in society, and were particularly caressed at the courts of those chieftains and princes, who, in the hour of battle, had covered their memory with glory. They were seated above all the other officers, were intrusted with commissions, both in peace and war, of the utmost consequence, and no public ceremony or private festival could exist without them. To injure or offer violence to a member of this privileged order, was followed by the most signal punishment, while a Scald, provided he sued for pardon, in verses of exquisite beauty, had the penalty due to his crimes, however enormous, remitted. It was thus that *Egill*, a celebrated Icelandic poet, obtained his pardon from Eric Blodoxe, King of Denmark, although he had murdered his son and several of his friends; melted by the pathetic and extemporaneous strains of Egill, the monarch, his queen, and

* Lib. vii. cap. 8.

nobles, forgot the atrocious outrage, and dismissed the bard unpunished. This composition, which possessed the true spirit of poetry, is preserved by Olaus Wormius *, and compliments the king, who had lately conquered the county of Northumberland, with the title of the English Chief. "I offer my freight to the king," sings the bard: "I owe a poem for my ransom. I present to the *English chief* the mead of Odin."

More substantial rewards than mere honour, at least, according to modern estimation, awaited the poets of Scandinavia, and splendid arms, gorgeous apparel, and golden ornaments, were lavished in profusion on the successful candidate. When Egill, whom we have just mentioned, displayed his talents before Athelstan, King of England, he was so delighted by his extraordinary powers, that he immediately presented him with two rings, and two large cabinets filled with silver, assuring him, at the same time, that he would grant him any favour he chose to demand. Inspired by gratitude, the astonished Scald instantly delivered a poetical panegyric on the virtues of Athelstan, and received from the generous monarch, in requital, two marcs of pure gold. † Equally liberal was our Danish king, Canute the Great, though unreasonably severe, when he conceived the due tribute of applause had not been paid to his achievements; for in the *Knytlinga Saga*,

* Litter. Runic. pp. 195. 227.
† Crymogr. Angrim. Jon. p. 129. edit. 1609.

or History of Canute, it is recorded, that he ordered the Scald *Loftange* to be put to death, because he had presumed to comprehend his immortal deeds in too small a compass. "Nemo," said he, "ante te, ausas est de me BREVES CANTILENAS componere." The Bard, however, producing, the next day, before the king at dinner, an ode of more than thirty stanzas, not only received from the offended hero a speedy pardon, but fifty marcs also of purified silver. *

When such were the honours and emoluments attending an office, which, of itself, possessed numerous attractions for genius and imagination, and was one great source of military enthusiasm to a people subsisting by war, it cannot be a subject of surprise, that the number professing this elegant art in the North, should prove very considerable. The earliest Scald, on record, however, did not exist before the year 750, and in the century following, Ragner Lodbrach composed his celebrated ode, from which period, namely, from the ninth century to the reign of Valdemar the Second, in 1157, flourished two hundred and thirty Scalds, among whom some crowned heads and several chiefs of immortal fame are conspicuous. †

It is a circumstance of great singularity, that to Iceland, the region of storms and sterility, where rivers of fire issue from mountains covered with eternal snow, and which calcine into hideous

* Bartholin, Antiquit. Danic. lib. i. cap. 10. pp. 169, 170.
† Vide Ol. Worm. Litt. Runic. pp. 241, 242.

ruin the adjoining plains, we owe the majority of the northern bards. History, likewise, as well as poetry, seems to have fixed her abode on this rugged spot; for nearly all the annals of Scandinavia appear to have been composed by inhabitants of this island, who, when converted to Christianity, laudably employed themselves in collecting their poetry, and in snatching from oblivion the traditions and mythology of their Pagan ancestors. Probably their government, being of a republican form, might, as the path to utility and preferment, peculiarly foster the arts of poetry and eloquence, while the unconquerable poverty of their country might induce them to emigrate to the Continent, where, as bards, as orators, or statesmen, they would improve and propagate their talents and renown.

From whatever cause it has arisen, the Scald is usually represented, in the traditions and ancient poetry of Scandinavia, as a native of Iceland; and in a poem by Mr. Sterling, entitled THE SCALDER, he is drawn, in obedience to this testimony, as chanting his unpremeditated strains amid the wild scenery of this northern Parnassus.

Lost in wild Fancy's fairy dream,
Bright visions pass'd before his eyes,
The gods, and heroes were his theme,
Who roll the thunder of the skies:
To soothe his sorrows for a while,
Thus sang the Scalder of the Lonely Isle.*

* The name of Iceland in the language of the Scalders.

A shaggy rock o'erhung the raging flood;
Here sat the tow'ring bard in dreadful state;
Loud roar'd the tempest thro' the crashing wood;
Rude was the scene, majestically great:
The western clouds still held their yellow glow;
And Hecla pour'd her flames thro' boundless wastes of snow.*

Poetry generally arrogates to herself a style, very remote from common language; but in the earliest stages of society, where intellect is confined to sensible images, and the language is necessarily sterile, where no abstract terms or reflex ideas are admitted, the surrounding objects of nature are laid under heavy contribution, and furnish an abundance of daring metaphors, hyperboles, and allegories, which, to the correct and chastised taste of a more polished period, throw an air of obscurity and tumid grandeur over composition, and which a modern poet durst not have risked. In imagery and diction, no poets have indulged a greater licence than the ancient Scalds of Scandinavia; for whether they drew from simple nature, or from the dark recesses of their own mythology, they were alike gigantic and extravagant, though frequently sublime. Indeed, so little have their religious fables been familiarised to us, that their poetry becomes enigmatical, chiefly from assuming the figurative style of the Edda; for when the passions are merely intended to be roused, the diction generally possesses a just simplicity, and the sublime and the pathetic are attained without

* Poems, p. 139.

labour and without obscurity. To do justice, therefore, to what they esteemed the most brilliant and striking passages of their poetry, namely, those founded on the mystic narratives of the Edda, the study of the phraseology of their religious code is absolutely required; and they themselves were so sensible of it, that one of their master-bards, Rogvald, Earl of the Orkneys, published a Scaldic Dictionary, under the title of the POETICAL KEY, which amply explained the fables and expressions most commonly adopted or alluded to. "Rogvaldus Orcadum comes," says Wormius, "princeps egregius, inter alias nobiles dotes, quibus ornatus est, præstantissimus et promptissimus fuit Rhythmista, et CLAVEM RHYTHMITICAM, quæ ad hue extat, confecisse dicitur."*

When the number of phrases, expressive of the attributes of their different deities, and the almost infinite variety of metaphors, made use of for the simplest terms, are considered, the work of Rogvald must have been deemed highly useful to both the Scald and his reader. Thus, in this hyperbolical style, *Gold* was called the tears of Frea; *Poetry* the drink of Odin; the *Sea* the field of pirates; the *Tongue* the sword of words; a *Combat* the bath of blood, the hail of Odin, &c. &c. expressions which, without an interpretation, would appear to us greatly over-strained and frequently unintelligible. These difficulties, however, once overcome, the poetry

* Vide Ol. Worm. Litt. Runic. p. 195.

of the North will break forth in all its energy, sublimity, and beauty.

> To prompt the sympathetic tear,
> To bid the purple tyrant fear,
> And trance with joy the ravish'd mind. *

In short, the most bold and astonishing imagery, expressed with the utmost vehemence and fire, more generally breathing the soul of war, but sometimes sounding the softer tones of love and friendship, characterises the Scandinavian Muses, who are the offspring of pure passion and imagination, and widely differing from the modern Nine, who seem to have lost, in a great measure, that magic influence, which, in the infancy of society, for ever playing round the heart, produced effects so truly wonderful and romantic. This, indeed, is but the necessary consequence of civilisation, which, while it improves the understanding, too often leaves the imagination dormant and lifeless. "Human nature," observes Dr. Blair, "is pruned according to method and rule; men correct and refine one another; they subdue or disguise their passions; they form their exterior manners upon one uniform standard of politeness and civility. Language advances from sterility to copiousness, and, at the same time, from fervor and enthusiasm, to correctness and precision. Style becomes more chaste but less animated. The progress of the world, in this respect,

* Edda of Sæmund, p. 292.

resembles the progress of age in man. The powers of imagination are most vigorous and predominant in youth, those of the understanding ripen more slowly, and often attain not to their maturity, till the imagination begins to flag. Hence poetry, which is the child of imagination, is frequently most glowing and animated in the first ages of society. As the ideas of our youth are remembered with a peculiar pleasure on account of their liveliness and vivacity; so the most ancient poems have often proved the greatest favourites of "nations."

It must be recollected, likewise, that during the period in which Scaldic fancy flourished, poetry was so essentially connected with religion, war, and politics, that no government in the North was carried on independent of its influence; and the bards of Scandinavia being superior to any other existing, at that time, in Europe, and always accompanying their princes and chieftains in their various expeditions, had every opportunity of propagating their mythology, and were, indeed, generally retained in foreign courts. Even anterior to the Saxon invasion of England, there is evidence, which seems to prove, that the poets of Scandinavia were well known to the inhabitants of this island. Both Torfeus and Olaus Wormius † positively assert, that several Icelandic odes are still extant, which were sung before the kings of England and Ireland, and it appears almost

* Blair's Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian.

† Torf. Hist. Oread. in Præfat. Lit. Danic. p. 195. ed. 4to.

certain, that the *Scutes* who conquered Scotland and Ireland were natives of Norway. The maritime and piratical life of the Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes, early led them to risk various expeditions on the neighbouring islands, and the Orkneys, Scotland, Ireland and Britain, naturally offered the most tempting opportunities for adventure. The Scalds, ever a part of the military retinue, soon, it may be presumed, rendered their profession popular among the strangers, and rapidly circulated their tales and songs, which were calculated, not only to rouse a spirit of martial enthusiasm, but, by their wild and wonderful incidents, to arrest the attention of nearly every description of people.

That the tincture already given to the poetry and popular superstitions of the British Isles, would be greatly heightened by the Saxon conquest, there can be no doubt. The Saxons were a Scandinavian tribe who originally inhabited the Cimbric Chersonese, and boasted of a line of princes in lineal descent from Odin. They imported into Britain the Runic characters and language, of which several specimens have been discovered in Cumberland and Scotland; and it is well known to the antiquary, that there is even extant a coin of King Offa, with a Runic legend.* On their conversion to Christianity, however, which took place toward the latter end of the sixth century, they dropped the use of the Runic letters, but preserved, in a great measure, and for a considerable length of time, both their

* Archæol. vol. ii. p. 181. A.D. 1773.

poetry and much of their former spirit of fiction and mythology. Many of their odes and songs remain, which are written with energy and occasional sublimity; but as literature became more generally cultivated among them, poetry, as a separate order and profession, declined, and, at length, the almost deified Scald dwindled into the Gleeman or Minstrel, a character which maintained its ground until the accession of the eighth Henry.

The Danish invasions, however, contributed, in no small degree, to the support of the Scaldic fictions; for nearly two centuries the Danes were occupied in various expeditions to this coast, and their language being well understood by the Saxons, the songs of their bards soon became familiar, and their persons were treated with courtesy and respect, although their strains were mingled with the Pagan doctrines of the discarded Edda. No stronger proofs can be given, of the security and favour attached to this order, than the often recorded instances of *Alfred* and *Anlaff*, the former of whom, in the year 878, trusting to his skill in oral poetry, and playing well upon the harp, ventured into the Danish camp, clothed as a Scald *, and the latter, though a Danish king, adopted the same disguise, and with equal good fortune, in order to reconnoitre the camp of the Saxon Monarch Athelstan. † In fact, when complete success had attended the Danish arms under Canute, their literature became so fashionable throughout

* Ingulph. Hist. p. 869. † Malmsbr. ii. cap. 6.

the island, that to excel in it, was the surest road to the smiles and partial notice of the conqueror. * Nor were the Icelandic bards, during this period, less familiarly known to the English; we have found Egill, a celebrated Icelandic poet, patronised by Athelstan, and Loftunge liberally rewarded by Canute, who offered every encouragement to the Saxons in the study of the Danish Runes.

While the poetry and mythology of the Edda were, for many centuries, progressive in the British isles, the Continent was experiencing a similar impression, for, in the fourth century, the Scandinavians conquered many countries bordering upon France †, and the Gauls became gradually accustomed to the language and manners of the North. Charlemagne, says Eginhart ‡, used to recite, with extreme pleasure, the most ancient and barbarous odes, commemorating the warlike achievements of the chiefs of old; and, about the commencement of the tenth century, Rollo, at the head of an army of Normans or Northern men, consisting of Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, invaded France, and founding a duchy within her territories, soon rendered the Pagan fictions of Scandinavia familiar to the inhabitants.

Another circumstance, which enabled the Scandinavian Scalds to transmit to posterity so large a mass of their poetry and mode of fabling, was the length of time which elapsed previous

* Hickes's Thesaur. ii. 312.
† Ibid. i. part 2. p. 4. ‡ Cap. 8. 2. 24.

to their conversion to Christianity, the natives of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, not completely entering the pale of the church until the close of the tenth century. This, by preserving the original features of their character, as depending upon their martial mythology and romantic superstitions, gave an opportunity of still more widely disseminating their tenets, and of carrying to perfection and adding stability to the profession of the Scald.

That the taste for romantic fiction, which so long prevailed in Europe, and which was not finally extinguished until the commencement of the seventeenth century, was, in a great measure, built upon the Gothic system of fabling, there can, I think, be little doubt. Long anterior to the arrival of the Saracens in Spain, during the ninth century, to whom *Velasquez* *, *Warburton* †, and *Warton* ‡, have attributed the introduction of this peculiar species of imagery, Europe had thoroughly imbibed the mythology and fancy of Scandinavia, which, as we shall distinctly see before the conclusion of these papers, involved the seeds, not only of romance but of chivalry. With *Mallet* §, therefore, with *Pinkerton* ‖, and *Percy* ¶, we must refer to the Gothic Edda, as to the first source of these important innovations in literature and manners. "Our old romances

* History of the Poetry of Spain.
† Note to Love's Labour Lost.
‡ History of English Poetry, vol. i. Dissertation 1.
§ Introduction to the History of Denmark.
‖ Dissertation on the Scythians or Goths.
¶ On the Ancient Metrical Romances.

of chivalry," observes the latter, "may be derived, in a *lineal descent*, from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic Bards and Scalds. Many of these songs are still preserved in the North, which exhibit all the seeds of chivalry, before it became a solemn institution. Even the common arbitrary fictions of romance, were most of them familiar to the ancient Scalds of the North, long before the time of the Crusades. They believed the existence of giants and dwarfs, they had some notions of fairies, they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and enchantment, and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters." *

A third hypothesis, and supported with considerable ingenuity, has been advanced by a writer in the Monthly Magazine, who derives the *patria* of Romance, of Rhyme, and of Chivalry, from Armorica and Britain, to the Cimbric or Welsh inhabitants of which he attributes the manners and compositions of our heroic ages. † This theory, however, appears much less tenable than the two former; and the preponderance in favour of a Scandinavian origin will seem almost decisive, when it is considered, that there is evidence in proof of the *Trouveurs*, or northern poets of France, being lineally descended from the Normans, who, while yet Pagans, invaded that country, and at a period when the Scaldic art had attained its highest point of perfection in the native country of their

* On the Ancient Metric Romances.
† Monthly Magazine, vol. ix. p. 4.

leader Rollo. This chieftain brought with him a number of Scandinavian Scalds, who took care to transmit their knowledge and skill in poetry to their children, and these embracing Christianity, the warriors of the North were soon superseded by the heroes of Christendom; and a Charlemagne, a Roland and an Oliver, attended by the Scaldic machinery of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments, became the favourite subject of the tales and amusement of Europe.

The Normans having thus obtained a permanent settlement, the language north of the Loire was speedily mingled with the Gothic idiom and phraseology, and assumed the name of Norman French or French Romance, in which dialect the poets, instead of Scalds, were called *Trouveurs*, a class of itinerant reciters, who travelled from one chateau to another, in order to amuse the indolent noblesse. These northern Trouveurs, an order of men widely different from the *Troubadours* or Provencal poets, and the immediate offspring of Scandinavia, possessed strong powers of imagination, and were the authors of nearly all the romances and tales, which, for some centuries, were dispersed over Europe; in England, especially, where the Gothic manners had already been engrafted, they were rapidly introduced, and the Norman Conquest shortly afterwards rendered the dialect in which they were composed, the language of the court.

"The French language," observes Mr. Ellis, "was divided into two dialects, both of which

bore the name of Romane or Romance, because each was formed on the basis of the Latin; the northern being adulterated by a mixture of Frankish and Norman words, and the southern by those of the Ostrogoths, Visigoths, and Alani. The river Loire was their common boundary. In the provinces to the south of that river, the affirmative *yes* was expressed by the word *oc*; in the north it was called *oil* (oui); and hence Danté has named the southern language *langue d'oc*, and the northern *langue d'oil*. The latter, which was carried into England, Sicily, &c. by the Normans, and is the origin of the present French, may be called French Romane, and the former *Provençal* or *Provencial Romane*, because it was spoken by the subjects of Ramond Count of Provence, who were known in the European armies during the Crusades, by the general name of Provençals or Provencials.*

The utmost disparity existed between these two dialects; while the southern was all softness and polish, the northern expressed, with energy and vigour, the various passions of the soul; while the one was entirely absorbed in Sirventes (satirical pieces), love-songs, and in the gallantry of what was called the *gay science*, the other was eagerly employed in chaunting the vast, the wild and marvellous story, the comic fabliaux, or the romantic legend of chivalry. Though the Troubadours formed a numerous body, and their

* Vide Ellis's Preface to Way's Translation of the Fabliaux of Le Grand, p. 24.

poetry was cultivated in the south of France, as an accomplishment necessary to the first orders of society, yet were they so occupied by the follies and fopperies of love, that only four narrative pieces are attributed to them, and these only legends of devotion, whereas the Trouveurs have furnished us, in the Norman French, with above a hundred romance writers; for, having deserted the standard of the chiefs of Scandinavia, they not only adopted the Christian warriors Arthur, Charlemagne, and Richard, but seized, with avidity, on the classical heroes of Greece, and Hercules, Theseus, Jason, Hector, and Alexander, enjoyed a reputation for chivalric adventure and prowess, that could only be rivalled by the Orlando of Ariosto.

That something was added to the Scandinavian system of fabling, through the medium of the Crusades, and through the introduction of Arabian literature into Spain, cannot rationally be doubted; but that the great outlines of romantic fiction had been previously chalked out in Europe by the northern Scalds, and that to their literature, mythology, and poetry, we may trace the origin of Romance, appears too obvious to be denied.

Poetry, to the ancient Scandinavians, was a necessary adjunct to government, war, and festivity; it was the vehicle of laws, religion, and politics; it inflamed the courage and excited the ambition of the warrior, and it was an essential part of the public or private festival. When Christianity overturned the deities of the Edda,

it assumed a milder and more varied form, and gave birth to a species of composition, which, under the name of Romance, not only afforded amusement to, but likewise greatly influenced the morals, manners, and customs, of the European world.

No. LVI.

It hath been thro' all ages ever seen,
That, with the praise of arms and chivalry,
The prize of beauty still hath joined been;
And that for reason's special privity:
For either doth on other much rely;
For *He* mee seems most fit the fair to serve,
That can her best defend from villany;
And *She* most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

SPENSER

THOUGH the principal intention of the Edda seems to be to inflame the martial propensities, and to inculcate a spirit even bordering upon ferocity, yet are the divinities who preside over the milder affections of the heart, by no means forgotten. Among these LOVE, though nursed amid regions of perpetual frost, has performed a more important part than in the luxurious and apparently more propitious countries of the East, where little beyond the mere physical effects of appetite is felt, and where consequently little operation is perceived on society and manners through the influence of female beauty or power. On the contrary, we shall find in the wilds of Scandinavia the whole polity, sentiments, and manners of the people moulded by their deference and attention to their women; a mode of conduct which has given rise to the

modern system of gallantry, and which has added to what was anteriorily deemed a mere object for sensual gratification, the invaluable titles of companion, friend, and counsellor.

As, however, Love and War were inseparably connected in the mind of the Scandinavian, the Venus of the North, who is known in the Edda under the appellation of FREA, is represented as being ever present where battles are fought, and as asserting her right to one half of the slain. In other respects, her character has the softness and attributes generally ascribed to the Divinity of Love. Her genealogy and birth, as detailed in the northern mythology, are very similar to those of the Grecian Goddess, being described by Snorro as the Daughter of NIORD, the God of the Ocean, and springing from the bosom of the sea. Of this mythological fable Dr. Sayers has, in his Dramatic Sketch of the Descent of Frea, made a very beautiful use. The Goddess is drawn imploring the different deities to weep over the bier of Balder, the God of the Sun, in order that he may be rescued from the jaws of Hela or Death, and thus, among the rest, addresses the Ruler of the Waves:

Lord of the boundless deep,
Whose murmuring waters gently swell
And kiss the craggy steep;
When thunders burst around,
And tempests yell,
Thy heaving plain repeats th' appalling sound,
Thy frothy surges rise
And lash the darken'd skies,
Thy rapid eddies wheel with fleeter motion;

Then by the lightning's livid glare,
Thou stalk'st serene thro' murky air,
Which shrouds the raging ocean;
But soon the smouldering thunders cease,
Soon the winged tempests flee,
Thor in breezes whispers peace,
Sun-beams gild the sinking sea.—
O'er its white brim on calming wing
The heitre * play'd—
And stillness hover'd on the gales of spring—
When Braga touch'd the quivering string,
And slowly stray'd
To Niord's shore;
On its shining surface stood
The father of the flood,
He bade the bard celestial pour
His softest notes—
The melting music floats
Upon the charmed wave—
Come from thy dewy cave,
My father cries,
Arise, arise,
Let the azure waters lave
Thy snowy limbs and golden hair—
He spake, and Freia rose to realms of air. †

Freia, who, after Hertha, the Wife of Odin and the Goddess of Fertility, was the most illustrious of the female divinities, dwelt in a large and magnificent palace in Asgard, was decorated with a chain of gold, and drove a splendid chariot. She married an inferior divinity of the name of Oder, and had by him a daughter called Nossa, whose charms were so

* A bird of calm; the halcyon of the North.
† Poems, 2d edit. p. 35.

resplendent and matchless, that every thing precious and exquisite in form received the appellation of this enchanting nymph. Oder, however, proved inconstant, and deserting the arms of Love and Beauty, travelled into distant countries; since which period, observes the Edda, Frea continually weeps, and her tears are drops of pure gold.

It was the peculiar office and pleasure of Frea to listen to the prayers, and to gratify the wishes of lovers, and from her the ladies of the North derived their name, for in the Danish or ancient Gothic, the words Fruer and Freya are terms used to designate the female sex; she delights in amatory poetry, and without her assistance no amour is supposed to terminate successfully. To Frea every Virgin addressed her vows, to her attributed each glowing charm, and all the fascination which waited on her person; nor were the Graces, those sweeteners of society, unknown either to the mythology or the manners of the North; *Gna* and *Fulla*, two Virgins of the most elegant features and form, waited, in conjunction with *Nossa*, on the Scandinavian Venus, possessed all the functions appropriated to the Graces, and were the messengers and attendants of Love. In conformity to this description of the Edda, the following beautiful lines delineate Frea as conferring on a favourite nymph every attraction which can gratify and allure.

Hail to her whom Frea loves,
Moina, hail;

When first thy infant eyes beheld
The blushing beam of orient day,
Frea from Valhalla's groves
Mark'd thy birth in silent joy;
From Valhalla's groves she sent
The swift-wing'd messenger of love,
Bearing in her rosy hand
The gold-tipt horn of gods;
From this thy lips imbib'd
The draught of mead divine,
Thro' thy tender frame distilling,
It form'd thy snowy limbs to grace,
It gloss'd thy raven hair,
Illum'd thy sparkling eyes,
And flush'd thy cheek with crimson hue
Unfading.
Hail to her whom Frea loves,
Moina, hail. *

Nor did the care and protection of Frea terminate with the life of her votary; virgins and faithful wives were after death welcomed to her palace, and in the ever verdant and fragrant groves which surrounded it enjoyed perpetual youth and beauty. † Moina, the beloved of Frea, thus enters the blissful regions of Valhalla.

Frea from Valhalla's groves,
Mark'd the grief of Moina's soul,
And dropp'd the golden tear;
Now she quits the groves of bliss,
And hastes to meet her favour'd child

* Sayers' Poems, p. 47.

† Habebat etiam Frea palatia sua quibus defunctas excipiebat. — Keysler.

At heaven's firm-built gates.
With her rosy hand she grasps
Moina's clay-cold palm,
Swift thro' her frame celestial vigour shoots,
Celestial beauty beams
In Moina's eyes.

Fair flower, no more the blast of woe
Shall shake thy tender form,
Secure in Frea's grove
Thy bloom shall fade no more. *

That the Scandinavians, after this detail of their mythology relative to the passion of Love, would pay a certain degree of attention to their women, might be generally expected; but that this should amount to a deference so very superior to, and distinct from, what had hitherto been known in Europe, could not with any probability be imagined. In ancient Greece and Italy the female sex lived in a state of seclusion and obscurity, were objects of little attention and respect, entered in no degree into public transactions, and had a very inconsiderable share even in the common conversation and customary business of life; but when the splendid fabric of the Roman Empire was overthrown by the repeated shocks of the northern barbarians, a very different scene opened, and the female character assumed an equality and importance which has gradually imparted to modern manners a suavity and polish unenjoyed by the inhabitants of Athens or of Rome.

* Sayers' Poems, p. 99.

The Goths from the earliest period of record, and long anterior to the fall of Rome, entertained an idea that some divine and prophetic quality was inherent in the female sex: accustomed to believe in the frequent and immediate intervention of the Deity, and to ascribe to dreams, to involuntary inclinations and sensations, the declaratory will of Heaven, they looked upon their women, from their peculiar susceptibility, and greater delicacy of temperament and frame, as the most appropriate instruments or organs of the Supreme Power, and accordingly admitted them into their councils, and consulted them upon every emergency of state. Prophetesses, therefore, were very common among the Gothic nations, and were frequently allowed to promote and conduct the events they presaged, and to guide the helm of government. Dion* and Tacitus† mention German virgins of this description, who treated with Domitian and the Roman Generals concerning terms of peace; and the latter observes, that this custom prevailed among the Sitones or ‡ Norwegians. Strabo, likewise, relates that the Cimbri, a Scandinavian tribe, were accompanied at their assemblies by venerable and hoary-headed prophetesses, apparelled in long linen vestments of a splendid white. § To these oracular and supernatural powers, they were supposed also to add great skill in the cure of wounds and inveterate

* Dio. lib. xlvii. p. 761. † Hist. lib. iv.
‡ De Moribus Germanorum.
§ Geograph. lib. viii. p. 295. ed. Is. Casaub.

maladies, and for this purpose occupied a great portion of their time in mysteriously acquiring a knowledge of plants. So gifted, they were of essential service on the field of battle, and always attended, and frequently fought with intrepidity by the side of their husbands and lovers, dressed their wounds, and re-animated their drooping courage.

Thus invested with a character, which commanded high respect, and rendered useful by the acquirement of various arts, the matrons and virgins of Scandinavia were considered, not as formed merely for pleasure, the amusement of the vacant hour, or the pastime of the warrior, but as holding the honourable rank of equals and companions, whose love could only be excited by merit, and whose esteem, therefore, it was necessary to obtain, by every effort of virtue, courage, and generous attention.

Nor did this deference, the result of religious opinion, and of a spirit of equality and simplicity, rest here; it was further heightened by those strong and exaggerated ideas of chastity, which have ever prevailed among the northern nations. Tacitus, speaking of the Germans, says, that Chastity once prostituted was never forgiven, nor could the offender, whatever might be her attractions of youth, beauty, or riches, ever procure a husband*; and Salviani, a priest of Marseilles, many centuries after, exclaims, "Let us blush and be covered with a confusion, which ought to produce salu-

* De Mor. Germ. cap. 18, 19.

tary effects. Wherever the Goths become masters, we see no longer any disorders, except among the old inhabitants. Our manners are reformed under the dominion of the Vandals! Behold an incredible event! an unheard-of prodigy! Barbarians have, by the severity of their discipline, rendered chaste the Romans themselves; and the Goths have purified those places, which the others had defiled by their debaucheries. A cruel nation, but worthy to be admired for their continence."* He, therefore, who would gain the affections of his mistress, difficult as she was of access, and who, being conscious of her own importance, was stately and reserved in her manners, was under the necessity of recommending himself by the most delicate and unwearied assiduities, and more especially by his heroic deeds, without a celebrity for which he could not presume to solicit her regard, who, educated under the influence of the same ideas of honour as himself, looked with contempt on him who wasted his days in the obscurity of peace. The first excellence of character among the Scandinavians, was, as we have already seen, a superiority in arms; and as the women were no less fond of glory than the men, and naturally proud from their high consequence in society, the bravest champion would, of course, be ever the successful candidate for their charms.

The state of society, too, at this period, a period of piracy, plunder, and rapine, in which

* Salvian. lib. vii. De Gubern. Dei.

the softer sex was exposed to every species of lawless violence, and required both deliverers and protectors, would naturally call forth every young warrior eager for glory, and solicitous to acquire laurels in the defence of injured beauty; an employment, too, which fully gratified the peculiar enthusiasm of the times, a thirst for military fame, and a strong partiality for a life of enterprise and adventure. It is natural to suppose, that a strong spirit of emulation would be excited among the chivalric youth of Scandinavia, in guarding and rescuing from distress the celebrated beauties of their age; and, in fact, the chronicles and poetry of the North, are filled with achievements of this kind, which would make a figure even in the pages of Boiardo and Ariosto.

When war no longer called the youthful hero to the field of national contention, the only occupations, congenial with his habits and inclinations, was the pursuit of adventure; to liberate the lady whom he loved from the castle of a rival, to contend with her numerous admirers, and, in terms of the utmost respect and submission, to lay his trophies at her feet, were, singular as it may appear, the fashionable amusements of these semi-barbarians. "Their fortresses," observes M. Mallet, "were rude castles, situated on the summits of rocks, and rendered inaccessible by thick, mis-shapen walls. As these walls ran winding round the castles, they often called them by a name which signified SERPENTS or DRAGONS, and in these they commonly secured the women and young maids

of distinction, who were seldom safe, at a time when so many bold warriors were rambling up and down in search of adventures. It was this custom which gave occasion to ancient romancers, who knew not how to describe any thing simply, to invent so many fables concerning princesses of great beauty guarded by dragons, and afterwards delivered by young heroes, who could not achieve their rescue till they had overcome those terrible guards." *

Actions such as these, adapted to the genius of poetry, and frequently occurring among a people accustomed to clothe their exploits and conceptions in verse, became, at a very early period, the theme of the Scald, and the specimens which it will be now necessary to adduce in support of the Gothic origin of chivalry, are principally taken from the more ancient Scandinavian poetry, or from their oldest histories and chronicles.

An early and very striking instance of Scandinavian chivalry, occurs in the famous ode of Ragner Lodbrach, who, though in the agonies of a cruel death, commences the recital of his glorious exploits, by an achievement of the most romantic kind, namely, the liberation of a beautiful princess from an impregnable fortress, where she had been confined by one of her suitors †, and guarded by a furious dragon.

* Mallet's Northern Antiquities, vol. i. p. 243.

† This chieftain's name being *Orm*, i. e. Serpent, a name common in those times, the poet describes Thora as guarded by a furious dragon; a mode of allegorising very usual at that period.

Her father, therefore, the King of Gothland, issued a proclamation, declaring, that whoever should destroy this tremendous animal and deliver his daughter *Thora*, should be rewarded by her hand in marriage. Ragner undertook the perilous enterprise, and, dressing himself in the skins of beasts, attacked the monster, fixed him to the ground with his spear, tore out his heart, and liberated the fair captive. He has, himself, in the first stanza of his Death-Song, thus described the combat:—

In early life, his volum'd train
The crested serpent roll'd in vain.
Thora's charms, the matchless prize;
Gothland saw my fame arise:
Thronging crowds the monster scan,
Shouts applausive hail me Man.
All his fierceness prompt to try,
The shaggy vestment cloath'd my thigh;
Soon transpierc'd, in death he lay,
My falchion smote for splendid pay.*

Upon the decease of *Thora*, Ragner married a young Shepherdess of Norway, whom he obtained in a manner equally as singular and romantic as his first wife. The particulars of this amour are drawn from a very ancient Icelandic life of Ragner †, and merit transcription as a picture much to our purpose, and displaying a decorum and delicacy of attachment, that would do honour to the most polished period.

* Downman's Translation.

† Vide Ragnara Lodbrogs Saga: c. 5. ap. Bioneri Hist. Stockholm, 1737.

Ragner, sailing near the coast of Norway, was perceived by a beautiful nymph named *Aslanga*, who was feeding her flock on the shore; instigated by the wish to please, she carefully washed her hands and face in a neighbouring fountain, and, combing her golden hair, which almost reached the ground, prepared to meet the strangers. The sailors, whom Ragner had ordered to land, with the view of procuring water and provisions, struck with the uncommon beauty of the maid, forgot the commands they had received, and hastened back to report their discovery, in terms of the warmest admiration.

The king, whose curiosity was strongly excited by the conduct of his men, sent a confidential friend to invite Aslanga on board; no solicitation, however, could induce her to accept the invitation, until Ragner had solemnly pledged his honour, that no attempt should be made upon her virtue. Being then conveyed to his vessel, no sooner had the monarch seen her, than, unable to suppress his rapture and astonishment, he, as was customary at that time, when metre was the language of politeness and wit, burst forth into the following extemporary stanza.

"O most mighty Odin! what a sweet and unexpected consolation would it be, if this young and lovely shepherdess would permit me to join my hands to hers, as a pledge of eternal alliance!"

Shrinking from the warmth of passion, which the enamoured Ragner could but ill conceal, and apprehensive of the failure of his promise,

Aslanga, adopting the measured language of her admirer, modestly replied:

"O prince, you will deserve to undergo some misfortune, if you fail in your word to me. I have paid my respects to the king, and he ought now to send me back to my parents."

An answer, which serving rather to inflame than to depress the ardent affection of the Dane, he offered to conduct her to his court, and to render her situation the envy of the North. At the same time presenting her with a splendid robe, which had been worn by Queen Thora, and was profusely ornamented with silver.

"Take," exclaimed he, "take this robe, embroidered with silver, which belonged to Thora. Rich garments are made for you. The lovely hands of Thora have often ran over this piece of work, and it will be dear to the last moment of life, to him whom the North has called the prince of heroes."

"No," replied the lovely maiden, "I must not accept of so fine a robe, the ornament of Queen Thora. I am unworthy to wear such magnificent garments; a stuff, dark and coarse, is all that is befitting a shepherdess, whose resting place is a cottage, and who wanders along the sandy shores tending her flock."

Adopting, however, a language less romantic, and more consonant to common life, she informed the monarch, that until he had given proofs of his sincerity and constancy, she could by no means yield to his entreaties. "Finish the glorious expedition you have undertaken," said

she; "and if, on your return, you shall still retain for me the love you have avowed, I will readily accompany into Denmark, those whom you shall select to attend me thither."

Compelled to accept these conditions, the king instantly gave orders to sail, declaring, that his love could admit of no diminution, but that, soon returning, he would bear her to the Danish throne. A few months, as he had promised, brought back the victor fleet; and the amorous Ragner, crowned with conquest, celebrated, in the court of Denmark, his nuptials with Aslanga.

To this relation, which *Torfeus* places among the best authenticated histories, I shall add two other, which, although many more equally apposite might be produced, will be fully adequate to authorise our inferences.

The life of HARALD HARFAGRE, concerning the incidents of which I believe there is no doubt, furnishes us with a remarkable instance. Harald, who lived in the ninth century, was the most accomplished character of his age: his features were manly, and shaded by long golden locks, his person noble and commanding, and his birth illustrious; to these he added undaunted courage and the most winning gallantry, qualities which rendered him the favourite of the Fair.

In the genuine spirit of romantic attachment, Harald, from mere report, fell desperately in love with Gida, the beautiful daughter of an opulent Norwegian chieftain, and dispatched some of the most illustrious persons of his court to offer her his hand and throne. This offer,

which, it might be supposed, would have been embraced with secret exultation, by almost every lady in the North, was, however, haughtily refused by Gida, who declared, that before Harald could merit her love, he must eternise his memory by greater exploits, than any he had yet achieved, nor should she deem him worthy of mingling his fate with hers, until he had extended his territories, and possessed the entire sovereignty of Norway. The ambition so glaringly displayed in this refusal, served but to augment the ardent affection of Harald, who took a solemn vow utterly to neglect his beautiful hair, until Norway should have submitted to his power; but valour, stimulated by love, performed prodigies, and, in a short time, the conquest of that kingdom conducted Gida to his arms. *

The last example I shall bring forward, of the origin and prevalence of chivalric manners in Scandinavia, is in the person of HARALD the VALIANT, who lived about the middle of the eleventh century. Harald was the most daring adventurer of his time; he had killed the king of Drontheim in a desperate engagement; he had explored all the seas and coasts of the North: had carried his ravages into the bosom of the Mediterranean, and taught even the shores of Africa to tremble at his name. Nor until he was taken prisoner and conveyed to Constantinople, where he was detained for some time, did he desist from his piratical incursions. In an old Icelandic chronicle called KNYTLINGA SAGA,

* Torf. H. N. tom. ii. lib. i.

there is preserved an ode written by this celebrated chieftain, and in which the very genius of chivalry itself seems to breathe; it has, indeed, as Warton hath justly observed, "the romantic air of a set of stanzas, composed by a Provençal Troubadour *;" for he complains, that notwithstanding the glory he had obtained in consequence of so many various and dangerous exploits, he had made no impression on Elizabeth, the beautiful daughter of Jarislas king of Russia. †

"My ships," exclaims he, "have made the tour of Sicily: then were we all magnificent and splendid. My brown vessel, full of mariners, rapidly rowed to the utmost of my wishes. Wholly taken up with war, I thought my course would never slacken; and yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

"In my youth I fought with the people of Drontheim. Their troops exceeded ours in number. It was a terrible conflict: I left their young king dead in the field; and yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

"One day we were but sixteen in a vessel: a storm arose and swelled the sea: it filled the loaded ship, but we diligently cleared it out. Thence I formed hopes of the happiest success; and yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

"I know now to perform eight exercises: I fight valiantly; I sit firmly on horseback; I am inured to swimming; I know how to run

* Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, vol. i. diss. 1.
† Bartholin, p. 54.

along in scates; I dart the lance and am skilful; and yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

"Can she deny, that young and lovely maiden, that on the day, when posted near a city in the southern land, I joined battle, that then I valiantly handled my arms, and left behind me lasting monuments of my exploits? and yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

"I was born in the high country of Norway, where the inhabitants handle their bows so well. But I preferred guiding my ships, the dread of peasants, among the rocks of the ocean and far from the habitations of men: I have run through all the seas with my vessels; and yet a Russian maiden scorns me."

That the ladies of the North, however, were by no means deficient in sensibility, and though observing a stately demeanour, and priding themselves on a strict observance of the laws of chastity, were occasionally represented in the Scaldic poetry as feeling the soft energies of love, and as expressing their sentiments with much amatory tenderness, is evident from the following passage of the Edda of Sæmund, which delineates the pleasure of the beautiful Menglada, on the unexpected return of her long-lost lover.

If ever I have pleasure felt —
A boon to me but rarely dealt,
'Tis now to see my lover's face,
And clasp him in my warm embrace.
Oft-times, companioned with despair,
I've outwatch'd the midnight Bear;
At every sound that smote my ear,
Hope falsely whisper'd, thou wert near.

Oft-times by day exalted high,
I've cast around the wistful eye:
For thee, se'en suns successive rise,
And chas'd them to the western skies. *

From the instances now given, it must, I should imagine, be apparent, that the outlines of Chivalry and Gallantry, as well as of Romantic Fiction, had their origin among the Goths of Scandinavia, and that those who date their foundation and diffusion from the Arabic conquest of Spain, are completely mistaken.

The invasion of Spain by the Moors in the eighth century, was attended with so much success, that the Christians were driven into the most barren and secluded districts of the country, and a hatred, the most profound, and an utter aversion to the customs, literature, and religion of their conquerors, was the result. It was not, indeed, until after the Crusades had familiarised the luxuries and manners of the East, that the fictions and poetry of the Moors in Spain had a chance of being disseminated through Europe. "All the old writers of chivalry," observes Dr. Percy, "whether in prose or verse, whether of the northern nations or of Britain, France, or Italy, not excepting Spain itself, appear utterly unacquainted with whatever relates to the Mahometan nation. Thus, with regard to their religion, they constantly represent them as worshipping idols, as paying adoration to a golden image of Mahomet, or else

* Cottle's Edda of Samund, p. 286.

they confound them with the ancient Pagans, &c. And, indeed, in all other respects, they are so grossly ignorant of the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people, especially of their heroes, champions, and local stories, as almost amounts to a demonstration, that they did not imitate them in their songs or romances;" and in a subsequent page he remarks, that "the Moors in Spain, for many centuries after their irruption, lived in a state of such constant hostility with the unsubdued Spanish Christians, whom they chiefly pent up in the mountains, as gave them no chance of learning their music, poetry, or stories; and this, together with the religious hatred of the latter for their cruel invaders, will account for the utter ignorance of the old Spanish romancers, in whatever relates to the Mahometan nation, although so nearly their own neighbours." *

In the mean time, and long before any amicable intercourse with the Saracens of Spain took place, the poetry and the manners of Scandinavia were gradually propagating through Europe. It has already been observed, that towards the commencement of the tenth century, Rollo, at the head of his Normans, and at a period when the religion and poetry of his country had attained their highest state of perfection, invaded and conquered an important province of France; and it is remarkable that the first notice we possess in poetry of those celebrated heroes of the eighth century, Charlemagne,

* Percy on the Ancient Minstrels, p. 29.

Roland, and Oliver, originated with a Norman warrior at the conquest of England.

In William's army was a valiant warrior, named *Taileser*, who was distinguished no less for the minstrel arts, than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

In the interim, therefore, between the irruption of Rollo into France, and the invasion of England by William, the Normans having embraced Christianity, exchanged likewise the heroes of Scandinavia for those of Christendom; and decorating them with all the chivalric fictions of the North, at length gave birth, after the feudal system, and the first Crusade had established the rage of adventure, to those singular and romantic compilations ascribed to Turpin and Geoffrey of Monmouth, the former published about 1122, and the latter probably in 1138.

The introduction of the Feudal System by establishing the order of Knighthood, and the Crusades in 1096, 1147, and 1188, by inculcating a taste for the magnificence, luxury, and polish of the Orientals, together with the influence which, after some centuries, the Arabian literature of Spain exerted on the western world, at length carried the fictions, the chivalry, and

deference to the fair sex, which originally burst forth in the wilds of Scandinavia to the highest pitch of perfection, and gave birth to that splendid combination of romantic Valour and high-flown Gallantry which so remarkably distinguished the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

No. LVII.

A few grey stones
Now mark the spot where Odin's temple stood,
And there the traveller seeks with busy eye
His altar green with moss. SOUTHEY.

WHEN Odin corrupted the simplicity of that religious faith which had existed for so many centuries among his ancestors, he taught his deluded followers to worship with peculiar rites and ceremonies the deities of Valhalla. Sensible of the vast influence which superstition holds over the uncultivated mind, and of its utility in supporting that awe and mystic dread with which he endeavoured to envelope his own character and his assumption of divinity, he taught his credulous warriors not only to repose implicit confidence in the theology he had dictated, but to worship his own person as the first deity of the system.

Relinquishing, therefore, the simple but rational rites of Scythia as too pure and abstract for his purpose, he introduced the erection of temples, the officiation of Priests and Priestesses, animal sacrifices, oracles, and, as we shall presently see, an entire system of magic and demonism.

The religious structures of the Scandinavians were, as might be supposed, at first rude and inartificial, but, in process of time, owing to their intercourse and connection with other European countries, and their necessary progress in art and civilization, these, a century or two previous to the introduction of Christianity, became more stately and elaborate, and were sometimes highly rich and magnificent.

Norway, Denmark, and Sweden vied with each other in the erection of these holy fabrics. To enumerate these would be tedious and superfluous; we shall therefore content ourselves with noticing their most celebrated building, the Temple of Upsal, in Sweden; the description of whose rites and ceremonies will convey an adequate idea of the exterior worship of Scandinavia.

This revered Temple of the Goths was dedicated to the three principal divinities of the Edda, ODIN, THOR, and HERTHA. Historians represent it as of stupendous size, and decorated in the most costly manner; as glittering, in fact, on all sides with gold, and having a chain of the same metal running round the roof, although its circumference was not less than nine hundred ells.*

In this splendid abode the three deities were distinguished by characteristic symbols. The colossal statue of *Odin* held a sword in his hand, as figurative of the God of victory and battle. *Thor*, who was placed on his left, had

* Vide Mallet, vol. ii. p. 127.

a crown upon his head, a sceptre in one hand, and a club in the other, alluding to his mighty powers as God of the thunder and the lightning, the atmosphere and seasons; whilst *Hertha*, stationed on the left of Thor, was represented as of both sexes, the Goddess of marriage and fecundity.

The worship paid to these superior deities, and which, though more magnificent, was similar in kind to that offered to less potent divinities, nearly, if not altogether, consisted of feasts and sacrifices. Of the former there were three annually in honour of Odin, Thor, and Hertha; and of the latter, from a superstitious attachment to the number THREE, as replete with magic power, and therefore sacred to the Gods, they offered up one every *ninth* month, which continued *nine* days, and on each day were nine living victims immolated on their bloody altars. Independent of this annual sacrifice for favour and public safety, they celebrated a more solemn and important one every *ninth* year at Upsal.

The *Feast of Odin* took place at the commencement of Spring, and was deemed by the Scandinavians of the utmost importance, and as the greatest festival in the year; for at this period they not only welcomed the return of that sweetest season, but solicited the favour and protection of the God of battles in the enterprises they were about to undertake. To Odin, on this occasion, were usually sacrificed horses, dogs, and falcons.

The *Feast of Thor* was celebrated at the winter solstice, the period from which the northern nations dated the commencement of their year, and which was reckoned by them from one winter solstice to another. The night of this festival therefore they termed the MOTHER-NIGHT, as being productive of all the rest. It was kept with the greatest rejoicings under the appellation of JUUL, and with the view of obtaining from Thor a genial year and rich harvests. To *Thor*, during the feast of Juul, were offered fat oxen and horses.*

The *Feast of Hertha*, the wife of Odin, occurred at the first quarter of the second moon of the year, and of this Goddess they implored connubial happiness, fruitfulness, and fertility. Tacitus, in his treatise *De Moribus Germaniæ*, has described the festival of Hertha at some length, and from which it is not improbable that the Feast of Easter might originate. To Hertha was sacrificed the largest and the fattest hog procurable.

To each of these deities in the great temple of Upsal was allotted a retinue of Priests, of which twelve held a supreme authority over every thing connected with religion and its rites. A respect and submission bordering upon servility were paid to these Ministers, who were

* When Christianity was introduced among the Scandinavians, they transferred the observance of this feast to Christmas, whence the word YEOL or YULE was derived to the Anglo-Saxons; and in the North of England to this day, on Christmas-eve a custom still exists of singing what is called the Yule-Song, and then placing on the fire a large block of wood, termed a Yule-clog.

chosen for many generations from the same family, and not unfrequently combined the sovereignty with the functions of the priesthood. Besides these, the Goddess Hertha was attended by a train of females of the highest rank, and usually the daughters of kings, who had vowed perpetual celibacy, and who were employed in supporting the sacred fire which burnt night and day in the temple of this Goddess.

To the twelve priests were appointed the care of the sacrifices and the performance of all the ceremonies attendant on these sanguinary oblations, which at first consisted merely of the fruits of the earth and the animals of the field; but when they adopted the idea that the blood of the animal appeased the anger of the deity, in proportion to the dignity of the victim, they soon commenced the cruel custom of immolating on their barbarous shrines the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

Every ninth year, at the great Temple of Upsal, the King, the Senate, and the principal citizens, were under an obligation to appear in person with their offerings. From every part of Scandinavia on this solemn occasion flocked the worshippers of Odin; and none were refused admission but those who had been branded with the imputation of cowardice. In time of war nine *captives* were chosen by lot for the sacrifice, in time of peace nine *slaves*; and these victims of superstition were immediately treated with such distinguished honours by the assembled multitude, and promised by the priests such superlative felicity hereafter, that they not unfre-

quently rejoiced in the fate they were about to suffer.

Upon any particular emergency, however, to avert, for instance, a famine or a pestilence, or to secure some important victory, they hesitated not to spill the blood even of their nobles or kings. The first king of Vermland, a province of Sweden, was thus burnt, in order to arrest the progress of a dearth.* Hacon, king of Norway, sacrificed his son to Odin, with the view of obtaining the victory over his enemy Harald†; and Aune, king of Sweden, devoted his nine sons to Odin, for the selfish purpose of prolonging his own life.‡

Various ceremonies were observed at the immolation of these unfortunate wretches. They were usually led before the altar where burnt the sacred fire, and where was placed a considerable number of iron and brazen vessels, to receive the blood of the victims.

If animals were merely sacrificed, their entrails were inspected whilst yet warm, auguries thence deduced, and the carcases dressed for the assembly, who, without distinction, kings, nobles, and people, sate down to consume even the flesh of horses, with the utmost avidity.

When men were the victims, the priest, after consecration, exclaimed, "I send or devote thee to Odin," and immediately they were killed in the most expeditious manner, and their blood sprinkled upon the people, upon the altars,

* Wormii Monument. Danic. p. 25.
† Saxo Grammat. lib. 8.
‡ Worm. Monument. Danic. lib. 1. p. 28.

images, and walls of the temple, and upon the sacred grove which covered its precincts. Their bodies were either afterwards burnt, or, what was more usually the case, suspended in the sacred grove.

This tremendous grove, which consisted of very large and aged trees, and which was distinguished by the appellation of *Odin's Grove*, was an object of extreme reverence and awe; every tree and every leaf was deemed sacred, and what greatly added to the solemnity and horror its gloomy shades inspired, was the circumstance of its being full of the bodies of men and animals who had been sacrificed, and who hung on the branches of this wood, until they were taken and burnt, in honour either of Odin or of Thor.

Lucan has, in his Pharsalia, most admirably described a grove of this kind, an object of religious veneration to the Massilians, and of extreme terror to the soldiers of Cæsar.

Lucus erat longo nunquam violatus ab ævo, &c.

Not far away for ages past had stood
An old inviolated sacred wood;
Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven; made
A chilly, cheerless everlasting shade:
There, nor the rustic gods, nor satyrs, sport,
Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs resort:
But barb'rous priests some dreadful power adore,
And lustrate every tree with human gore.
If mysteries in times of old received,
And pious ancientry be yet believed,
There nor the feather'd songster builds her nest,
Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast:

There no tempestuous winds presume to fly,
Ev'n lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.
No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves,
But shiv'ring horror in the branches heaves.
Black springs with pitchy streams divide the ground,
And bubbling tumble with a sullen sound.
Old images of forms mis-shapen stand,
Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand;
With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghastly head
Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.
No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,
Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd:
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
And still the less they know, they fear the more.
Oft, as fame tells, the earth in sounds of woe
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below:
The baleful yew, tho' dead, has oft been seen
To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green;
With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,
And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.
The pious worshippers approach not near,
But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear:
The priest himself, when, or the day, or night,
Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
Dreading the Demon of the Grove to meet;
Who, terrible to sight, at that fix'd hour,
Still treads the round about his dreary bower.

Rowe.

The mode in which the victims were sacrificed in honour of *Hertha*, was sometimes different from that used on the altars of Odin and Thor. In the neighbourhood of the temple was a deep well, and into this the selected captive was thrown headlong. If he immediately descended to the bottom, the favourable acceptance

of the Goddess was confidently inferred; but if he swam and struggled long upon the surface of the water, she was deemed to have refused the proffered sacrifice.

Not only at Upsal, but in Denmark, Norway and Iceland, were these sanguinary rites established, and though not accompanied by so much splendour, were not less destructive of human life. Dithmar, Bishop of Merseburgh, an historian of the eleventh century, relates, that at Lederum in Zealand, at that time the capital of Denmark, "every nine years, in the month of January, the Danes flock together in crowds, and offer to their gods ninety-nine men, as many horses, dogs, and cocks, with the certain hope of appeasing the gods by these victims." * Similar accounts exist, by authors of credit, relative to Norway and Iceland. †

The same superstition, which led to these cruel propitiations, induced them to build the most implicit faith on the supposed oracular responses of their deities, and the Temple of Upsal was as celebrated for these as for its sacrifices. Though the three superior deities, however, had each the credit of oracular powers, it was to the Parcæ or Destinies that applications of this kind were chiefly made, and, accordingly, their sanctuary was usually attached to every temple of consequence. "It was," observes Saxo the Grammarian, "a custom with the ancient Danes, to consult the oracles of the

* Dithm. Merseburg. Chronic. lib. i. p. 12.

† Vide Dudo St. Quentin and Angrim Jonas, as referred to by Mallet for this purpose.

Parcæ, concerning the future destiny of children newly born. Accordingly Fridlief, being desirous to know that of his son Olaus, entered into the temple of the gods to pray; and being introduced into the sanctuary, he saw three goddesses upon so many seats. The first, who was of a beneficent nature, granted the infant beauty and the gift of pleasing. The second gave him a noble heart. But the third, who was envious and spiteful, to spoil the work of her sisters, imprinted on him the stain of covetousness."

From what has been now said, a sufficiently accurate idea of the mode in which Odin and his associate gods were worshipped by the Scandinavians, may be formed. The outline, if more filled up, would afford few materials adapted to the purposes of poetry, and we therefore pass forward to record imagery and superstitions, which appeal more forcibly to the imagination, and which have had a long and powerful influence upon the nations of Europe.

The Edda, in short, contains a system of Demonism and Magic, which appears to blend some of the fictions of the East, with the peculiar paintings of Scaldic fancy.

We have already seen, that, according to the mythology of Odin, the Supreme of all things, the universal Father, before he called man and this earth into existence, or even the inferior gods, created two worlds at each extremity of the universe, the abodes of Genii and Giants. In Muspelsheim, situated in the South, a world of glowing flame, presided SURTUR, the King

of Fire, and chief of many millions of spirits. This formidable Genius was the declared enemy of Odin and his race, and, as we shall hereafter see, the destroyer both of them and all terrestrial things. He is represented as of the deepest black, and armed with a flaming sword, at the end of which beams a rolling sun.

King of resistless fire,
Who bid'st the nightly meteors ride
Along the snow-wrapt Hecla's side —
Who wield'st aloft with mighty hand
The burning, starry-pointed brand,
And dazzl'd hosts retire;
Where'er thy furious course is sped,
Nature bows her wither'd head:
Thy fatal car outstrips the wind,
Thy courser's scorching nostrils breathe
A wide consuming steam beneath —
Destruction flies behind;
She rears her red right hand,
And with her flaming besom sweeps the blasted land. SAYERS.

This demon of destruction bears a strong resemblance to the *Eblis* of the Persians, their King of Fire and Sovereign of the Dives or evil Genii, who, according to oriental mythology, were formed of more subtile matter than man, and governed the world long before the creation of Adam. Odin, we have seen, was acquainted with the learning of the orientals, and it is probable, that many features of his system were tinctured with their peculiar cast of fabling. What renders this resemblance the more striking is, that in another part of the Icelandic

Edda *, Genii, more luminous than the Sun, and of the most benign and amiable temper, are represented as dwelling in a city in heaven called ALFHEIM, who are friendly and beneficent to man, whilst multitudes of Black Genii, who live under the earth, are drawn as uniformly malignant and cruel. The former of these, it will be immediately perceived, make a near approach to the *Peries* of the Persians. "The word Peri," observes the learned author of Caliph Vathek, "in the Persian language, signifies that beautiful race of creatures, which constitutes the link between angels and men. The Arabians call them *Ginn* or Genii, and we (from the Persian perhaps) Fairies: at least, the Peries of the Persian Romance correspond to that imaginary class of beings in our poetical system. The Italians denominate them Fata, in allusion to their power of charming and enchanting: thus the *Manta fatidica* of Virgil, is rendered, in Orlando, *La Fata Manto*. The term Ginn being common to both Peries and Dives, some have erroneously fancied that the Peries were female Dives. This appellation, however, served only to discriminate their common nature from the angelic and human, without respect to their qualities, moral or personal. Thus the Dives are hideous and wicked, whilst the Peries are beautiful and good. Amongst the Persian poets, the beauty of the Peries is proverbial; insomuch that a woman, superlatively handsome, is styled by them, the offspring of a Peri." †

* Vide Fable the Ninth.—Mallet, vol. ii.

† Notes to Caliph Vathek, p. 293.

The Black Genii of the Edda, who live under the earth, and who are consequently distinct from Surtur and his spirits of fire, somewhat resemble the *Ogres* of eastern fable, who are described as "savage demons, who stay in remote places, and make use of a thousand wiles to surprize and devour passengers."*

It is obvious that this machinery of the Edda, namely, Surtur and his Spirits, the Genii of *Alfheim*, and the Genii of the earth, affords the most brilliant and plastic imagery for the purposes of the poet. The most ancient romances of chivalry have availed themselves of many of the attributes of the luminous inhabitants of Alfheim, under the appellation of Fees, or Fairies, a race of beings, however, very different from those which Shakspeare describes, and more assimilated, perhaps, to the ideal personages of Spenser, whilst the black Genii of the earth have become the *Incubi* and *Succubi* of succeeding writers. Of these malignant beings were the *Mara* and *Nicka* of the Runic theology; the former a spirit or spectre of the night, which, surprising men in their sleep, sate upon their chests, and deprived them of speech and motion; the latter a demon who inhabited the waters, and strangled persons who were drowning.

These bad Genii were also particularly dreaded at the hour of noon, and, in some places, Mallet observes, they still make it a point of duty to keep company at that hour

* Arab. Nights, vol. i. p. 56.

with women in childbed, for fear the demon of Noon should attack them if left alone. This superstition, he remarks, has prevailed much in France, and St. Basil recommends us to pray to God, some time before noon, to avert this danger. It hath been pleasantly observed, that the true Demon of Noon is hunger, when a man has nothing to satisfy it.*

The Sun, which the Edda describes as rolling on the point of *Surtur*'s sword of flame, is an image which several poets and writers of romance have copied. Spenser has transferred it to the Shield of Arthur, who, by this mean, vanquishes the most monstrous opponents, and dazzles the very heavens: —

His war-like shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seene —.

The same to wight hee never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For, so exceeding shone his glist'ring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a clowd his beams doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is stain'd with magick arts constraint.

— In his fell, his shield that cover'd was,
Did loose his veile by chance, and open flew;
The light whereof, that heaven's light did pass

* Vide Keysler. Antiquit. Septentr. p. 500.

Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to view.
Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,
He down let fall his arme —
And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd
At flashing beames of that sun-shiny shield,
Became starke blind. —

The Runic mythology abounds with a species of Beings of tremendous size and powers, who were created anterior to Adam, whose purposes were altogether evil, and who became the declared enemies of the gods and of man. These are termed, by the Edda, *Giants*, and their origin is thus described. On the confines of Muspelsheim, the habitation of Surtur, issued certain rivers, called *Elivagi*, whose waters were deadly poison; these, after flowing an immense distance from their sources, entered the northern regions of the universe, and immediately their venom, which they rolled along, became hard, like the scoria of a furnace when it grows cold. Hence was formed immense masses of ice, perpetually increasing, and surrounded by an almost infinite extent of congealed and poisonous atmosphere. Thus the abyss towards the North was filled with gelid vapours and ice, the interior of which was the seat of the most dreadful tempests and whirlwinds, and this region of desolation was called Niflheim, or Chaos, the place of storms.

Opposite these realms of ever-during frost, far to the South, shone the world of fire; and many ages before the earth was formed, in the

calm interval between these extremes of heat and cold, the great first Being caused a warm gale from Muspelshiem to approach the southern confines of Niflheim, and the ice began to flow with living drops. Of these drops, says the Edda, by the power of him who governed, was formed the Giant YMER or AURGELMER, and from him are descended all the families of the Giants, who, from the place of their creation, are always distinguished in the Edda by the title of THE GIANTS OF THE FROST.

Much abstruse allegory is concealed beneath this and some of the earlier fables of the northern mythology; as it is, however, neither interesting, nor adapted to the purposes of poetry, we shall not pause to develope its mysteries. The giant Ymer, probably intended by the Icelandic Sages as typical of unformed matter, is at length slain by the Gods, who drag his carcase into the immense void between the worlds of fire and frost, and of it formed the earth. The blood, in the mean time, streams from his wounds in such prodigious quantity, that all the families of the Giants of the Frost are drowned in it, except one single giant, named *Bergelmer*, who escapes, with all his household, in a bark, and preserves the race from annihilation.

Notwithstanding this visitation, however, the enmity of the giants, against Odin and his deities, exists with tenfold fury, and as soon as Man is created, they become his implacable enemy. To preserve, therefore, the human race, the gods build a mansion on the earth for its security, called *Midgard*, or the Middle

Mansion, in a place equally distant on all sides from the sea, at the same time confining the giants to the shores of the ocean.

This portion of the earth, appropriated to the giants, was named *Jotunheim*, or Giants' Land, and the first of these monsters who inhabited it was the giant *Norver*. He had a daughter, whose name was Nott, or *Night*, and who marrying DELLINGER, of the family of the Gods, they produced between them DAY, a child beautiful and luminous as the Sun. *Night* and *Day* travel successively round the world; *Night*, however, according to the computation of time by the northern nations, goes *first* on her steed *Rimfaxe*, or Frosty-mane, and is followed by *Day*, on a horse named *Skinfaxa*, or Shining-mane, which, by its radiance, illuminates the globe.

On the coast of Midgard, in the dark and dreadful forest of Jarnvid, the trees of which are all of iron, dwelt a horrible *Giantess*, called *the Witch of Jarnvid*. Engendering with the great wolf *Fenris*, she bore, besides two wolfs, a race of giants and giantesses, shaped like savage beasts. "Near the rising of the Sun," says the Volupsa, (the name of a very ancient poem, which signifies the oracle or prophecy of Vola,) "dwelleth the old witch of the forest of Jarnvid. There she brings forth the Sons she hath by *Fenris*. One of these, termed *Managarmer*, is become the most powerful of all, and feeds himself with the lives of those who approach to their end." Finally, the Giants of the Frost, headed by Lok, the evil principle, assist on the

great day of universal conflagration in the destruction of the Gods.

In these fables of the Edda, which were familiar in the North of Europe centuries before the introduction of Arabian imagery, we behold the fertile source of all those monsters, giants, giantesses, and witches, which fill the pages of romantic fiction from the fabliaux of the Trouveurs to the Fairy Queen of Spenser.

Nor is the Edda less productive of a class of beings in point of size directly contrasted with the above, and which has proved the parent of that fanciful and diminutive race to which we have applied the appellation of Dwarfs and Fairies.

"The DWARFS," say the Sages of Iceland, "were a species of beings bred in the dust of the earth, just as worms are in a dead carcase. It was indeed in the body of the Giant Ymer that they were engendered, and first began to move and live. At first they were only worms, but by order of the Gods, they at length partook of both human shape and reason; nevertheless, they always dwell in subterraneous caverns, and among the rocks."*

"This passage," observes M. Mallet, "deserves attention. We may discover here one of the effects of that ignorant prejudice, which hath made us for so many years regard all arts and handicrafts as the occupation of mean people and slaves. Our Gothic ancestors imagining there was something magical, and

* Edda, Fable the Seventh.

beyond the reach of man in mechanic skill and industry, could scarcely believe that an able artist was one of their own species, or descended from the same common origin. This, it must be granted, was a very foolish conceit; but let us consider what might possibly facilitate the entrance of it into their minds. There was, perhaps, some neighbouring people, which bordered upon the Gothic tribes, and which, although less warlike than themselves, and much inferior in strength and stature, might yet excel them in dexterity; and addicting themselves to manual arts might carry on a commerce with them sufficiently extensive to have the fame of it spread pretty far. All these circumstances will agree well enough with the Laplanders, who are still as famous for their magic, as remarkable for the lowness of their stature; pacific even to a degree of cowardice, but of a mechanic industry, which formerly must have appeared very considerable. The stories that were invented concerning this people, passing through the mouths of so many ignorant relators, would soon acquire all the degrees of the marvellous of which they were susceptible. Thus the *Dwarfs* soon became (as all know, who have dipt but a little into the ancient romances,) the forgers of enchanted armour, upon which neither swords, nor conjurations, could make any impression. They were possessed of caverns, full of treasure, entirely at their own disposal. As the Dwarfs were feeble, and but of small courage, they were supposed to be crafty, full of artifice and

deceit. This, which in the old romances is called *Disloyalty*, is the character always given them in those fabulous narratives. All these fancies having received the seal of time and universal consent, could be no longer contested; and it was the business of the poets to assign a fit origin for such ungracious beings. This was done in their pretended rise from the dead carcase of a great Giant. By this fiction, the northern warriors justified their contempt of them; and at the same time accounted for their small stature, their industry, and their supposed propensity for inhabiting caves and clefts of the rocks. After all, the notion is not every where exploded, that there are in the bowels of the earth Fairies, or a kind of dwarfish and tiny beings, of human shape, remarkable for their riches, their activity, and malevolence. In many countries of the north, the people are still firmly persuaded of their existence. In Iceland, at this day, the good folks shew the very rocks and hills, in which they maintain that there are swarms of these small subterraneous men, of the most tiny size, but most delicate figures."*

It is probable, however, notwithstanding the ingenious remarks of Mallet, that Odin brought this apparatus of Dwarfs with him from the East, where such unfortunate beings have been for ages the appendage of grandeur. They are there frequently represented as dwelling in caves and rocks. One part of their office is said to consist in the instruction of the pages, but their

* Vide Mallet's Northern Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 46.

principal duty is the amusement of their master. If a dwarf happen to be a mute, he is much esteemed; but if he also be a eunuch, he is regarded as a prodigy; and no pains or expense are spared to obtain him.*

The northern mythology, however, has greatly added to the oriental attributes of the Dwarfs; it has given them, we see, the powers of magic and enchantment, and in the eighth fable of the Edda, they are gifted with the properties of the Destinies, and dispense the fates of mankind. "There are Nornies," (Nornir, Icl. Fates or Destinies,) it observes, "of different originals: some proceed from the Gods, some from the Genii, and *others from the Dwarfs* †," and these last are supposed to be evil and unfriendly to man.

From these passages of the Edda has arisen that system of Fairyism, which attributes to these minute, but potent agents, the most mischievous and malignant purposes, and which some of our most popular bards have employed with wonderful effect, to disturb the whole economy of nature. Thus Prospero, in the Tempest of Shakspeare, raises, through the medium of these beings, the most dreadful commotions.

Ye *elves* of *hills*, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune; and do fly him
When he comes back; ye demy-puppets, that

* Hebesci's State of the Ottoman Empire, p. 161.
† Mallet, vol. ii. p. 51.

By the moonshine, the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And twixt the green-sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth,
By my so potent art.

Elves and Fairies, however, have been divided, by traditional superstition, and by the example of Shakspeare, Jonson, and their disciples, into *Bad* and *Good*, the latter favouring and protecting the human race, and imparting the most salutary counsel. This distinction, likewise, may have originated with the Edda; for the destinies, of which some were derived from the Dwarfs, were always separated into good and bad, the former predicting felicity, the latter misfortune to those who consulted them. Independent of this, however, it is recorded in the Runic theology, that the Gods, after the formation of the earth, created a race of Dwarfs, very different from those engendered by Ymer, and four of which were employed by Odin to support the heavens. These were doubtless, from their creation, of a very superior kind, and most probably beneficent to man.

Whatever may have led to the superstition, it is certain, that during the dark ages, the custom prevailed throughout Europe, of resorting to the places which the good fairies were supposed to haunt, and consulting them as to future conduct and events. Thus, in the Journal of Paris, in the reigns of Charles the Sixth and Seventh, it is asserted, that the Maid of Orleans, in answer to an interrogatory of the Doctors, whether she had ever assisted at the assemblies held at the Fountain of the Fairies near Domprien, round which the Evil Spirits dance, confessed that she had often repaired to a beautiful fountain in the country of Lorraine, which she named the *Good Fountain of the Fairies of our Lord.** A confession which Mr. Southey has enlarged, and decorated with all the charms of poetry.

There is a fountain in the forest call'd
The fountain of the Fairies: when a child,
With most delightful wonder I have heard
Tales of the Elfin tribe that on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
By the woods bounded like some little isle.
It ever hath been deem'd their favourite tree,
They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
And bask them in the moonshine. Many a time,
Hath the woodman shown his boy where the dark round
On the green sward beneath its boughs, bewrays

* Vide Notes to the English Version of Le Grand's Fabliaux.

Their nightly dance, and bade him spare the tree.
Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
And made it holy; and the villagers
Would say that never evil thing approached
Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure
That fill'd me by that solitary spring,
Ceas'd not in riper years; and now it woke
Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe. *

To this splendid apparatus of Genii, Giants, and Fairies, the Northern theology has annexed a complete system of MAGIC. All the powers of nature, the sources of life and death, and the distribution of the elements, are occasionally controlled by and obedient to the Magicians of Scandinavia. There is, probably, scarce a feature of the numerous wonders of necromancy, witchcraft, and enchantment, so lavishly occurring in our ancient poetry and romance, but what may be traced to, and has its archetype in, the pages of the Edda.

Few circumstances take place more frequently in the legends of chivalry and fiction, than the enchantment of weapons and armour; and it is remarkable that the Edda of Sæmund abounds with this species of protection. Thus *Skirner*, going upon a dangerous expedition into the land of the Giants, demands an enchanted horse and sword.

Grant from thy stalls, with quickest speed,
A courser of etherial breed;
That thro' the dun obscure of night
May bear me *clad in spectre light*.

* Joan of Arc, vol. i. p. 126. 3d edition.

Let me too the sword display,
Round which the beamy lightnings play —
That sword portentous gleaming far,
Which scatters all the files of war.

He is answered,

Take from my stalls, with quickest speed,
A courser of etherial breed;
That thro' the dun obscure of night
May bear thee clad in spectre light.
Take too the sword which they who know
Wisely to use, will on each foe
Unsufferable splendours pour.

Skirner then addresses his horse,

Midnight rules the fateful hour!
Bright unnumber'd stars appear:
The time of our departure's near.
Let us the arduous toil pursue,
And dip our feet in mountain dew.
Together we will danger try,
Together live, together die. *

Were it necessary, numerous instances might be brought from this compilation by Sæmund, of arrows, swords, &c. &c. thus enchanted; nor is he less profuse in magic rings, wands, and palaces. In the tales both of the east and west, a ring has been the common medium for producing wonders, but probably few have been more prolific than the following:—

* Conle's Sæmund, pp. 89—84.

Lo! ——————
The mighty ring that Hermod bore
Thro' Hela's flames; and thence retriev'd,
This strange fecundine power receiv'd:
Eight sister rings in weight and use,
*Every ninth night to produce.**

The confinement of a beautiful damsel, in an enchanted palace or castle, is an incident so necessary to a tale of chivalry, that it can scarcely be said to subsist without it. That this persecution of female charms was likewise not uncommon among the Scandinavians, we have already seen in the preceding number: and the authority of the Edda may now be quoted, as having probably given origin to such a magic imprisonment: for Sæmund describes the accomplished Menglada as confined in a palace by the family of a Sorcerer.

Solbrinder's progeny with guile
Around her rais'd this lofty pile:
What bold advent'rer shall presume
To free her from her prison gloom,
Shall to the wild winds vainly groan,
Fix'd as in everlasting stone. †

A belief in the possibility of raising or dispelling storms and tempests, and of travelling with the rapidity of lightning through the air, has been very common among the Gothic nations, and originated, indeed, with their earliest institutions. Odin boasts, in the Edda,

* Cottle's Saemund, p. 89.
† Cottle's Edda, p. 279.

that he knew a song of such virtue, that were he caught in a storm, would hush the winds and render the air perfectly calm; and "when I see," he proceeds, "Magicians travelling through the air, I disconcert them by a single look, and force them to abandon their enterprize." This claim to the possession of a supernatural controul over the elements, of which Odin had the address to avail himself, among followers so credulous and ignorant, was transmitted for many centuries in the North, through the medium of a succession of Magi; but when Christianity broke in upon the superstitions of Scandinavia, though the actual exertion of these powers were not denied, it was considered as impious and unhallowed, and performed through the ministration of evil spirits. Penal statutes were therefore passed in Norway, against those who should raise storms and tempests, and who were distinguished by the appellation of *Tempestarii;* and in the ancient law of the same country, entitled "Gulathings Lagen," c. 1., occurs the following regulation. "Let the king and the bishop, with all possible care, make enquiry after those who exercise Pagan superstitions; who make use of magic arts; who adore the genii of particular places, or of tombs or rivers; and who, by a diabolical manner of travelling, are transported from place to place through the air."

Thus the traditionary tales of witches and wizards, hurrying astride demons or monsters through the air to their infernal Sabbaths, and which formed part of the popular creed when

Shakspeare and Jonson wrote, are clearly deducible from the Runic mythology, whose very founder assumed the powers since so liberally bestowed on the agents of the prince of darkness. In Lapland, I believe, to this day, there exist persons of both sexes, who pretend to the possession of an unlimited influence over the atmosphere, and to those who are ignorant enough to credit them, dispose of a fair wind to no small advantage.

The most potent display, however, of magical powers, arose from the employment of *Runic characters*, which were inscribed in various forms, according to the purpose they were meant to fulfil. These, there is evidence to conclude, were introduced by Odin into the North, where, previous to his arrival, the use of letters was unknown. Taking advantage, therefore, of the admiration which the Scandinavians expressed, for a faculty so novel and extraordinary, he taught them to believe, that by a mystic use of these characters, he was able to rule or subvert all the laws of nature. To raise the departed from their tombs, or restore the dead to life, through the operation of these symbols, was the peculiar attribute of Odin, the father of the powerful spell. "If I see a man dead," he exclaims, "and hanging aloft on a tree, I engrave Runic characters, so wonderful, that the man immediately descends and converses with me;" and in Bartholinus de Causis contemnendæ Mortis, the original of a very ancient ode is given, called the Descent of Odin, in which this deity passes into the abode of

Hela, or Death, to call up the spirit of a prophetess whom he wished to consult. Gray has admirably translated this poem, from whose version the following lines, immediately descriptive of the evocation, breathe all the spirit of lyric enthusiasm: —

Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

Proph. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

More commonly, however, were the Runic characters applied to the circumstances of human life, and, as thrown into different forms, were distinguished by the titles of *Noxious*, *Favourable*, *Victorious*, *Medicinal*, *Amatory*, &c. &c. and a class of Diviners or Prophets, both male and female, prepared and distributed them to the credulous people. They were supposed to have familiar spirits, who constantly attended and obeyed them, and after the departure of Odin they claimed and exercised the powers of

evoking the dead. Thus in the HERRARER SAGA, a prose version of which is given in the *Thesaurus Septentrionalis* of Dr. Hicks, *Herva*, the daughter of *Argantyr*, compels the spirit of her father to appear and give her from his tomb the *charmed sword*, which the Dwarfs made for Sauferlama. In the elegant imitation of this Runic Dialogue by Miss Seward, the Prophetess addresses, in the following manner, the shades of her ancestors.

> Spirits of a dauntless race,
> In armour clad, your tombs I trace.
> Now, with sharp and blood-stain'd spear,
> *Accent shrill and spell severe*,
> I wake you all from slumber mute,
> Beneath the dark Oak's twisted root! —
> Henceforth may the semblance cold
> That did each Warrior's spirit hold,
> Parch, as Corse unblest, that lies
> Withering in the sultry skies! —
> Ghastly may your forms decay,
> Hence the noisome reptile's prey,
> If ye force not, thus adjur'd,
> My Sire to yield the CHARMED SWORD.*

Those who wished to ascertain the events of futurity, and applicants were not unfrequent, in an age of extreme credulity, resorted to these prophetesses, who endeavoured to satisfy the enquirer by pretending to raise from the grave the body of some deceased warrior, and, by the force of Runic spells, compelling the soul to re-enter its former mansion, and reply to the inter-

* Poems by Anna Seward, 4to. 1799.

rogatories of the stranger. In strict conformity to this awful superstition of the North, Dr. Sayers has, in his dramatic sketch entitled Moina, represented Carril applying to a Sorceress of this description. As it is the most perfect and impressive picture of these terrific evocations, I shall offer it to my readers, as an apposite termination of the present number.

My hasty steps soon reach'd the gloomy wood
I sought, and struggling thro' the thorny paths
I mark'd a craggy rock whose broken summit
Was veil'd by creeping shrubs — its bottom yawn'd
And shew'd a deep dark gulph — I fearless enter'd,
And with extended arms I trac'd my way,
For there no beam of light was seen to glimmer,
Save from pale flames by magic song enkindled:
While thus advancing slow, a cold shrunk hand
Caught mine, a hoarse voice thus address'd me;
Who art thou, man, that dar'st with impious step
Disturb my silent dwelling? Speak or perish.
Mildly I answer'd, Prophetess, a stranger,
A miserable stranger seeks thy aid;
O tell me, I conjure thee, by thy gods,
If Harold's doom be seal'd, if sorrowing Moina
Shall e'er behold again her native home
And dwell with Carril! — Hence, away, she cries,
I know thee now, — I hate the foe of Harold:
With that I forward rush'd, and in my arms
Seizing the prophetess, I cried aloud,
Unfeeling woman, tell me what I ask,
Or these firm arms shall from thy feeble body
Set loose thy stubborn soul. — My son, she said,
Forbear, I yield, thy bravery has won me,
Approach — within my cave a new slain corse
Borne by my spirits from the field of slaughter,
Yet bleeds, by Harold's arm this day transfix'd.

The soul is seated in Valhalla's halls.
But by my potent art I'll call it back,
Force it to animate the bloody limbs,
And truly answer thy demands. — She spake,
And blue light flash'd around me, I beheld
The bleeding man—with hoarse rough voice she 'gan
To sound the Runic rhyme, and singing still,
The corse uprear'd his head and clotted hair,
And slowly cast his ghastly eyes around,
Then sunk again, as if the soul had fear'd
To animate a hateful mangl'd body;
The propheteſs observ'd him, and in wrath
She seiz'd a living snake and lash'd his limbs —
Uprose the corse, his languid eyes he fix'd
On me, thus speaking — Tell me, Carril, quickly,
For well I know thee, Carril, what's thy pleasure?
Dismiss me hence with speed to Odin's board.
Warrior, I said, is Harold's death decreed? —
He bleeds, he bleeds, I see him fall
On the corse-spread plain —
Send me back to halls of joy —
Yet speak, shall Moina with her Carril dwell?
E'er the setting sun shall shoot
His reddest rays across the waves
Moina's woes shall be at peace —
I go, I go to halls of joy —
He said, and, smiling sullenly, fell lifeless.

No. LVIII.

Jam jam legibus obrutis
Mundo cum veniet dies
Australis polus obruet
Quicquid per Libiam jacet —
Arctous polus obruet
Quicquid subjacet axibus.
Amissum trepidus polo
Titan excutiet diem.
Cœli regia concidens
Ortus atque obitus trahet
Atque Omnes Pariter Deos
Perdet Mors Aliqua, et Chaos
Et mors et fata novissima
In se constituet sibi
Quis mundum capiet locus? SENECA.

In the first number of these Essays, on the Northern Mythology, it was stated to be the doctrine of the Edda, that the deities of Valhalla, together with man and the globe he inhabits, were one day to perish under the destructive operation of powers, which, though co-existing with Odin and the human race, were only held in subordination for a limited period.

These potent enemies of God and man it will be now necessary to enumerate, before we attempt to describe the scene which closes the theology of the Scandinavians.

The evil principle of the Goths receives in their Edda, or Code of Religion, the appellation of Lok. He is there termed, "The calumniator of the Gods," "The artificer of fraud," "The disgrace of Gods and Men." The offspring of one of the Giants of the Frost, named *Farbantes;* he is the leader and defender of these monstrous beings, and has two brothers, called *Bileipter* and *Helblinde*, or Blind Death.

In his person Lok is represented as elegantly made and extremely handsome, whilst his soul is the source of all that is malignant and evil. He surpasses all beings in perfidy and cunning, and is perpetually employing these instruments to perplex and counteract the purposes of the Gods.

The progeny of a spirit so completely vicious must necessarily be dreadful. By his wife *Siguna*, therefore, all his children are reprobate; but by the giantess *Angerbode*, or Messenger of Ill, he has produced three Monsters who are detestable and hostile to all created things.

The *first* is the Wolf Fenris, of tremendous size and strength, whose jaws reach from earth to heaven, and the foam of whose mouth flows in such abundance as to form a river called *Vam*, or *The Vices*. The Gods, who saw the necessity of confining this horrible Demon, with difficulty carried their intention into execution. Chain after chain, though forged of adamant, did Fenris burst asunder with such violence that their fragments were dispersed through the universe. At length sending the God *Frey* into the subterranean regions of the Black Genii,

they procured there of a dwarf *magic fetters*, which, though smooth and slender to the eye, were so irresistibly strong, that the monster despising their appearance, and suffering himself to be bound, was unable, though stretching every muscle with stupendous power, to shake them from his loins. In this state he remains, until the conflagration of the globe at the last day shall liberate him to engage in destructive warfare with the Gods.

The *second* is the GREAT SERPENT OF MIDGARD, so called because the Gods viewing with terror the enormous folds of this Hydra threw him to the bottom of the ocean, where twisting himself round the earth he encompasses it so entirely, that he can at pleasure bring his mouth and tail in contact. His jaws are of massy iron, and from them roll with unceasing fury floods of deadly poison.*

The *third* is HELA, the Goddess of Death, whom the deities precipitated into Niflheim, or Hell. There, involved in perpetual darkness, surrounded by ever-during ice, and beaten by eternal tempests, presides this Queen of Horrors. Nine worlds acknowledge her sway, and into these she distributes all those who perish by sickness or old age. In the centre of her realms, in apartments of immensurable size, fenced with iron grates, and of prodigious strength, Hela sits enthroned. Her looks are too dreadful to be contemplated, and her body, mis-shapen and obscure, and only partially

* From this feature of the Northern mythology it is probable that the Kraken of Pontoppidan may have been derived.

covered with skin, is half blue and half flesh colour. Her halls are halls of *Grief*, her couches are *Disease* and *Pain*, and her curtains *Cursing* and *Howling*.

Such were Lok and his progeny, destined to act in conjunction with Surtur and his Spirits of fire, and the Giants of the Frost, in the final destruction of heaven and earth.

Odin and his race of gods, who, as we have seen, were created by the GREAT FIRST CAUSE posterior to matter, and employed by him as agents for its arrangement, were conscious that their fate was linked with the preservation of terrestrial nature, and that a day might arrive when they, together with the universe they had regulated, should fall a sacrifice to the Powers of Violence.

To defend themselves, therefore, and support the laws of life and nature, they not only fettered Fenris and the Serpent of Midgard, and precipitated Hela into Hell, but at length confined Lok himself in a vast cavern, where three immense and sharp rocks were heaved upon him, one pressing on his shoulders, another on his loins, and the third on his inferior extremities. To have done all this, however, without restricting the ravages of Surtur and the Giants of the Frost, would have been unavailing; the sources of heat and cold were, therefore, limited to their respective worlds, and for a time at least bounds were prescribed to their pernicious fury.

As, notwithstanding all these precautions, apprehension still exists in the mind of Odin, he admits into Valhalla only those who are

capable of assisting him in the defence of Nature.

All those warriors, therefore, who had given proof of their courage by shedding valiantly their blood in battle are joyfully welcomed to the halls of heaven, and are daily exercised in all the dangers and evolutions of war, that when the great hour of conflict shall arrive, they may the more effectually aid in repelling the inroads of the enemy.

In the mean time, to obviate any surprise or sudden attack, a very powerful deity, named HEIMDALLER, the offspring of nine virgins who are sisters, is stationed on the burning Bridge called *Bifrost*, or the Rainbow, which connects the earth and heavens. Here, in a Celestial Fort erected at the entrance of the Bridge, and on the verge of *Asgard*, watches with unceasing vigilance this sentinel of the Gods, whose faculties are so acute and unwearied, that not the smallest object of sight, or the faintest vibration of sound, escapes him, nor does he experience the oppression or necessity of sleep. The Edda of Saemund describes the birth of this important and ever-active guardian, whose wisdom and virtue were proverbial, in the following manner: —

Of elder time a hero came
Recorded in the rolls of fame.
The Gods to him reveal'd their lore,
And wisdom open'd every store.
On a green smooth-shaven bank,
Where suns the dews of morning drank,

Nine virgins knew prolific joy,
And bore conjoint the wondrous boy:
With garlands wreath'd his infant head,
And mildest virtues round him shed.
He was fed by ocean's wave;
Earth to him her tribute gave;
For him rich censers smoak'd around,
And blood sacrific dy'd the ground.

The Last Day, or as it is termed in the Edda, the TWILIGHT OF THE GODS, must nevertheless, as an event, determined upon in the councils of the Creator of all things, necessarily take place, and a very remarkable and sublime part of the Volupsa and Edda is occupied, in describing what will be the occurrences immediately preceding this awful period, and what the dreadful circumstances attending its completion: to which succeeds, in both these productions, a pleasing and animated description of the RENOVATION OF THE WORLD.

In placing before my readers the detail of these stupendous phenomena, I shall, in the first place, give a general and paraphrastic description, from the Latin version of the Edda, by Goransson, then annex the literal Latin translations of the Volupsa, by Bartholin, and conclude with two spirited imitations by poets of the present day.

The first indication of the approaching doom of Nature and the Gods, will be a preternatural degree of cold. A winter of desolation shall arrive, during which the sun shall withdraw his beams, the frost shall become perpetual, and whilst the snow falls from every quarter of the

heavens, storms and whirlwinds, unbounded and destructive in their career, shall sweep the surface of the earth.

Three such winters shall pass away, no summer intervening to mitigate the severity of the cold. Three more shall follow, during which war and discord shall ravage every portion of the globe. The ties of consanguinity, of love and friendship, shall be broken; murder, rapine, and adultery, shall universally prevail; brother shall lift up the hand of slaughter against brother, parent against child, and husband against wife. Life shall become a burthen, and wretched mortals shall perish in the vigour of youth, either slain by their own hands, murdered by their relations, or devoured by wild beasts.

Towards the close of this dreadful scene, the Sun and Moon shall know their places no more, and the Stars shall fall from heaven. The earth is shaken to its centre, the trees are torn up from their roots, and the very hills themselves, thrown headlong from their foundations.

At this period the monsters and demons, whom the Gods had hitherto confined, break loose. *Fenris* bursts his fetters, and expanding his enormous jaws, whilst intense fire flashes from his eyes and nostrils, swallows up the sun and threatens to devour the universe. *Jormungandus*, the great serpent of Midgard, heaving up his immense bulk, causes the sea to rush impetuously over the earth, and vomiting forth torrents of venom, he poisons both the atmosphere and ocean. The giant Rymer, placing

himself at the head of his brethren of the Frost, they set afloat the ship *Naglefara*, constructed of the nails of dead men, and Rymer piloting the vessel, they rush upon the bosom of the deluge to contend against the Gods. Lok, in the mean time, escapes from his prison and hastens to join the giants, who follow him even unto death.

During these dreadful commotions, *Heimdaller*, the sentinel of Asgard, issuing from the celestial fort, sounds violently his clanging trumpet, which is heard through infinite space, and the Gods immediately assemble. Instantly, however, the heavens cleave asunder, and Surtur, at the head of his Genii, who are mounted on steeds of flame, enters through the breach. Streams of sparkling fire precede and follow the path of Surtur, in whose right hand flashes a sword, more brilliant than the Sun itself. These Genii, passing, with irresistible speed, over the bridge Bifrost, break it into a thousand pieces, and assemble in a vast plain of not less than a hundred degrees square. Here they are joined by the Wolf Fenris, by the Serpent of Midgard, and by the Giants, with Lok and Rymer in their front, and followed by *Garmer*, the dog of hell, a monster huge and foul, and who fed upon the carcases of the damned.

Fear and astonishment seize all the host of heaven. Odin flies to the fountain of Mimis, to consult upon the measures he should pursue. As he approaches the great Ash-tree, Hydrasil sends forth deep groans, waves all her boughs, and is shaken with prodigious fury, whilst the

eagle on her branches screams loud and dreadful, and beats incessantly his iron wings.

Odin assumes his armour: he puts on his golden helmet and resplendent cuirass, and, grasping his sword, instantly rushes upon Fenris. *Thor* attacks the Serpent of Midgard. *Tyr* opposes the dog Garmer. *Heimdaller* contends with Lok, and *Frey* encounters Surtur.

Horror and destruction fill the halls of heaven. *Odin*, notwithstanding his prowess, is devoured by the Wolf Fenris, at the moment when his son *Vidar*, advancing to his assistance, seizes the monster's jaws, and pressing down the lower with his foot, distends the upper with his hand, and rends him till he dies. *Thor*, after a desperate conflict, beats down Jormungandus to the earth and destroys him, but immediately recoiling nine steps, falls lifeless upon the ground, suffocated by the floods of venom, which the serpent vomits forth in the agonies of death. *Tyr* and Garmer, *Heimdaller* and Lok, contend furiously, and, after inflicting the most dreadful wounds, mutually destroy each other: whilst *Frey*, after a terrible combat with Surtur, is, at length, vanquished and slain, and the irresistable Monarch of Fire, wielding his destructive element on every side, gives up the universe a prey to flames.

Though, with a view to perspicuity, the arrangement of the circumstances in this account be somewhat different from the Latin version of the Edda, by *Goranson**, the full import of that

* Hyperboreorum Atlantiorum seu Saiogotorum et Normandorum Eddæ, Hoc est *Avarin*, seu Fons Gentilis illorum

translator is correctly given. In the still more ancient descriptions, however, entitled the *Voluspa*, or the prophecy of Vola, there are some additional strokes; and as these poems are a great curiosity and seldom to be met with, I shall readily be pardoned inserting so much of them as may be illustrative both of this scene of destruction and of the subsequent renovation of the world. The passages in question form two odes, and our present subject, THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS, is thus literally translated by Bartholin.

CREPUSCULUM DEORUM.

SEU

INTERITUS MUNDI.

1. Hrymus (gigas quidam) ab ortu aurigat;
Intumescit mare:
Volutat se Jormungandus (anguis terram ambire creditus)
Furore giganteo,
Anguis maria movet;
Aquila vero clangit,
Dilaniat cadavera lurido rostro.
Naſglar (navis) solvitur.

2. Navis ab ortu venit;
Aderunt Muspelli,

et Theologiæ et Philosophiæ, *Versionis Latinæ* Donatæ. Ad Manuscriptum, quod præsidet Bibliothecæ Upsaliensis antiquissimum, correctissimum, et quidem membranaceum, Gothicum, in lucem prodit Opera et Studio Johannis Göranson.

Per mare incolæ;
Lokus vero gubernat.
Incedunt furentes populi,
Cum lupo omnes.
Illiscum frater,
Belcipi prodit.

3. Quid novi apud Deos geritur?
Quid apud Genios?
Fragore personat totus gigantum mundus.
Dii in foro versantur:
Gemunt nani
Ante lapidearum habitationum ostia,
Lapideorum meatuum gnari;
Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

4. Surtur ab Austro prodit,
Igne comitante;
Radiat solis instar, ensis
Deorum bellacium.
Saxa ruinam minantur:
Fœminæ gigantææ vagantur;
Calcant viam Helæ:
Diffinditur Cœlum.

5. *Tunc evenit Illina
Dolor secundus;
Quando Odinus prodit
Ad dimicandum cum lupo;
Occisorque Belæ,
Candidus cum surto:
Tum Friggæ
Cadet maritus.

6. Tum prodit magnus
Filius Odini,
Vidarus, ut pugnet
Cum stragis animali (lupo).

Curat sobolis giganteæ
Insistere
Gladium cordi:
Tum patris mortem ulcissitur.

7. Nigrescit Sol:
Immergitur mari Tellus:
Disparescunt e Cœlo
Serenæ Stellæ:
Sævit ignis
Sub sæculi extremitatem;
Lambit ascendens flamma
Ipsum Cœlum. BARTHOL. lib. ii. c. 14.

With the exception of two stanzas, which I have likewise omitted in the Latin copy, this singular poem has been faithfully translated by Dr. Percy. The third stanza is peculiarly spirited and dramatic.

1. "The Giant Rymer arrives from the east, carried in a chariot: the ocean swells: the Great Serpent rolls himself furiously in the waters, and lifteth up the sea. The eagle screams, and tears the dead bodies with his horrid beak. The vessel of the Gods is set afloat.

2. "The vessel comes from the east: the host of Evil Genii arrives by sea: Lok is their pilot and director. Their furious squadron advances, escorted by the Wolf Fenris: Lok appears with them.

3. "What is doing among the Gods? What is doing among the Genii? The land of the Giants is filled with uproar: the Deities collect and assemble together. The dwarfs sigh and groan before the doors of their caverns. Oh!

ye inhabitants of the mountains; can you say whether any thing will yet remain in existence?

4. "The Black Prince of the Genii of Fire issues forth from the south, surrounded with flames: the swords of the Gods beam forth rays like the Sun. The rocks are shaken, and fall to pieces. The female Giants wander about weeping. Men tread in crowds the paths of death. The heaven is split asunder.

5. "New grief for the Goddess who defends Odin. For Odin advances to encounter Fenris; the snow-white slayer of Bela, against the Black Prince of the Genii of Fire. Soon is the spouse of Frigga beaten down.

6. "Then runs Vidar, the illustrious son of Odin, to avenge the death of his father. He attacks the murderous monster, that monster born of a Giant; and with his sword he pierces him to the heart.

7. "The Sun is darkened: the sea overwhelms the earth: the shining stars vanish out of heaven: the fire furiously rages: the ages draw to an end: the flame ascending licks the vault of heaven." *

The following Ode, by Mr. Sterling, is rather a copy from the Edda of Goranson than the Volupsa, and consequently is much more full and particular than if it had taken the latter solely for its guide: it is rich and musical in its versification, and possesses the genuine tone of lyric composition.

* Percy's Mallet, vol. ii. p. 169.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

AN ODE.

1.

The dusky moon is streak'd with blood,
The demons of the tempest roar;
A deluge swells the mountain flood,
The clouds descend in streams of gore:
From the dark mansions of the north,
Now the great winter rushes headlong forth.
His sacred beam the golden sun shall hide,
Nor spring nor summer shall enrich the plain;
No vales shall flourish in autumnal pride,
But winter drear shall hold unceasing reign,
Till the great dragon, terrible and strong,
Unwinds his sweepy folds, and shoots the seas along.

2.

Th' eternal hills shall melt away,
Earthquakes rock the trembling ground:
Fenris seize the orb of day,
The serpent shed his poison round:
Thick darkness and substantial night
Shall quench the stars of heav'n, and blot the cheerful light.
Athwart the radiant bow, which girds the skies,
Glance the wing'd genii of etherial speed;
Along the ranks the gloomy Surtur flies,
He shakes his sun-bright sword, he pricks his steed:
The swelling dragon rears his horrent crest,
Fell Garmus barks aloud, Lok puts his lance in rest.

3.

His shrilling trumpet Heimdall blows,
Swift to the prophetic Spring

For counsel royal Odin goes,
The Eagle beats his iron wing;
Sleipner gives a dreadful bound,
The great ash waves its hundred boughs around.
The Lord of battles, in bright armour cas'd,
Wields the gigantic sabre in his hand;
The golden helmet on his brow is lac'd,
He darts from file to file, from band to band.
The gods are arm'd, the heroes hurl the spear,
They blaze before the van, they thunder in the rear.

4.

Haughty deeds the chiefs essay,
The king of men (his armies' shield)
Scatters terror and dismay,
Encounters Fenris in the field:
The king must fall (relentless fate!)
Beneath his foe, tho' brave, tho' good, tho' great!
But Vidar's faulchion shall revenge his death;
See! the wolf bleeds in agonizing pangs,
Th' expiring serpent with his poisonous breath
Kills mighty Thor—the sounding bow-string twangs;
Loud clash the bickering swords, the jav'lins fly,
They cut the liquid air, they shade the golden sky.

5.

Lok and valiant Heimdall fall
In cruel fight by mutual wounds:
Wild uproar lords it over all,
Grim Surtur, whom black fire surrounds;
(Grim Surtur of tremendous name)
Launches a deluge of devouring flame:
The sun himself, immortal fount of light,
And this terrestrial globe he shall consume;
But lo! a second earth serenely bright,
Shines from the wave, and bursts the settled gloom.

In Gimle's halls reside the just and brave,
While the base Caitiffs' chain'd in Nastrond's
dreary cave. *

The close of this fine Ode slightly alludes to a scene which forms a very important and characteristic feature of the northern mythology; THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD.

No sooner had the fires of Surtur consumed the ancient globe and mansions of the Gods, than, at the *Fiat* of the *Cause* of *Causes*, sprang into existence a new and more beautiful creation. Another earth, more lovely and delightful, suddenly appeared rolling through the blue expanse; it was clothed with the most lively verdure, and grain and fruits rose spontaneously from its bosom.

In the mean time those Gods who had survived the conflagration, namely, *Vidar* and *Vale*, the sons of Odin, and *Mode* and *Magne*, the sons of Thor, assemble on the plains of Inda, and are soon joined by *Balder* and *Hoder*, from the regions of the dead. They converse together upon the stupendous events they had so lately witnessed, and, recalling the councils and admonitions of Odin, reflect with a kind of melancholy pleasure on the misfortunes they had undergone.

Suddenly, whilst the descendants of Odin are thus employed, issues forth, with great splendour, from his throne on high, the CREATOR of all things. He constitutes the assembled

* Sterling's Poems, p. 154.

deities his agents, and placing on the renovated globe two human beings, male and female, who had been preserved through his protecting influence, and whom he named LIF and LIFTHRASSER, he commands them to people the new earth. Immediately after this event bursts forth a lofty and resplendent heaven, in which is a palace of gold, bright as the sun, named GIMLE, the destined seat of the just and virtuous, who, in this blessed mansion, are to enjoy pleasure ineffable to all eternity. At the same time, far distant in the North, on the verge of a fetid river, whose waters are black as pitch and cold as ice, there rises, at his bidding, a dreadful structure, named NASTROND, or the shore of the dead. In this vast prison, built of the carcases of serpents, and through whose gloomy portals flow rivers of poison, float, in perpetual torture, and gnawed by a tremendous monster, the bodies of the wicked, of the murderer, the adulterer, and the perjured.

In drawing up this account, I have thrown the relations of the Edda and the Volupsa together, so as to form a more complete and perfect whole. At the same time I have transposed the events in such a manner, as, I trust, will have rendered the effect more dramatic and sublime. The reader, however, will be enabled to judge of the propriety of these transpositions, when the Volupsa, in its original order, is before him.

NOVI MUNDI EXORTUS.

1. Videt illa emergere
Altera vice
Terram emari
Valdé viridem;
Labuntur aquæ;
Supervolat aquila
Quæ in montibus
Pisces capit.

2. Conveniunt Dii
In Indæ campo;
Et de dirutis habitaculis
Validis loquuntur:
Ibique mentionem faciunt
Magnorum colloquiorum,
Et Odini
Antiquorum sermonum.

3. Ferent non sati
Agri fructum;
Adversa quævis cessent;
Aderit Balderus.
Incolent Balderus et Hodus
Odini dirutas ædes,
Bene bellacos Dii.
Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

4. Domum stare videt
Sole clariorem,
Auro tectam
In Gimli;
Ibi probi
Populi habitabunt,
Et per sæcula
Gaudis fruentur.

5. Tum prodit potens ille,
Instante divino judicio,
Validus e supernis
Qui omnia regit;
Hic sententiam fert,
Et causas dirimit,
Sacra fata statuit,
Quæ durabunt.

6. Domum stare videt
A sole remotam
In Nastronda;
Fores borcam spectant;
Distilli veneni guttæ
Intro per fenestras;
Hæc contexta est domus
Spinis serpentinis.

7. Ibi vadare videt
Rapida fluenta
Viros perjuros,
Et notarios,
Et qui alterius vellicant
Aurem conjugi.
Rodebat ibi Nidhoggus cadavera;
Lanhivit lupus viros.
Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?*

I shall now annex a literal translation of this poem in the arrangement I have chosen to follow, but numbering the stanzas according to the Latin copy.

1. "Then," (that is, after the death of the Gods and the conflagration of the world,) "we

* Two stanzas of this Latin version of Bartholin, which contain very obscure imagery, have been omitted.

see emerge from the bosom of the waves, an earth clothed with a most lovely verdure. The floods retire: the eagle soars wheresoever he lists, and seizes his fishy prey on the tops of the Mountains.

3. " The fields produce their fruits without culture; misfortunes are banished from the world. Balder and his brother, those warrior Gods, return to inhabit the ruined palaces of Odin. Do you conceive what will then come to pass?

2. " The Gods assemble in the fields of Inda: they discourse together concerning the heavenly palaces, whose ruins are before them: they recollect their former conversations, and the ancient discourses of Odin.

5. " Then the Master, he who governs all things, issues forth with great power from his habitations on high, to render his divine judgments, and to pronounce his sentences. He terminates all differences, and establishes the sacred destinies, which will remain to eternity.

4. " A palace more resplendent than the Sun, called *Gimle*, rises to view; it is adorned with a roof of gold: there the assemblies of good men shall inhabit; and give themselves up to joy and pleasure, throughout all ages.

6. " An abode remote from the Sun, named *Nastrond*, rises to view, the gates of which look towards the north: there drops of poison rain through the windows. It is all built of the carcases of serpents.

7. " There, in rapid rivers, swim the perjured, the assassins, and those who seek to

seduce the wives of others; and there an all-devouring monster perpetually torments their bodies. Do you conceive what will then come to pass?" *

This Ode has been imitated likewise, and with much success, after the manner of Gray, by Mr. Mathias. It is too beautifully illustrative of the subject before us, to be omitted with propriety.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,

AND

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

The Gods meet on the Top of Mount Ida, and sing the following prophetic Song.

Now the spirit's plastic might,
Brooding o'er the formless deep,
O'er the dusk abysm of night,
Bids creation cease to sleep!

Instant from the riven main
Starts the renovated earth;
Pine-clad mountain, shaded plain,
See, 'tis nature's second birth.

Now the waters glide along,
Murm'ring fountain, rapid flood;
Eagles soar on pinion strong,
Tyrants of the finny brood.

Gods on Inda spread the board;
Such was the supreme decree;

* Vide Percy's Mallet, vol. ii. pp. 174, 178.

Swell the strains in full accord,
Strains of holiest harmony!

" Pour the sparkling beverage high;
" Be the song with horror fraught:
" Lab'ring earth, and ruin'd sky,
" Fill the soul and fix the thought.

" Odin next inspire the verse,
" Gor'd by the relentless fang;
" Æther felt the conflict fierce,
" Dying groan, and parting pang.

" Where is now his vaunted might?
" Where the terror of his eye?
" Fled for aye from scenes of light:
" Pour the sparkling beverage high.

" Lo! they fleet in radiant round,
" Years of plenty, years of joy:
" Sorrow's place no more is found,
" Cares that vex, or sweets that cloy.

" From the kindly teeming soil,
" Ripen'd harvests wave unsown;
" Wherefore need the peasants toil?
" Nature works, and works alone.

" Ask you whose the scepter'd sway?
" 'Tis to lordly Balder giv'n:
" Mark him there in bright array,
" Stalking thro' the halls of heav'n.

" Hoder holds united reign;
" Latest times their strength shall prove:
" Monarchs of the bleak domain,
" Know'st thou now what's done above?

" Is it blest delusion's hour?
" Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance?
" Beams of glory round me show'r;
" Troops of radiant forms advance.

" Founded on that firm-set rock,
" Rising view the dome of gold,
" Fix'd secure from wint'ry shock:
" There the good, and there the bold.

" High in tracts of troubled air,
" Justice waves her awful sword:
" Vice appall'd, with hideous stare,
" Shrinks ere spoke the dooming word.

" Conscience comes, a tort'ring fiend,
" Bids his minions round him roll;
" Fell Remorse, the breast to rend,
" Agony, to storm the soul.

" In Nastronda's northern plain,
" Hark, th' invenom'd portals ope:
" Respite there is none of pain,
" Ray of Sun, or beam of hope.

" Dog-ey'd lust, adult'ry foul,
" Murder red with many a stain,
" At the fatal entrance scowl,
" Bound in adamantine chain.

" Mark the house; if right we deem,
" 'Tis of scales serpentine built;
" Round it brawls a turbid stream:
" Mortal, such th' abode of guilt.

" Know'st thou now what's done above?
" Know'st thou now the deeds of night?"

They spoke: the feast of joy and love
Glow'd on India's glist'ring height.*

It is a circumstance singularly curious, and highly worthy of observation, that the passage I have taken from Seneca, the Tragic Poet, as a motto for this paper, contains a doctrine exactly similar to the mythology of the Scandinavians, on the destruction of the globe. "When the laws of nature," says Seneca, "shall be buried in ruin, and the last day of the world shall come, the southern Pole shall crush, as it falls, all the regions of Africa. The north Pole shall overwhelm all the countries beneath its axis. The affrighted Sun shall be deprived of its light; the palace of heaven, falling to decay, shall produce, at once, both life and death, and some KIND OF DISSOLUTION SHALL, IN LIKE MANNER, SEIZE ALL THE DEITIES, and they shall return into their original chaos, &c."

The writings of Seneca, the Philosopher, likewise a rigid disciple of the Stoics, include, not only an account of the conflagation of the world, but describe, in striking terms, its renovation and consequent beauty. "The world," observes the Roman Sage, "being melted and re-entered into the bosom of Jupiter, this God continues, for some time, totally concentered in himself, and remains concealed, as it were, wholly immersed in the contemplation of his own ideas. Afterwards we see a new world spring from him, perfect in all its parts; animals

* Vide Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue. By Thomas James Mathias, London, 1781, 4to.

are produced anew; an innocent race of men are formed under more favourable auspices, in order to people this earth, the worthy abode of virtue. In short, the whole face of nature becomes more pleasing and lovely."*

In fact, the doctrines of the northern nations, and of Zeno and the Stoics, appear to have been nearly alike. Both maintained the existence of an omnipotent and eternal Deity, from whom proceeded universal animation and intelligence, and who governed the world through the medium of inferior spirits or divinities, who, emanating immediately from himself, were, on the dissolution of terrestrial forms, to be re-absorbed into his own essence. They alike believed in the gradual decay and approaching struggles of nature, and that, directly previous to the conflagration of the globe, an age of moral and physical depravation should take place, in which all the powers, hostile to life and organized matter, and led on by the Principle of Evil, should contend with the opposed energies or inferior gods, and mutual destruction ensue: earth and heaven disappear, and immediately the Almighty, rising in the plenitude of his power, calls into being a new and more beauteous creation.

This wonderful conformity of opinions between nations so widely separated as were the Scandinavians and the Greeks, will be readily accounted for, provided we can refer both countries to one common source. Now the mytho-

* Senec. Epist. 9. et Quæst. Nat. l. 3. c. ult. — Percy's Mallet, vol. ii. p. 175.

logy of Odin and of Zeno may be traced with sufficient precision to the tenets of the Eastern Magi. The Scandinavians, it is well known, migrated from an Asiatic country, and Zeno, who was born of Phœnician parents, and travelled through various regions, eager in the search of truth, was learned in the doctrines of the East.

The Legislator of the North and the Grecian Philosopher, were, therefore, probably indebted to the system of Zoroaster, for the broad outline of their respective and approximating dogmata. The Principle of Good and Evil, the *Oromasdes* and *Arimanes* of the Persian Sage; the re-union of Oromasdes at the last day with the Supreme Being, from whom he had originally emanated; the conflagration of the globe, and its re-production in a state more perfect and beautiful, are leading features of the *Zendevasta*, or sacred Code of the Persians.

The most striking and characteristic parts of the Scandinavian mythology, together with no inconsiderable portion of the manners and customs of our northern ancestors, have now passed before the reader; their theology, warfare, and poetry, their gallantry, religious rites, and superstitions, have been separately, and, I trust, distinctly reviewed.

To render popular a subject, in itself naturally intricate and abstruse, a close adherence to selection, arrangement, and illustration, has been necessary. I have more particularly endeavoured to explain and familiarise those parts, best adapted to the purposes of poetry and fic-

tion, whilst, at the same time, it has been my aim to impart a general, but clear idea, of the entire system.

A strong objection to the introduction of the machinery of the Edda has arisen, from the almost universal ignorance of the mythology from which it is derived. Hence obscurity, a fault of itself alone sufficient to arrest the progress of any work to general favour, must necessarily surround and destroy the effect of imagery, which, were its sources but previously familiar, is, perhaps, better calculated than any other, to add spirit, sublimity, and vigour, to the efforts of imagination.

The poet, however, who wishes to avail himself of the treasures of this rich, and, hitherto, but little explored mine of fiction, must have recourse to the original writers. He must appeal to the Edda and Volupsa, he must study the works of Bartholinus, Wormius, Verelius, Keysler, and Mallet, and enter deeply into the minutiæ, the bearings, and tendency of every part of the system. The *purport* of these Essays is merely to *awaken his attention* to the subject, and to enable the *lovers* of poetry, *without further research or trouble*, to *relish* and *understand* the splendid creations, which, in the hands of the genuine bard, this neglected mythology may give birth to.

To disseminate a taste, therefore, for the subject, and to shew to what extent and with what effect our poets have introduced the Gothic fables, I have liberally quoted their productions, from the sublime effusions of the lyric

Gray, to the not less elegant and splendid sketches of Penrose and Sayers. I have also inserted in this last number of the series, two entire odes by Sterling and Mathias, a liberty which those gentlemen will, I am certain, readily excuse, as the motive for their introduction has been, not only to turn the attention of the public to their beautiful and spirited imitations, but to illustrate and render pleasing a topic, in whose circulation and popularity they must of course be interested.

I shall only add, that should these Essays lead to a more extensive adoption of the Scandinavian mythology, especially in our *epic* and *lyric* compositions, the event will be not merely satisfactory to myself, but will assuredly meet with the approbation and acknowledgment of every friend to literature and genius.

No. LIX.

Haste all, with heedful ears! while I recite
The strange adventure of a "faithless" knight.
Way's Fabliaux.

To the following Poem, as a specimen of that species of Legendary Tale which endeavours to excite and sustain curiosity through the medium of Gothic fiction and credulity, I have alluded in No. 52. of this volume; and I now, therefore, place it before the public with the single observation, that in this, as in my former attempt, it has been my wish to copy, as far as was consistent with the design of gratifying the general reader, some of the more striking features of the ancient ballad; and that, consequently, a style rather diffuse, and a somewhat obtrusive vein of description, may be, in some degree, attributed to this effort towards preserving a resemblance.

The night was dark, the wild winds blew,
And shook the hollow dell,
And twelve times pausing, long and drear,
Was heard the village-bell.

From high Rongellen's stately hall,
The fretted shafts between,
No more the taper's streaming lights,
Athwart the vale were seen.

For, fir'd with dreams of hast'ning bliss,
With mad ambition drunk,
On his soft couch, elate in thought,
Rongellen's Lord had sunk.

'Twas then, all thro' the massy keep,
Loud burst a deep'ning groan,
And something dreadful, sweeping on,
Was inly heard to moan.

Till, full before Rongellen's bed,
The ghastly phantom stood,
A female fest'ring in her shroud,
And dark her icy blood.

"Now Edwin, Edwin," shriek'd the sprite,
"Thine eye to horror give,
"Look! canst thou view this loathsome form,
"Canst view this form and live?

"Go forth, when glow the tints of morn,
"Go forth the maid to meet,
"Yes go, oh perjur'd, joying go,
"Thy prömis'd bride to greet.

"But know, ere next the fiends of night
"Their gloomy sabbaoth hold,
"Shalt thou, within thy shudd'ring arms,
"Thy Mary's corse infold.

"Adieu, lost wretch! I go, I go
"To my unhallow'd home,
"To wait for thee, not distant far,
"Beneath the haunted dome."

Thus whilst she spoke, convulsions dire
His labouring bosom rend,
And wildly springing from the couch,
He rous'd his sleeping friend.

What ho! — Oh saw ye not pass by
Some fiend of hideous frame? —
To me, e'en now, in depth of night,
A ghastly spirit came!

Oh Henry, till this night accurs'd,
Hath run her troubl'd race,
Oh come, and from a mind perturb'd,
Its with'ring visions chase.

Oh list! into thy wond'ring ear
I'll pour a mournful tale,
So sad, it shall thy ruddy cheek
With mingling passion pale.

Nigh where the fretted waters dash,
And o'er their channel swell,
Where an ag'd oak, with headlong crash,
One stormy evening fell:

Nigh where it forms a rustic bridge
And bathes its moss-green boughs,
Thou know'st, for I have seen thee there,
Fitzallen's cottage rose.

And oh, thou may'st remember too,
For who that once has seen
The tender beauty, ere forgot
Her gentle air and mien,

Thou may'st remember that sweet girl,
Fitzallen's daughter fair,
With eyne so blue, and bosom white,
And darkly auburn hair.

I lov'd the Maid! and frequent strove
To win her guileless heart,
Wretch that I am! nor strove in vain,
Yet play'd the villain's part!

'Twas when on Autumn's sweetest eve,
As slept the mountain-gale,
When sinking fast behind the wood,
The sun yet warmed the vale:

'Twas then, with all that tender hope
That dews the melting eye,
When love in every pulse doth beat,
And breathes in every sigh;

'Twas then I caught the luckless Maid
Alone, and bath'd in tears,
And mourning o'er the num'rous ills,
Which youth from passion bears:

A Minstrel's sweet yet simple strains
Had struck her feeling breast,
Those strains which oft in times of old,
The ear of Pity blest.

Unseen I came, I saw unseen,
My soft foot stealing nigh,
The maiden read, and, pausing deep,
The warm tear dim her eye.

I kindly press'd her to my heart,
Kiss'd off the falling dew —
"And is it, oh my gentle Love,
"My Edwin is it you!

"Come, you shall hear this piteous tale,
"Nor ever slight me more,
"Shall hear how good young maidens were,
"How young men lov'd of yore."

I sate me down, I heard the maid
Recite the lowly strain,
I heard how sad, how sweetly wild,
Can simple love complain.

So well the Bard his nymph had drawn,
So well her griefs had sung,
Such passion thrill'd her throbbing heart,
And faulter'd on her tongue;

That not one word, suffus'd in tears,
The lovely maid could see,
But glancing from the tender tale
She threw her eyes on me.

Such dear expression beam'd from thence,
Such melting sweetness spoke,
That thro' my breast, thro' every limb,
Resistless passion broke.

'Twas then, whilst thro' her pitying breast
The soft effusion stole,
For pity, so the Minstrels say,
To love can melt the soul:

'Twas then —— but why the joys recall
That mark'd that guilty day,
Suffice — I triumph'd in her arms,
Then threw the pearl away.

I left her, she, who more than life,
This worthless bosom priz'd,
I left her friendless, lost, betray'd,
Heart-broken, poor, despis'd.

Her father, silver'd o'er with age,
Surviv'd not long to weep;
He dy'd, and Mary saw him laid
Beneath the turf to sleep.

That very night she fled her cot —
And loud the storm did beat,
And very fast came down the snow,
And fast the driving sleet.

Oh where the poor unhappy girl
Had wander'd, none could tell,
Yet did the village seek the night
All thro' the winding dell.

At times was heard a plaintive voice
Sad swelling to the gale,
And strangely wild it seem'd to mourn,
Then dy'd along the vale.

Since that fell night, no eye hath seen
The tender Mary's form,
And sure the gentle girl did die
Amid that howling storm.

Thou know'st, my steeds, my knights prepar'd,
And all my pride of state,
I meant, ere noon, at Hubert's tow'rs,
My bride's fair train to wait.

But two hours since, as o'er the heath
Twelve times the deep-mouth'd bell
Toll'd to the hoarse blast's sullen roar
With many a boding swell,

I sought my couch, and, fir'd with dreams
Of nuptial bliss I lay,
When hither, lo! some dreadful shape
Did take its with'ring way.

It stood — my God! the very thought
Doth make my blood run cold:
It stood — when hideous, ghastly, grim,
Did Mary's form unfold!

She sigh'd; and with a hollow scream
She bade me to her home,
Prepar'd, she said, not distant far,
Beneath the haunted dome.

Ere next the gory fiends of night
Their dance of blood could trace,
Should I, with horror thrill'd, shriek'd,
Her clay-cold corse embrace.

Now, Henry, these mysterious words
Do such strange fear impart,
So cow my better part of man,
So thrill my shiv'ring heart,

That sure, to-morrow ne'er shall boast
Of Edwin's nuptial tie;
Ah sure, ere midnight wraps the globe,
Shall I, in horror, die.

"What! shall Rongellen's Lord, shall he,
"For strength, for valour fam'd,
"Shall he with female fancies droop?"
The indignant youth exclaim'd.

"Now, by St. Paul! I needs must laugh
"To hear thy brainless flights,
"To hear thee tell — God save the mark!
"Of ghosts, and shrouds, and sprites!

"Can Emma, she whose wealth, whose charms
"Now claim thy nuptial bed;
"Can she approve the man o'erwhelm'd
"With superstitious dread?

"How will she spurn thy timid soul,
"And laugh thy fears to scorn!
"Fears that would shame the rudest hind
"Mid fabling beldams born." —

Oh spare me, Henry! blame me not
With such contemptuous mien —
Even thou hadst fear'd, hadst thou beheld
What I, thy friend, have seen.

But come, until our knights at arms
Their barbed coursers mount,
Oh! let us the chivalric fame,
The deeds of chiefs recount.

Thus they their hours of twilight spent,
Till, bath'd in vermeil hue,
Forth from his cave, his steeds on fire,
The Lord of splendour flew.

So did he clasp the morning gray,
And woo'd with eyne so bright,
That round the glowing earth did laugh
At that rejoicing sight.

Then came Rongellen's minstrels, rob'd
In cloth of green and gold,
And o'er their temples, deck'd with gems,
Were wreaths of laurel roll'd.

They swept the lyre, and murm'ring round,
The wild notes reach'd the heart,
And bade thro' every trembling nerve
The thrill of pleasure dart.

The pages next, who robes of white
Of unshorn velvet wore,
With edge of silver, bucklers, helms,
And spears in triumph bore.

Who bade the banner to the sun
Its gorgeous breadth unfold,
The banner rich in ruby tint
Of crimson wove and gold.

Rongellen on a milk-white steed
That chauft his frothy rein,
That mov'd as if he trod the air,
And shook his streaming mane.

Came riding all in purple robe,
With fringe of silver bright,
And thwart his breast his baldrick blaz'd
With gems of dazzling light.

From thence, in sheath of ivory dipt,
Hung that tremendous blade,
Which cold in death, and steep'd in blood,
Had many a warrior laid.

While dancing to the wanton wind,
And nodding o'er his crest,
The bent plumes kiss'd the vermeil gem,
And dy'd their snowy breast.

Beside him, in a surcoat blue,
On foaming courser borne,
Went Henry, and his arms did flash
Against the rising morn.

Thus moving in his conscious might,
And glorying in his pride,
And fir'd with many a splendid hope,
Did faithless Edwin ride.

But scarce half way to Hubert's tower,
The joying train had past,
When riding near a forest's side
With mingling gloom o'ercast,

They heard the shrieks of deep distress
Thro' all the woods rebound,
And fearful, shrill, and strangely wild,
The hollow tones did sound.

"What ho! to succour," Edwin cried,
Then drew his gleaming blade,
Then spurr'd his white and mettl'd steed,
And plung'd into the shade.

"What ho! to succour," echo'd all,
With equal zeal endu'd,
Whilst Henry couch'd his quiv'ring lance,
And Edwin's route pursu'd.

Dark was the wood, with awful gloom
Of giant oaks embrown'd,
And deep with many a wild'ring turn,
Its mazy pathways wound.

And oft as Edwin deem'd to reach
Whence came those dreadful cries,
That moment in some glen remov'd,
Would shriller accents rise.

Till leaping furious from his horse,
"Now, by the rood!" he cried,
"This wood, while burst yon yelling screams,
"I'll search from side to side.

"Go, Henry, bid my train dismount
"And singly trace their way,
"For me, where this dark winding leads,
"My daring footsteps stray."

He said, and rushing wildly on,
Soon heard the fearful tone
Change to a sound that soft'ning sank,
That sadd'ning seem'd to moan.

Sudden, whilst bristling rose his hair,
And starting gush'd the dew,
Lost Edwin, struck with speechless awe,
The voice of Mary knew.

Fix'd as a rock, and all as cold,
With haggard eye he stood,
Whilst with'ring conscience blanch'd his cheek,
And horror froze his blood.

At length the gloomy waste was still, —
When sudden deep and clear,
Returning distant, burst a sound
That shook his trembling ear.

Then swiftly forward Edwin sprang,
Thro' glades and wilds obscure,
In hopes, whence came that shout, to meet
His gallant train secure.

But tir'd, bewilder'd, struck with fear,
By calling shapes ensnar'd,
He wander'd many a direful hour,
With hideous visions scar'd;

Till gath'ring roll'd the clouds of eve,
And dimm'd the setting light,
And black o'er this abhorred wood
Clos'd fast the shades of night.

Then growl'd the angry storm, and loud
The rattling thunder grew,
And blue and vivid fierce along,
The arrowy lightnings flew.

Whilst glimm'ring fill'd the train of night,
Wan forms to pain assign'd,
Whose tones responsive feebly shriek'd
Upon the hollow wind.

Yet Edwin thro' the mingling storm
Still held his dreadful way,
And onward rush'd, his only guide
The lightning's lurid ray.

Till burst the moon, whose shield-like orb
A sickly radiance cast,
And thwart her disk, as scream'd the storm,
The hurrying vapours past.

Whilst now to left and now to right
The forest oaks withdrew,
And mould'ring, dark, and moss'd with age
A lone pile rush'd to view.

And Edwin from the driving sleet,
And from the spectre's cry,
And from the dreary wood 'gan hope
The social shelter nigh.

Round the dim towers, the sullen moat
Its stagnant waters flung,
And cross its gulph, with giant stride,
The pond'rous draw-bridge hung.

And where the ballium rear'd its strength,
And where its turrets rose,
And where the dread porteullis lurk'd
To crush its crested foes;

There thro' the portal Edwin strode,
And reach'd th' embattl'd keep,
Whose doors resounding, rudely struck,
Return'd a murmur deep.

Yet no one answer'd—not a voice
Did pierce the dead of night—
And o'er the wild scene, clear by fits,
The pale moon flung her light.

Whilst Edwin, struck with conscious guilt,
And mingling terror stood,
As doubting to repeat the blow,
Or sudden seek the wood.

But fir'd by shame, ev'n dreading yet
The haunted forest more,
Again he struck the massy gate
And bade its thunders roar.

When deaf'ning, clanging, grating harsh,
Dire burst an hideous din,
And rough on screaming hinges borne,
The portals roll'd within.

Black as the night an awful void
Wide-yawning stretch'd immense,
Still as the tomb, whilst not a form
Or accents issu'd thence.

Rongellen started — yet resolv'd,
His keen-edg'd falchion drew,
And hurrying forward, wild along
The dark obscure he flew.

That instant clash'd the folding doors,
And clos'd the massy dome,
And "welcome Edwin," shrieked a voice,
"To Mary's dreary home." —

Here still at midnight's murky hour
Strange screams of horror rise,
The Traveller shuns the fearful spot,
The Pilgrim turns and sighs.

And many a youth whose heedless feet
At eve have hither stray'd,
Has heard the troubled spirit groan,
And mark'd the guilty shade.

No. LX.

——— Poor Edwin was no vulgar boy: —
Song was his favorite and first pursuit;
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute: —
In life's low vale remote he pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave. BEATTIE.

—— Fell CONSUMPTION, thy unerring dart
Wets its broad wing in Youth's reluctant heart.

A DETAIL of the efforts of genius, in the attempt to overcome the various obstacles which poverty and seclusion create, has been ever contemplated with interest by the feeling mind, and peculiarly so, when, after the display of early and exquisite talent, death, the usual consequence of unavailing struggles with penury and distress, closes, in the spring of life, the delusive paintings of a warm imagination, the career of honest fame and literary ambition.

The amiable poet, on whose life and compositions we have undertaken to deliver a few remarks, unfortunately presents this very picture; a melancholy instance of a delicate constitution and great mental powers, sinking beneath the pressure of indigence and uncongenial employment. The early portion of his life, the happiest period of his short existence, was spent in his native village of Kinnesswood, in Kinross-

shire, under the eye of parents, remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives. The uncommon facility, however, which their son had shewn in acquiring what literature the neighbouring school of Kinross could afford, induced them, in the year 1762, at which time our poet had attained the age of sixteen, to send him to the University of Edinburgh, with a view toward preparation for the clerical profession; "an object," observes Dr. Anderson, "of common ambition, among persons of inferior rank in North Britain." *

It was on the banks of Lochleven, however, that young Bruce first imbibed his love for the Muses, and caught that enthusiasm, that taste for picturesque scenery, and that pensive cast of mind, which, in so striking a manner, marked his future years. From his friends, likewise, *Mr. Arnot* and *Mr. Pearson*, the former of whom cultivated a farm on the borders of the Lake, and the latter resided in a village adjoining to Kinnesswood, he received considerable instruction, and many opportunities for poetical improvement. They were men who, notwithstanding their secluded situation, added, to much rational piety and much sound judgment, no common taste for the beauties of elegant literature, and, through their kindness, the opening powers of the young poet were invigorated, by the repeated perusal of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Thomson. That he relished

* Vide Anderson's Poets, vol. xi., where the minutiæ of the poet's life, no object of the present essay, may be found.

and fully entered into the spirit of these celebrated bards, more particularly of Thomson, is evident from the few pieces he lived to complete, and which, it will be shortly seen, abound in accurate description and pathetic sentiment.

The same discrimination which induced him to solicit, and enabled him to profit by the assistance of these worthy characters, greatly his superiors in age and attainments, taught him to select, from his youthful associates at school, two of similar feelings and pursuits, and with these, a *Mr. George Henderson* and a *Mr. Drybrough*, he contracted and cherished a friendship, which death alone had power to dissolve. Their partiality to his favourite studies still further heightened, through participation, that pleasing and tender enthusiasm, which steals, with such enchantment, on the bosom of sensibility, and which too often, alas! by presenting visions of ideal excellence, unfits its votaries for the scenery of real life.

With a mind thus stored with combinations of sublimity and beauty, and with a heart where piety and simplicity dwelt unalloyed, Bruce left his native vales and mountains for the metropolis of his country. Here, for four successive winters, he studied, with patient assiduity, the languages of the schools, and acquired a competent, and even critical knowledge, of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Divinity, and the various branches of philosophy, claimed also his attention, but nothing, though thus vigorously and variously employed, had power to separate him from his first affections; and poetry, the Syren

poetry, still held her wonted influence, and became his inseparable companion. It was during this period also he formed an intimacy with *Logan*, a student of the University, an elegant and accomplished scholar, and a very ingenious poet, and who, after the death of his young friend, paid a valuable tribute to his memory by publishing his poems, and prefixing a most pleasing and well-written preface. Here, too, that tender melancholy, so conspicuous a feature of the earliest years of Bruce, whether from a morbid delicacy of constitution, a too strict confinement to study, or a gloomy anxiety as to the means of his future support, appears to have greatly increased; and his letters to Mr. Arnot, while they breathe a pious resignation, paint, in strong colours, the mental oppression under which he laboured: "I am in health," he writes in 1764, "excepting a kind of settled melancholy which has seized on my spirits."

It was not long after the date of this letter, at the close of the session in the summer of the year 1765, at a time when his health required not only great care, but relaxation from fatigue of any kind, that he, fatally for himself, embraced the proposal of his friends, to teach a school at Gairny-bridge, near Kinross. To this employment, which, probably, the pecuniary difficulties of his situation compelled him to accept, but which, to a man of his polished taste and refined understanding, must have been peculiarly irksome, we may, without hesitation, attribute the pulmonary complaints, which, so speedily

after this unfortunate step, hurried him to the grave. From Gairny, however, in the summer of 1766, having spent the preceding winter at Edinburgh, he removed to Forest Mill, near Alloa, in Clackmannanshire, where, notwithstanding his imperfect state of health, and the resumption of his arduous task of a schoolmaster, he began and finished his beautiful poem called *Lochleven*.

But the slow and insidious symptoms of a disease, which too generally selects for its prey the most amiable and accomplished of mankind, and whose progress had been accelerated through painful labour, and the privations attendant upon poverty, had, ere the termination of the autumn of this year, so completely undermined the constitution of the poor youth, that it became evident to himself and to all around him, that the hour of his departure was fast approaching.

In a situation such as this, deprived of the society of friends, stripped of the many comforts which even common competency affords, and with the prospect of death hourly in contemplation, few, perhaps, have exhibited greater proofs of self-command and resignation than Michael Bruce. That his constitutional bias of mind to the solemn and the pathetic, should receive a darker hue from the evils and sorrows he had, in his short pilgrimage, experienced, was naturally to be expected; his deep sense of religion, however, and his well-grounded confidence in the blessings of a future existence, never suffered this depression to degenerate into

despair. The sublime, yet tender melancholy which, at this period, overshadowed his mind, softened, though not altogether subdued, by the beams of piety and hope, has been painted, by himself, in colours which can never fade.

"I have not many friends," observes he in a letter to Mr. Pearson, on the decease of his former school-fellow Dryburgh, dated November 20th, 1766, "but I love them well. Scarce one enjoys the smiles of this world in every respect; and in every friend I suffer. Death has been among the few I have. Poor Dryburgh! but he's happy. I expected to have been his companion through life, and that we should have stept into the grave together. But Heaven has seen meet to dispose of him otherwise. — What think you of this world? I think it is very little worth. You and I have not a great deal to make us fond of it. And yet I would not change my condition with the most wealthy unfeeling fool in the universe, if I were to have his dull heart into the bargain. Farewell, my rival in immortal hope! my companion, I trust, for eternity. Though far distant, I take thee to my heart. Souls suffer no separation from the obstruction of matter or distance of place. Oceans may roll between us, and climates interpose in vain. The whole material creation is no bar to the winged mind. Farewell, through boundless ages, fare thou well. May'st thou shine when the sun is darkened! May'st thou live and triumph when time expires! It is, at least, possible, we may meet no more in this foreign land, this gloomy apartment of the

universe of God. But there is a better world, in which we may meet to part no more.—Adieu!"

I know few passages more truly affecting than this, provided the youth, the circumstances, and the abilities of the writer, be duly considered: if any thing can add to the powerful impression it conveys, it is the following description, addressed to Mr. Pearson, on December 24th, 1766, a description which wrings the very heart with anguish.

"It is more than probable," says he, "the next you receive from me, if ever you receive another, will bear date 1767. I can remember I could write, or, at least, scratch my name, with the year 1752. In that year I learnt the elements of penecraft; and it is now fourteen years since; a goodly term for one to be a scholar all that time. And what have I learned? Much that I need to unlearn. I lead a melancholy kind of life in this place. I am not fond of company. But it is not good that a man be still alone. And here I can have no company, but what is worse than solitude. If I had not a lively imagination, I believe I should fall into a state of stupidity and delirium. I have some evening scholars, the attending on whom, though few, so fatigues me, that the rest of the night I am quite dull and low-spirited. Yet I have some lucid intervals, in the time of which I can study pretty well." *

* These quotations from the epistolary correspondence of Bruce were communicated to Dr. Anderson by the Rev. Dr. Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

Some relief, however, will be afforded to the sympathising reader, when he learns, that shortly after this period, his complaints having so far increased as to leave no hopes of life, and the last stage of a consumption having come on, he left his situation at Forest Mill, and flew to meet those comforts, and that soothing kindness, which the affection of his parents could alone bestow. To their care and attention he had been indebted for early and very strong impressions of piety, and to these we may attribute that dignity and strength of mind, which, under the pressure of circumstances the most afflictive, to the last enabled him, not only to correspond with his friends, but to cultivate, with success, his poetic talents. That within a few weeks of his death his powers were unimpaired, and that he beheld the inevitable hour with the utmost tranquillity and resignation, his *Elegy written in Spring* is a most striking and pathetic proof; but were this wanting, the following admirable extract from his *last* letter to Mr. Pearson, would amply exhibit the richness of his imagination, and the consolations he derived from hope and faith; it is an allegory, indeed, so exquisitely conducted, so beautifully descriptive of human life, its dangers and temptations, and the necessity of religion for our guide, that, with the exception of one or two pieces, it has probably scarce a rival in this department of our literature.

"A few mornings ago, as I was taking my walk on an eminence, which commands a view of the Forth, with the vessels sailing along, I

sat down, and taking out my Latin Bible, opened, by accident, at a place in the book of Job, ix. 25. 'Now my days are passed away as the swift ships.' Shutting the book, I fell a musing on this affecting comparison. Whether the following happened to me in a dream or waking reverie I cannot tell, but I fancied myself on the bank of a river or sea, the opposite side of which was hid from view, being involved in clouds of mist. On the shore stood a multitude which no man could number, waiting for passage. I saw a great many ships taking in passengers, and several persons going about in the garb of pilots, offering their service. Being ignorant, and curious to know what all these things meant, I applied to a grave old man who stood by, giving instructions to the departing passengers. His name, I remember, was the *Genius of Human Life*. 'My son,' said he, 'you stand on the banks of the stream of *Time*: all these people are bound for *Eternity*, that undiscovered country, from whence no traveller ever returns. The country is very large, and divided into two parts; the one is called the *Land of Glory*, the other, the *Kingdom of Darkness*. The names of these in the garb of pilots, are *Religion*, *Virtue*, *Pleasure*. They who are so wise as to choose *Religion* for their guide, have a safe, though, frequently, a rough passage; they are, at last, landed in the happy climes, where sighing and sorrow for ever fly away; they have likewise a secondary director, *Virtue*; but there is a spurious Virtue, who pretends to govern by himself; but the wretches who trust

to him, as well as those who have *Pleasure* for their pilot, are either shipwrecked or cast away on the *Kingdom of Darkness*. But the vessel in which you must embark approaches; you must be gone; remember what depends upon your conduct.' No sooner had he left me, than I found myself surrounded by those pilots I mentioned before; immediately I forgot all that the old man said to me, and, seduced by the fair promises of *Pleasure*, chose him for my director; we weighed anchor with a fair gale, the sky serene, the sea calm; innumerable little isles lifted their green heads around us, covered with trees in full blossom: dissolved in stupid mirth, we were carried on, regardless of the past, of the future unmindful. On a sudden, the sky was darkened, the winds roared, the seas raged, red rose the sand from the bottom of the troubled deep, the angel of the waters lifted up his voice. At that instant a strong ship passed by; I saw *Religion* at the helm; 'Come out from among them,' he cried. I and a few others threw ourselves out into his ship. The wretches we left were now tossed on the swelling deep; the waters, on every side, poured through the riven vessel; they cursed the Lord; when lo! a fiend rose from the deep, and in a voice like distant thunder thus spoke: 'I am Abaddon, the first-born of Death, ye are my prey; open, thou abyss, to receive them.' As he thus spoke, they sunk, and the waves closed over their heads. The storm was turned into a calm, and we heard a voice, saying, 'Fear not, I am with you; when you pass through the waters, they

shall not overflow you.' Our hearts were filled with joy; I was engaged in discourse with one of my new companions, when one from the top of the mast cried out, 'Courage, my friends, I see the fair haven, the land that is yet afar off.' Looking up I found it was a certain friend, who had mounted up for the benefit of contemplating the country before him; upon seeing you I was so affected, I started and awaked. Farewell! my friend, farewell!" *

The change he had long contemplated, and for which he was so well prepared, was now near at hand; the spring of the year 1767 found him in a state of extreme debility and emaciation; and on the sixth of the July following, in the twenty-first year of his age, he left this world for a better.

Poor Youth! thy days, indeed, were days of sorrow; what, though the landscape at the dawn shone clear, bright laughed the blue stream in the rising sun, and the trees waved their green heads with joy, long ere the noontide hour came the storm with ruin and with darkness on its wings, and swept the gay vision from thy view. Ah! what availed thy learning and thy genius, what thy sensibility and taste! condemned to roam a barren soil, to live unknown and unrewarded, to droop exhausted and alone! Thus, on some opening flower, the beauty of the desart, rush the unsparing winds; it shrinks, it falls; torn are its leaves and faded, and withering in the blast!

* Anderson's Life of Bruce.

To this outline of the life of Michael Bruce I shall add, that travelling in the year 1787 through the western Highlands of Scotland, and returning to Edinburgh by Lochleven and North Ferry, I rode by the house, situated about three miles from Kinross, where he was born. "I never look on his dwelling," observes Lord Craig in the Mirror, "a small thatched house distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a sashed window at the end, instead of a lattice, fringed with a honey-suckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it;—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honey-suckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy."

These natural and pleasing ideas possessed my mind at the time I passed his door, which I did not do without checking my horse to indulge the tribute of a sigh. The concluding lines of his beautifully descriptive poem on Lochleven, which was finished under the pressure of mortal disease, and at a distance from his native cottage, instantly occurred to my memory.

Thus sang the youth, amid unfertile fields
And trackless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields

To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

Lochleven, the subject of Mr. Bruce's Poem, is a beautiful fresh-water Lake near twelve miles in circumference, on the side next Kinross bounded by a plain occupied by open groves, on the other side by mountains. About the centre of the lake are two islands; one of which, called 'St. Serf's' isle, has not less than forty acres of excellent pasturage, and was formerly the seat of the ancient priory of Lochleven, dedicated to St. Servanus. On the other, which contains not above an acre of ground, stand the picturesque ruins of the castle of the Douglasses.

A spot abounding in so much lovely scenery, and rendered still more attractive by the associations of childhood and early youth, would necessarily impress on the susceptible heart of our young poet the most lively and endearing sensations; and when far distant from his humble shed and tender parents, when suffering under sickness and sorrow, it was a consolation of no vulgar kind to recollect the pleasures of his native vale, to paint in glowing colours its delicious landscapes, and, ere the fairy tintings failed from his views, to give them local habitation and a name in strains which should perpetuate his memory and his genius.

On his poem entitled Lochleven, the most extensive production of his talents, I shall now offer a few remarks, and principally with the view of pointing out the beauties of its versifi-

cation, sentiment, and imagery. From the era of Denham to the present day, *Local Poetry* has been assiduously cultivated; and though difficult to render popular, from the confinement to which the poet is subjected, some pieces have acquired and deservedly maintained no inconsiderable reputation. Among those which have been written in blank verse, the *Amwell* of Scott and the *Lochleven* of Bruce, hold, in my opinion, the most distinguished rank. If the former be more digressive and varied, the latter is more pathetic and pictoresque, and occasionally approaches the sublime. Neither of these pleasing productions, likewise, fatigue the attention by extreme length; a circumstance of essential consequence in loco-descriptive poetry, which, even in the hands of a master, is but too apt to offend by reiterated attempts to describe what, without having previously visited the scenery, can seldom impress the ideas of locality, or appear otherwise than vague and general sketches from Nature. The Lochleven of Bruce, however, is singularly happy in its subject, the lake and the landscape around it possessing features decidedly peculiar, and of a most interesting kind; and of these we shall find, together with what fancy and reflection could afford, he has amply availed himself.

In delineating the varied objects of pictoresque beauty, a preference since the days of Thomson, though we want not two or three most admirable specimens of the adoption of the couplet metre in this department, has been usually, and perhaps with propriety, given to blank verse. The versification of Thomson,

however, offers by no means a correct model; its construction is, too frequently, harsh and encumbered; and it shows great judgment in Mr. Bruce, and a very chastised ear, that although in the habit of constantly perusing the "Seasons," his diction and blank verse are remarkable for selection, simplicity, and harmony. Of the music which, in general, breathes through the pages of the poet of Lochleven, the following lines, taken from the elegant and appropriate episode of Lomond and Levina, form a most pleasing proof. A considerable disparity as to fortune and rank existing between the two lovers, she thus replies to his solicitations:—

O! had you been a shepherd of the dale,
To feed your flock beside me, and to rest
With me at noon in these delightful shades,
I might have listen'd to the voice of love,
Nothing reluctant; might with you have walk'd
Whole summer suns away. At even-tide,
When heaven and earth in all their glory shine
With the last smiles of the departing sun;
When the sweet breath of summer feasts the sense,
And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;
We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet,
Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the moon
To hear the music of true lovers' vows.

On an incident of a kind contrasted with the above, where all is deep and tragic, the versification, though still preserving a due degree of melody, is bold, abrupt, and nervous.

——————————— Behold the tears
You wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse

Of her dead husband pours, who, hapless man!
Cheerful and strong went forth at rising morn
To usual toil; but, ere the evening hour,
His sad companions bore him lifeless home.
Urged from the hill's high top, with progress swift,
A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came,
Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmoved,
Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain;
When now arriv'd the instrument of death,
And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land
Drank up his blood: such was the will of Heaven!

To impart that individuality to local description which, to a person who has not visited the spot, shall immediately and exclusively characterize the scene, is, as we have already observed, one of the most arduous provinces of poetry, and certainly more adapted to the pencil than the pen; yet, when the difficulty is once surmounted, the reader feels powerfully interested by the fidelity and originality of the outline, and pursues the associated imagery with redoubled pleasure. With a few strokes of his pen, Mr. Bruce has traced, and with graphical minuteness too, the more striking features of the scenery he had to sketch, and the Lake, the Mountain, the Valley, the Rivers, the Island, and the Castle, are so drawn as to render the view at once peculiar and distinct. With these he has connected some slight but faithful draughts of natural history, several historical allusions, and many of those sweet and picturesque tintings which add an interest even to the most common occurrences of rural life and landscape. As specimens of these decorative minutiæ, I shall

adduce two sketches from the stores of animal life, and two miniature views rendered attractive by exquisite colouring and happy allusion.

——————————— Leverets round,
In sportive traces, through the forest flew
With feet of wind; and vent'ring from the rock,
The snow-white coney sought his evening meal.

——————————— Around the fields
No noise was heard, save where the whisp'ring reeds
Wav'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air
The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heavily o'er the fen,
And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.

——————————— I see the goodly scene!
Enclosures green, that promise to the swain
The future harvest; many-colour'd meads;
Irriguous vales, where cattle low, and sheep
That whiten half the hills; sweet rural farms
Oft interspers'd, the seats of past'ral love
And innocence, with many a spiry dome
Sacred to Heav'n, *around whose hallow'd walls*
Our fathers slumber in the narrow house.

——— O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs
At evening cool to sit; while, on their boughs
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young;
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
The silence, wafted o'er *the sleeping lake*
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud.

The vein of pathetic sentiment which pervades the whole of this poem is so interwoven with the general scenery, that the attempt to

separate them, if it were possible, would be injudicious. The tale of Lomond and Levina, which forms the only episode in the piece, abounds with many touches of true pathos, and is brought forward and conducted with much felicity of invention. The death of the latter introduces a pleasing tribute to his *Eumelia*, a young woman who resided at Cairny-Bridge, to whom Bruce was tenderly attached, and whose attractions he has frequently celebrated in his smaller productions. After relating the dreadful event which terminated the life of the unfortunate Levina, he thus proceeds in a strain equally feeling and impressive.

——————— Each tender maid
For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh,
And haply my Eumelia, (for her soul
Is pity's self,) as, void of household cares,
Her evening walk she bends beside the lake,
Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop
A tear, in mem'ry of the hapless maid,
And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,
Whom from his mistress death did not divide.
Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,
All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,
Long looking o'er the lake, and saw at times,
The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd;
Till love and grief subdu'd his manly prime,
And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.

The passage immediately succeeding this, and which concludes the episode, exhibits a masterly proof of the skill with which our poet could embellish and illustrate his subject. The aged peasant, his family circle, and his tale of the

times of old, are given with a faithful adherence to nature, and the last three lines shew, that the bard could imitate, without servilely copying, one of the most finished pictures in Virgil. Scilicet et tempus veniet, &c. &c.

I knew an aged Swain, whose hoary head
Was bent with years, the village chronicle,
Who much had seen, and from the former times
Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth
In winter-ev'nings, to the gaping swains
And children circling round the fire, would tell
Stories of old, and tales of other times.
Of Lomond and Levina he would talk;
And how of old, in Britain's evil days,
When brothers against brothers drew the sword
Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war
Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,
And all the country to devouring fire.
Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes,
In one great conflagration, flam'd to heav'n,
Barren and black, by swift degrees arose
A muirish fen; *and hence the lab'ring hind,*
Digging for fuel, meets the mouldering trunks
Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Though the poem on Lochleven contain little more than six hundred lines, it is astonishing with what a variety of landscapes it is decorated; these are for the most part touched with a spirited pencil, and not seldom discover considerable originality, both in conception and execution; they are not mere copies of still life, but abound in the expression of human passions and feelings, and excite the most permanent and pleasurable emotions. I think it no exaggera-

tion to affirm, that English poetry has not two more lovely descriptions of rural happiness and plenty to produce, than what I am now about to place before the reader.

——————— Behold the village rise
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops, the joyful swains
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The street resounds with labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. *All in a rev'rend row*
Their gray-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.

It were vain to comment on a picture such as this; it speaks for itself, and appeals to the heart of every individual: nor will the closing lines of the subsequent quotation, notwithstanding their immediate comparison with the above, present a less pleasing delineation, or be less entitled to applause.

—— Gentle Leven! green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen and the fleecy flocks
Feed undisturbed, and fill the echoing air
With music, grateful to the master's ear.

The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes that animate his heart
With mirth and music. *Even the mendicant,*
Bow-bent with age, that on the old gray stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

Sensations the most solemn and sublime are usually created by the view of the remains of distant ages; the survey of ruins ecclesiastical or civil is, in reflecting minds, associated with the recollection of the customs and manners of those who so many centuries ago inhabited the majestic pile. The transient nature of our existence, and the instability of all human grandeur, are immediately suggested, and awaken those pensive but highly grateful emotions which lift the soul above all sublunary concerns, and fix its hopes and meditations on another world. That Mr. Bruce, with pious awe and anxious curiosity, wandered among the ruins which are scattered over the two islands of Lochleven, we know from his epistolary correspondence; and the wildly mournful strains to which their contemplation gave birth, form one of the noblest passages he ever composed. He seems indeed, in this instance, to have imbibed much of the dark colouring and imagery of that Bard of ancient days, the melancholy Ossian; the adoption of whose sombre tints and style evince the solidity of his judgment.

Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons
A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;
Where her pale votaries at the midnight hour

In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
Chaunted their orisons to the cold moon.
It now resounds with the wild shrieking gull,
The crested lapwing, and the clam'rous mew,
The patient heron, and the bittern dull,
Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe
That by the water seek th' appointed meal.

From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild;
Such as in Selma, by the burning oak
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords
Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night.
Perhaps th' afflicted Genius of the Lake
That leaves the watry grot each night to mourn
The waste of time, the desolated isles
And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice
Is heard resounding through the dreary courts
Of high Lochleven castle, famous once,
Th' abode of heroes of the Bruces' line;
Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
Of jutting battlements, an age's toil!
No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper thro' its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave!
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wint'ry tempests, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful thro' the empty halls,
And piece-meal crumble down the towers to dust.
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desart tower,
That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,
Half-hid in grass, the solitary Fox;
While from above the owl, musician dire!
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around 't stand.
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year;
Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,
When man draws nigh his everlasting home,
Within a step of the devouring grave;
When all his views and towering hopes are gone,
And every appetite before him dead.

The extracts and observations now given, will, I hope, prove, that in loco-descriptive poetry, this production of Mr. Bruce holds a most distinguished rank; were I, indeed, to place it at the head of its class, I know not, its pathos and picturesque merits well considered, whether I should err. That it has defects, however, cannot be denied: the diction is sometimes not duly elaborated, nor the epithets sufficiently varied; but, upon the whole, its beauties so greatly preponderate, and are so evidently drawn from the sources of a mind employed in the study and faithful delineation of Nature, that he must be a very fastidious critic indeed, who should suffer these minutiæ to divert his attention, or deteriorate his pleasure.

On the smaller poems of our author, it will not be expected, after the extensive survey already taken of his principal production, that I should enter into any particular criticism: the *Elegy written in Spring*, however, the *Danish Odes*, and the *Ballad of Sir James the Ross*, cannot be dismissed in silence. The circumstances under which the first of these pieces was

composed, render it more than ordinarily impressive. "A young man of genius," observes Lord Craig, "in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how much must every feeling on the occasion be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject." It should be remembered, also, that this production, as an elegy, merits great praise for the elegance and simplicity of its language, for the adoption and arrangement of its imagery, for the piety and pathos of its sentiment.

The *Danish Odes*, which form a fine contrast with the plaintive melody of the Muse of Sorrow, breathe much of the martial ardor and festivity of the heroes of Scandinavia. They are evidently built on the model of Gray's celebrated Norse Lyrics, and, like them, glow with enthusiasm, and display some striking features of the wild mythology of the North. The fourth and fifth stanzas of the first ode are particularly entitled to commendation.

Bruce appears to have been well qualified to excel in Legendary Poetry, and to have formed a very accurate idea of its principles and peculiarities. His ballad of *Sir James the Ross* is well told, the incidents are artfully managed, and the whole strongly interests the heart. That it was formed on a just conception of this style of poetry, and composed, to use an Italian

phrase, *con amore*, are evident from his own account. "It was written," he observes to Mr. Pearson, "in one afternoon, began about four, and finished before I went to bed. I never tried any thing which fell in with my inclination so. The *Historical Ballad* is a species of writing by itself. The common people confound it with the *Song*, but, in truth, they are widely different. A *Song* should never be historical. It is founded, generally, on some one thought, which must be prosecuted and exhibited in every light, with a quickness and turn of expression peculiar to itself. The *Ballad*, again, is founded on some passage of history, or, what suits its nature better, of tradition. Here the poet may use his liberty, and cut and carve as he has a mind. I think it a kind of writing remarkably adapted to the Scottish language."

This opinion of our poet, relative to the adaptation of the Scottish dialect to legendary poetry, is certainly well founded, and has been since confirmed by several very learned and adequate judges.* In fact, the two finest Ballads that British poetry has to produce are of Scottish growth, namely, *Hardyknute* and *Tres O'Shanter*, the former uniformly grand, sublime, and awful; the latter uniting the wild and terrific imagery of Shakspeare, with the humour, simplicity, and naïveté of Fontaine.

On the pastoral poetry of Bruce I can bestow little commendation: it has the too frequent insipidity of productions of this kind. The

* Vide Beattie, Pinkerton, Currie, &c. &c.

Daphnis, as an imitation of Milton, is infinitely inferior to its prototype; and for the *Alexis*, if we except harmony of versification, I know not that any thing can be said. A few words will likewise suffice as to his efforts in ludicrous composition, for which, perhaps, he had no great talent; when of his *Mousiad* and his *Anacreontic* it has been asserted, that they *may* amuse, and are not altogether deficient in pleasantry and humour, all that he can claim has probably been granted.

Concerning the authenticity of the pieces which have been added to the last edition of our author's poems, much dispute has arisen. Logan, very injudiciously, on first publishing the works of his friend, intermingled poems of his own and of others, to which no discriminating mark or signature was annexed. Of these he has acknowledged only one, the Ode to a Cuckoo, which he reprinted in a collection of his poems in 1781. Neglecting, however, the discordant testimony which has been adduced, and judging merely by internal evidence, I should have little hesitation in assigning the Ode to a Fountain, and the Imitation of Ossian, to Bruce; they have great merit, especially the Ode, which exhibits much of the plaintive tenderness and style peculiar to the poet of Lochleven.

It may be thought necessary, perhaps, ere I conclude my observations, to notice a poem of considerable length, which has been communicated by a Mr. Birrel, of Kinnesswood, as an undoubted composition of Bruce. The subject,

which is *The Last Day*, I cannot but consider as an unfortunate one, as one to which the powers of poetry are not adequate, and on which, not even the efforts of a Milton or a Klopstock could confer an interest, or clothe with a sublimity, that should meet even the expectations and already awakened imagination of the common reader. Of two specimens by poets, possessed of strong creative powers, neither has, in my opinion, succeeded; the Last Day of Young has certainly merit, and the production of Ogilvie, on the same topic, still greater; but both have failed to excite ideas, either of terror or sublimity, equal to what the mere outline of Scripture affords; nor can the effort of our amiable bard, the last, I believe, which has been published, establish any claim to superior success; in making this attempt, he had not duly weighed his genius and his talents.

These, we have seen, were admirably calculated to excel in the walks of tenderness, simplicity, and pathos; to describe in chaste, yet animated language, the beauties of Nature, and to impart a value imperishable to his pictures, from the stores of sentiment and feeling. *Lucinteven*, and the *Elegy written in Spring*, display a most happy combination of these qualities, and, as long as taste and sensibility shall exist, will, we may venture to assert, never be forgotten.

As to the personal character of the Author, if religion, if virtue, if filial piety, if fortitude, if meekness and resignation, still touch the heart

and claim our warm applause, the transient life of Michael Bruce hath not been passed in vain. — O Reader! bless the memory of the gentle Bard; and, whilst the tear of pity trembles on thy cheek, may'st thou feel the glow of emulative hope, and learn to live like him!

AN

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

OF THOSE

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

ON WHOM ANY CRITICISM OR COMMENT HAS BEEN GIVEN IN THE PRECEDING VOLUMES;

WITH THE PAGES WHERE THEIR NAMES ARE TO BE FOUND.

A

Abulpharagius, ii. 179.
Accius, ii. 260.
Addison, ii. 28. 92.
Ælian, ii. 204.
Æschines, ii. 222.
Æschylus, ii. 22. 209.
Afer Domitius, ii. 283.
Afranius, ii. 264.
Africanus Julius, ii. 283.
Aikin, Dr., ii. 275. 375. iii. 91, 92. (note.)
Akenside, i. 168. ii. 27. 113. 196.
Albani, i. 32.
Al Beithar, i. 237.
Albinovanus, Pedo, ii. 244.
Alcæus, ii. 199.
Alcman, ii. 203.
Alcuin, i. 200.
Alfred, i. 200. iii. 222.
Anacreon, ii. 40. 204. 383.
Anaximander, i. 9.
Ancurin, i. 215.
Anderson, iii. 326. 331. (note.)
Angelo, Michael, i. 272. 285.
Angrim, Jonas, iii. 214. 260. (notes.)
Anlaff, iii. 222.
Anstey, ii. 116.
Antimachus, ii. 187.
Apollonius Rhodius, ii. 2. 16. 189. 192.
Aratus, ii. 190.

Archæologia, iii. 222.
Archilochus, ii. 193.
Argensola, Bartolome, i. 83.
Argensola, Lupercio Leonardo de, i. 83.
Argentaria, ii. 245.
Ariosto, i. 108. ii. 239. iii. 239.
Aristophanes, ii. 206.
Aristotle, ii. 228, 229.
Armstrong, ii. 113.
Arnot, Mr., iii. 326.
Aston, Sir Thomas, iii. 321.
Augurinus, Sentius, ii. 257.
Aulus Gellius, ii. 293.
Avicenna, i. 237.

B

Bacchylides, ii. 205.
Baird, Dr., iii. 331.
Baker, ii. 271.
Barbauld, i. 113. ii. 36. 43.
Barrington, iii. 91. 93.
Bartholin, M. 180. 209. 212. 215. 246. 279. 293. 302. 310.
Basil, St., iii. 265.
Bassano da Giacomo, ii. 319.
Bassus, Aufidius, ii. 271.
Bassus, Cæsius, ii. 259.
Bassus, Saleius, ii. 243.
Beattie, i. 59. 252. 253. ii. 118. 127. iii. 138. 325. 349.
Beaumont, ii. 94. 109.
Beaumont, I., ii. 95.
Bede, i. 200.
Beloe, ii. 54. 217.
Beresford, ii. 237.
Berkley, i. 29.
Bibaculus, ii. 257.
Bidlake, i. 188. ii. 112.
Bion, i. 251.
Birrell, iii. 350.
Blair, Dr., i. 110. ii. 15. iii. 219.
Bloomfield, ii. 305. et seq. iii. 138.
Boëthius, ii. 293.
Boiardo, iii. 239.
Boscawen, ii. 120.
Bowles, i. 86. ii. 119.
Boyd, ii. 122.
Bracciolini Poggio, i. 2. ii. 183.
Brewster, Dr., ii. 253.
Brooke, Mr., ii. 98.
Brooke, Miss, ii. 138. iii. 139.
Brosses, De, ii. 266.
Brown, Dr., i. 238.
Browne, i. 255. ii. 97. 353. iii. 6. 81.
Bruce, Sir J., iii. 138. 147.
Bruce, M., iii. 326.
Brutus, ii. 290.
Bryant, i. 101.
Bürger, i. 49. ii. 104.
Burns, ii. 119. 304. 374. iii. 138.
Burton, iii. 6.

C

Cæcilius, ii. 262.
Cælius, ii. 281.
Cæsar, Caius, ii. 281.
Caliph Vathek, author of, iii. 263.
Callimachus, ii. 52. 192.
Calvus, ii. 282.
Camoëns, i. 83. 188. 333. (note.) ii. 16. iii. 124.
Carew, ii. 98. 353. 369. 373.
Carlyle, i. 242. ii. 123.
Cartwright, ii. 97.
Casaubon, iii. 236.
Casimir Sorbiewsky, ii. 45. (note.)
Cassius Severus, ii. 283.
Catius, ii. 291.
Catullus, ii. 40. 50. 256. 282. 342. 369.
Celsus, Cornelius, ii. 290.
Chapman, iii. 86. 88. 118.
Charlemagne, i. 200.
Chatterton, i. 54. ii. 304.
Chaucer, i. 106. iii. 136. 171. (note.)
Chorley, Dr., iii. 79.
Chrysostom, St., ii. 207.
Churchill, ii. 116.
Cian, i. 215.
Cibber, ii. 110. 367. (note.)
Cicero, ii. 230. 260. 276. 288.
Clarendon, ii. 369.
Claude Lorrain, i. 61. ii. 36.
Claudian, ii. 293.
Clieveland, iii. 6.
Clitarchus, ii. 220.
Clubbe, Rev. W., ii. 335.
Collins, i. 49. 260. 262. 275. ii. 23. 26. 30. 36. 89. 111. 146. 153. 158. 212.
Colman, ii. 110. 120. 264. iii. 102. 111.
Congreve, ii. 110.
Cook, ii. 187.
Coperario, Giovanni, ii. 364.
Corbet, ii. 98.
Corinna, ii. 197.
Correggio, i. 318.
Cottle, iii. 147. 166. 181. 248. 276.
Cotton, Charles, ii. 363.
Cowley, ii. 97. 111. 205. 353. 373. iii. 6.
Cowper, i 39. ii. 32. 112. 120, 121. iii. 120.
Craig, Lord, iii. 348.
Crashawe, i. 286. ii. 99.
Cratinus, ii. 208.
Creech, i. 11. 37.
Crew, Sir Clipseby, ii. 385.
Croft, Sir Herbert, i. 290. (note.)
Croix, Saint, ii. 179. (note.)
Cumberland, Richard, i. 290. et seq.; ii. 106. 110. 207. 214, 215.
Currie, iii. 349.
Curtius, i. 292.

D

Daniel, ii. 95. iii. 87. 118.

Danté, i. 79. 272. ii. 121.
Dart, ii. 248.
Darwin, i. 190. ii. 115. iii. 188.
Davenant, ii. 93.
Davies, ii. 353. iii. 87. 118.
Davies, Sir John, ii. 93.
De Lille, i. 95.
Demetrius Phalerius, ii. 224.
Democritus, i. 9.
Demosthenes, ii. 220.
Denham, ii. 353. 363.
Dion, iii. 236.
Dithmar, iii. 260.
Domitian, ii. 247.
Donne, ii. 96. iii. 6.
Downman, ii. 114. iii. 147. 177. 241.
Drake, Rev. Francis, ii. 81. (note.) iii. 74.
Drayton, i. 254. 262, 263. ii. 95. 97. 374. iii. 6. 118.
Drummond, of Hawthornden, i. 85. ii. 97.
Dryburgh, Mr., iii. 327.
Dryden, i. 12. ii. 25. 111. 237. 253. 353. iii. 99. 109. 147.
Du Bartas, iii. 81. 103. 120.
Du Bois, ii. 203.
Dudo St. Quentin, iii. 260. (note.)
Du Bos, i. 96.
Duker, ii. 218.
Dunster, iii. 81. 94. 102.
Dyer, i. 160. et seq.; ii. 35.
Dymock, Roger, iii. 137.

E

Eghill, iii. 211. 213. 223.
Eginhart, iii. 223.
Ellis, ii. 353. 358. (note.) 226.
Empedocles, i. 3.
Ennius, ii. 238.
Ephorus, ii. 219.
Epicurus, i. 7.
Erycius, ii. 186.
Euphorion, ii. 191. (note.)
Eupolis, ii. 207.
Euripides, i. 101. ii. 29. 212.
Eutychius, ii. 179.
Evans, iii. 170. (note.)
Evelyn, i. 11.
Evinder, iii. 190.
Eyrind, iii. 210.

F

Faber, T., ii. 214.
Fairfax, ii. 108.
Falconer, ii. 188.
Fawkes, ii. 190.
Ferriar, ii. 347.
Flaminio, ii. 63.
Fletcher, i. 254. 262. ii. 43. 93. 109. 374.
Fletcher, Giles, ii. 93. 353.
Fontaine, iii. 349.
Fontana, i. 238.
Fontenelle, i. 262.
Fuller, Dr., ii. 364.
Fracastorius, i. 164.

Franklin, ii. 212.
Fulvio Testi, ii. 26.

G

Gainsborough, ii. 322.
Gallus, ii. 41. 249.
Gastell, Mrs., ii. 351.
Gay, i. 250. 262.
Geber, i. 237.
Gentleman's Magazine, ii. 356.
Geoffrey of Monmouth, iii. 250.
Gesner, i. 250. 262, 263.
Gibbon, ii. 173. 180. iii. 151.
Gifford, ii. 116.
Gilchrist, ii. 354.
Gillies, Dr., ii. 224. 229.
Giraldus Cambrensis, i. 209.
Gisborne, ii. 112.
Goldsmith, ii. 43. 62. 118. iii. 138.
Good, Mr., i. 13. 39. ii. 238.
Goranson, iii. 289. 296.
Gordon, ii. 267.
Goutire, ii. 364.
Grainger, ii. 37. 248. 356. 368.
Gray, i. 25. 64. 111. ii. 17. 22, 23. 26. 31. 37. 88, 89. 103. 111. 195.
Green, ii. 190. 340. 348. iii. 147. 151. 188. 304. 311. 348.
Gresset, ii. 26.
Guarini, i. 254.
Guernier, i. 12.
Guido Rheni, i. 285. ii. 169.
Guitone, d'Arezzo, i. 79. (note.)

H

Hager, Dr., ii. 302. (note.)
Hall, ii. 96. 353. iii. 87. 118.
Haller, i. 238.
Hammond, ii. 248.
Harrington, ii. 42.
Harris, ii. 225.
Harold Hardraade, iii. 211.
Hastings, ii. 258.
Hastings, Lord, ii. 365.
Hayley, i. 118. ii. 114. 118. 186. 340.
Headley, ii. 88, 89. 123, 124. 353. 369.
Heald, ii. 45. (note.)
Heath, ii. 368.
Hebesci, iii. 372.
Henderson, i. 299. ii. 327.
Herder, i. 288.
Hermesianax, ii. 188. 205.
Herodotus, ii. 216, 217.
Herrick, ii. 353. 373. iii. 1.
Hesiod, i. 3. ii. 186. iii. 203.
Heyne, ii. 186.
Hicke, iii. 223.
Hicks, Dr., iii. 281.
Hippocrates, i. 37.

Hole, i. 112. ii. 22. 104. 106. iii. 147.
Holland, Philemon, iii. 91. (note.)
Home, ii. 109.
Homer, ii. 16. 185. 206. iii. 86. 88. 203.
Honain, i. 236.
Hoole, ii. 121.
Horace, i. 94. ii. 24. 29. 34. 42. 194. 202. 205. 209. 251. 257. iii. 7.
Horatius, iii. 75.
Hume, i. 30.
Hurdis, ii. 112.
Hyperides, ii. 222.

I

Ibycus, ii. 204.
Ingulphus, iii. 222.
Isocrates, ii. 223.

J

Jacobs, ii. 367. (note.)
James, St., i. 182.
John, St., i. 318.
Johnson, Dr., i. 160. et seq. ii. 254.
Jones, Sir William, i. 260. ii. 122.
Jonson, Ben, i. 255. ii. 94. 109. 253. 362. iii. 87. 118. 273. 279.
Jortin, i. 252.
Jubal, iii. 108.
Julius Africanus, ii. 283.
Julius Secundus, ii. 284.
Juvenal, ii. 253.

K

Kendall, ii. 64.
Keysler, iii. 234. 265. (notes.) 310.
Klopstock, i. 287. ii. 26. iii. 351.
Knox, Vicesimus, ii. 25.

L

L'Advocate, iii. 81. (note.)
Landino, Christophoro, i. 2.
Laniere, ii. 364.
Langhorne, ii. 119.
Lauder, iii. 82.
Lawes, ii. 364.
Le Grand, iii. 227. 274. (notes.)
Leland, ii. 289. (note.)
Leonidas, of Tarentum, i. 92.
Leyden, iii. 138.
Lewis, i. 49. ii. 254. iii. 139.
Lillo, ii. 89.
Linnæus, i. 175.
Livy, ii. 267.
Llewellyn, i. 215.
Lofft, Capel, ii. 305.
Loftange, iii. 215. 223.
Logan, ii. 43. iii. 350.
Longinus, ii. 189.
Lorenzo de Medici, i. 22. 78. 82.
Lucan, ii. 244. iii. 358.
Lucilius, ii. 250.
Lucretius, i. 1. et seq. 173. ii. 111. 25[illegible]39.

Luke, St., i. 303.
Lysias, ii. 223.
Lyttelton, i. 262. ii. 32.

M

Macer, ii. 237.
Mackenzie, i. 59. ii. 143.
Macneil, iii. 138.
Macpherson, i. 59. ii. 102. 138. 146.
Mallett, iii. 148. 188. 224. 239. 253. 260. 263, 264. 269. 271. 296. 304. 310.
Malmesbury, William of, i. 207. iii. 222.
Malone, ii. 181. (note.)
Marcellinus, ii. 293.
Marino, ii. 99.
Marlowe, ii. 368. 371. 380.
Marmontelle, i. 59.
Marshall, ii. 361.
Martial, i. 90.
Marvel, ii. 353.
Mason, i. 255. ii. 23. 32. 37. 109. 113, 114.
Massinger, ii. 94. 109.
Mathias, iii. 147. 304. 311.
May, ii. 95.
Melmoth, ii. 278. 287. 289.
Menander, ii. 213.
Messala, ii. 281.
Mesua, i. 237.
Metastasio, ii. 26.
Mickle, ii. 122. iii. 124.
Milton, i. 48. 64. 79, 80. 187. 189. 255. 286, 287. 294. 305. 324. 327. ii. 16. 35. 86. 91. 102. 225. 337, 338. 353. 368. 371. iii. 6. 10. 82. 102. 107. 124. 326. 350. 351.
Mohammed, i. 218. et seq.
Montaigne, ii. 363.
Monthly Magazine, iii. 225.
Monthly Reviewer, i. 27. (note.) ii. 117.
Moore, ii. 109.
Moschus, i. 79. 251.
Muretus, ii. 41.
Murphy, ii. 254. 275.
Myrtis, ii. 197.

N

Nepos, Cornelius, ii. 292.
Newton, Sir Isaac, i. 10.
Nicander, ii. 191. (note.)

O

Ogilvie, iii. 351.
Olaus Wormius, iii. 176. 210. 214, 215. 218. 220. 257. 310.
Orford, Lord, i. 271.
Ossian, i. 48. 69. 109. ii. 8. et seq. 16, 17. 23. 89. 102. 108. 123. 128. 130. et seq. iii. 220. 345. 350.
Otway, ii. 89.
Ovid, i. 1. ii. 192. 240.
Oxenstern, Count, iii. 183.

P

Pacuvius, ii. 259.
Panyasis, ii. 189.
Parthenius, ii. 186.
Passienus, Paulus, ii. 248.
Pearson, Mr., iii. 326.
Penrose, iii. 147. 169. 198. 203. 208. 311.
Percy, Dr., ii. 43. 353. iii. 139. 147, 148. 224. 248. 295. 304.
Persius, ii. 252.
Petrarch, i. 60. et seq. 79. ii. 26. 240. 289.
Phædrus, ii. 292.
Phaer, iii. 88.
Pherecydes, iii. 203.
Philætes, ii. 192.
Philemon, ii. 215.
Philistus, ii. 219.
Phillips, I., ii. 113.
Phillips, i. 250. 262. ii. 203. 356. 367.
Phineas, ii. 353.
Pindar, ii. 21. 23, 24. 195. 197.
Pinkerton, i. 271. 275. iii. 224. 349. (note.)
Pisander, ii. 191. (note.)
Plato, ii. 207. 224.
Plautus, ii. 261.
Pliny the Elder, ii. 293. iii. 391.
Pliny the Younger, ii. 256. 284.
Plumb, William, Esq., iii. 86.
Plutarch, ii. 231.
Politiano, iii. 374.
Polwhele, ii. 115. 119. 191. 389.
Polybius, ii. 220. (note.)
Pompeius Saturninus, ii. 257.
Pomponius Secundus, ii. 261.
Pontoppidan, iii. 286. (note.)
Pope, i. 250. 262. ii. 88, 89. 113. 121. 380. iii. 109. (note.) 120. 326.
Porson, ii. 210. 213.
Porter, Endymion, ii. 363.
Potter, ii. 120. 210. 212, 213.
Poussin, i. 96. ii. 36.
Pratt, ii. 119.
Propertius, ii. 248.
Psellus, Michael, ii. 214. (note.) iii. 109.
Pursuits of Literature, Author of, ii. 116. 121. (note.) iii. 170.
Pyrrho, i. 29.

Q

Quarles, i. 286.
Quintilian, ii. 180. et seq.
Quintus Curtius, iii. 212.

R

Rabirius, ii. 244.
Radcliffe, Mrs., i. 71. 273. ii. 105.
Ragner Lodbrach, iii. 176.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, ii. 98.
Ramsay, i. 262. ii. 359. 364.
Raphael, i. 318. 370.
Razis, i. 237.
Reeve, Clara, i. 49.
Reeve, Dr. Henry, ii. 357. (note.)
Renaudot, ii. 179.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, i. 272.
Richards, ii. 23.
Rogers, ii. 62. 118.
Rogvald, iii. 218.
Rosa, Salvator, i. 273. ii. 8.
Roscoe, i. 82. iii. 74.
Rose, ii. 267.
Rousseau, ii. 26.
Rowe, i. 258. 261. ii. 246. iii. 138. 259.
Rowland, ii. 374. (note.)
Rowley, ii. 89.
Ruisdale, ii. 166.
Rymer, ii. 359. (note.)

S

Sackville, ii. 95.
Sæmund Sigfusson, iii. 158. 181. 206. 219. 247. 276. 285.
Sagaris, ii. 186.
Sallust, ii. 265.
Salviani, iii. 237.
Sandys, ii. 99.
Sannazarius, i. 256.
Sappho, ii. 28. 34. 39, 40. 42. 202.
Saxo Grammaticus, iii. 180. 199. 210. 257. 260.
Sayers, i. 111. ii. 22. 104. iii. 147. 168, 169. 173. 180. 185. 187. 205. 209. 262. 282. 311.
Scaliger, ii. 42.
Schiller, ii. 3. 16.
Scott, i. 260. ii. 31. iii. 138. 338.
Secundus, Joannes, ii. 41. 64.
Selden, ii. 340.
Seneca, ii. 291. iii. 284. 307.
Sentius Augurinus, ii. 256.
Servilius Novianus, ii. 271.
Servius Sulpitius, ii. 282.
Severus, Cornelius, ii. 242.
Seward, Miss, i. 65. ii. 119. iii. 281.
Shaftesbury, ii. 225.
Shakspeare, i. 48. 106. 108. 271. 306. 308. ii. 17. 86. 93. 123. 337. 374. iii. 9. 15. 37. 57. 197. 264. 272. 279. 326.
Shaw, ii. 32.
Shenstone, i. 93. 258. 261. iii. 138.
Sheridan, ii. 111.
Shirley, ii. 351. 373.
Silius Italicus, ii. 292.
Simonides, ii. 28. 52. 20.

Sivard, iii. 210.
Sixt, Mr., i. 49. (note.)
Smith, Charlotte, i. 86. ii. 119.
Smith, Mr., i. 263. (note.)
Smollett, i. 274. ii. 37.
Snorro Sturleson, iii. 158. 190. 231.
Socrates, ii. 225.
Somerville, ii. 113.
Sophocles, ii. 29. 210.
Sotheby, ii. 103. (note.) 112. iii. 1. 201.
Southern, ii. 89.
Southey, i. 99. 250. (note.) 261. ii. 107. 355. 146. 181. 201. 252. 274.
Spagnioletti, i. 327.
Spenser, i. 81. 114. 250. 252. 262. ii. 86. 91. iii. 230. 265. 269.
Statius, ii. 246. 292. iii. 91.
Stephanus Stephanius, iii. 181.
Sterling, iii. 147. 171. 175. 216. 296. 311.
Sterne, i. 59. 351. 347.
Stesichorus, ii. 198.
Strabo, iii. 236.
Stuart, Gilbert, ii. 274.
Suckling, ii. 353. 373.
Suetonius, ii. 293.
Surrey, i. 81.
Swift, ii. 51.
Sylvester, iii. 81. 102. 120.
Syms, ii. 366.

T

Tacitus, ii. 271. iii. 226, 237. 255.
Tailefer, iii. 250.
Taliesin, i. 215.
Tasso, i. 44. et seq. 108. 262.
Temple, Sir W., iii. 183.
Terentius, ii. 214. 263.
Theocritus, i. 185. 250. ii. 191. 339.
Theophrastus, ii. 230.
Theopompus, ii. 219.
Thomson, James, ii. 43. 111. 151. 156. 160. iii. 123. 327. 338.
Thornton, ii. 262.
Thorpe, iii. 16. (note.) 44. (note.)
Thucydides, i. 34. 36. ii. 218, 219.
Tibullus, ii. 247. 380.
Tickell, iii. 138.
Timagenes, ii. 220.
Torfeus, iii. 211. 220. 244, 245.
Trachallus, ii. 284.
Tumbeley, Robert, iii. 137.
Turpin, Archbishop, iii. 137. 182.
Tyrteus, ii. 191. (note.)
Tytler, ii. 192.

V

Valerius Flaccus, ii. 213.
Valerius Maximus, iii. 182.

Varius, ii. 260.
Varro Attacinus, ii. 238.
Varro, Terentius, ii. 254.
Vega, Garcilaso, i. 83.
Vega, Lope de, i. 83.
Vella, Joseph, ii. 302. (note.)
Velasquez, iii. 224.
Verelius, iii. 310.
Vibius Crispus, ii. 284.
Viccars, iii. 87.
Virgil, i. 4. 25. 250. 262. ii. 3. 16. 17. 113, 114. 191. 234. 241. 249. 337. iii. 1. 7. 98. 100. 131. 200. 263. 343.

W

Wakefield, Gilbert, i. 11. ii. 196. 236. 275. 339. iii. 189.
Waller, ii. 98. 353. 361. 369. iii. 4.
Waleys, Thomas, iii. 137.
Walker, ii. 366.
Walpole, i. 49. ii. 109.
Walton, Isaac, i. 257. ii. 212. iii. 91.
Warburton, iii. 224.
Warner, i. 255. 262, 263. ii. 96.
Warton, Joseph, i. 163. ii. 19. 39. 120. 302. (note.) iii. 109. (note.)
Warton, Thomas, ii. 191. 339. iii. 135—137. 192. 211. 224. 426.
Waterloo, ii. 319.
Watts, Miss, ii. 99.
Way, iii. 227. (note.) 312.
West, Mr., ii. 195.
West, Mrs., i. 261.
Wickliffe, iii. 137.
Wicks, Mr. John, ii. 385.
Wieland, i. 49. ii. 103.
Williams, ii. 23. 119.
Wilson, ii. 364.
Winstanley, ii. 357. (note.) 357.
Wither, ii. 354. 368. 373. iii. 87.
Wither, George, ii. 42.
Wood, ii. 356. 358, 359. 368. iii. 86. 119.
Wolcot, Dr. (Peter Pindar,) i. 103. ii. 116.

X

Xenophon, ii. 226.
Ximenes, Garcia, iii. 23. (note.)

Y

Young, i. 64. 287. ii. 89. iii. 351.

Z

Zoilus, ii. 186.

THE END.

Printed by A. and R. Spottiswoode,
Printers-street, London.

00094251

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015